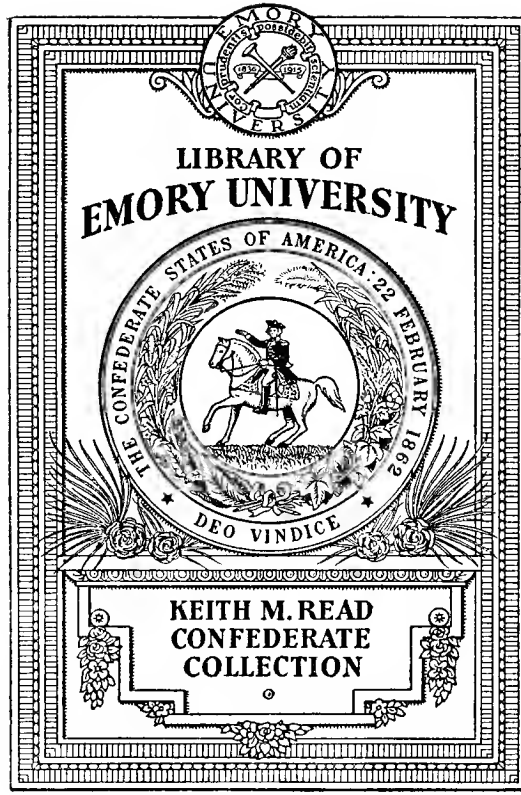

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THE IRON HEARTED REGIMENT:

BEING

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

Battles, Marches and Gallant Deeds

PERFORMED BY THE

115TH REGIMENT N. Y VOLS.

ALSO

A List of the Dead and Wounded; An Account of Hundreds of Brave Men Shot on a Score of hard fought Fields of Strife; A Complete Statement of Harper's Ferry Surrender; Sketches of the Officers; A History of the Flags and those who bore them,

TOGETHER WITH

Touching Incidents, Thrilling Adventures, Amusing Scenes, etc., etc., etc.

BY JAMES H. CLARK,

LATE FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY H, 115TH N. Y. V.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1865.

TO THE

WIDOWS, CHILDREN, FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS, SISTERS, FRIENDS, AND SURVIVING COMRADES OF

THE BRAVE MEN

WHO LEFT THE PLEASURES AND COMFORTS OF HOME,

Enlisted in the 115th Regiment,

AND HAVE GONE DOWN TO UNTIMELY GRAVES WHILE SERVING THEIR COUNTRY,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

"They sleep in southern soil."

PREFACE.

The object of this volume is to preserve, in book form, the leading incidents connected with the distinguished services rendered to our country by the 115th Regiment, and to show to its friends and the world at large, what a variety of peculiar sacrifices and sufferings it endured.

The author aims to give plain facts and accurate statements, yet it would not be strange if there were errors, considering the multitude of dates and names, and the rough way in which it is sometimes necessary to keep a journal in the field.

To many members of the regiment I am greatly indebted for valuable information received, and for the great interest they have taken in this work.

THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I.

FORMATION OF THE REGIMENT.

The 115th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, was recruited principally in the counties of Saratoga, Montgomery, Fulton, and Hamilton, during the months of July and August, 1862; and while organizing, were quartered at Camp Fonda, a short distance from the village of Fonda, Montgomery County. Such was the patriotism then prevailing in the district, that in forty days from the time the first enlistment was made, the ranks were full and the regiment ready to take the field.

The officers and men were mostly young, of a superior class, and came from every profession and trade. They threw down the scythe, the cradle, and the rake, left the workshop, the store, the school, and the sacred desk, to battle for the liberties of our beloved land. The day of large bounties had not dawned. The most of those who enlisted did so from motives of the purest patriotism. All left the comforts and the endearments of home, and severed almost every valued earthly tie, for the purpose of protecting the starry flag.

The ladies of the district presented the regiment with two costly flags. The officers and men silently vowed their determination to protect those flags,

and promised never to allow their glory to be polluted with the touch of traitors. They fulfilled those solemn declarations.

OFF FOR THE WAR.

On the 29th day of August, 1862, the 115th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, broke camp at Fonda and left for the seat of war.

On the morning of departure, the ladies presented to the brave soldier boys untold numbers of beautiful bouquets; and from every window in town white handkerchiefs waved, while the streets were alive with people who came to bid us farewell.

We left in a train of first-class passenger cars, at 11 o'clock A. M., reaching Albany at 2 o'clock P. M., where we partook of dinner at the Delavan House.

At Amsterdam, the friends of the regiment filled all the space around the depot, blocked up the track, and when the cars moved off deafening cheers went up from the crowded mass of people.

We crossed the ferry at Albany to Greenbush, where all hands were packed aboard of emigrant cars, and hurried with lightning speed through the beautiful valley of the Hudson.

New York City was gained at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, and the regiment immediately marched to the Park Barracks, and bunked upon the floor until daylight.

We considered it rather a hard bed.

FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.

On Saturday, August 30th, at 7 o'clock P. M., the

regiment embarked on a transport for Amboy, New Jersey.

It was our first experience on such a boat and almost all of the men lay on deck to enjoy the cool, bracing, sea air. Four hours brought us safely to Amboy, and there we took rickety emigrant cars for Philadelphia, a distance of eighty-nine miles from New York.

Sunday, August 31.— We marched into the Quaker City at daylight, the Cayadutta Cornet Band playing the "Star Spangled Banner." A halt was made at the Soldiers' Retreat where a free breakfast was waiting for the regiment.

All ate heartily of the abundance furnished, and in conclusion, gave cheers for thanks.

OFF FOR BALTIMORE.

At Philadelphia we were loaded on freight cars, and started for Baltimore, one hundred and fifteen miles distant. The day was delightful, and all nature seemed wreathed in her sweetest smiles.

At nearly every house in Delaware which we passed, the people would run out, and display the stars and stripes.

At Wilmington the whole population turned out to greet us, and to bid us "God speed." We reached Baltimore, the monumental city, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and were agreeably surprised to find her covered with flags.

The regiment paraded through the principal streets, and received a general ovation.

12,000 new troops passed through the city during the day; nearly all of them from New York.

At night we took freight cars on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., and were all night going forty miles.

Bands of guerrillas were hovering around, and threatened to throw the train from the track.

ACTIVE SERVICE.

Monday, September 1, 1862.— This morning we reached Sandy Hook, Maryland, and were immediately armed and equipped for service.

A few rebel scouts were observed sneaking around Point of Rocks, probably watching our movements.

In the afternoon the regiment was divided up, and ordered to guard the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.

Companies G and H went to Summit Bridge, two companies to Peckham's Bridge, and the remaining six companies took up quarters in the city of Charlestown.

Our detachment reached Summit Point, at midnight, and relieved two companies of the 27th New York.

Tuesday, September 2.— We threw out a picket for the first time. All of us began to feel very hungry. The planters pretended to be Union men, but refused to sell us anything because they said we were d—d Yankees. At last some colored people were found, who contracted to bake 100 hoe cakes for the men. They baked them in pots and on griddles. Lieutenant Barlow spread on the but-

ter, and I carried them out to the men, waiting at the door of the hut.

At midnight the Union troops abandoned Winchester, and blew up the forts. We were 8 miles away, but felt the earth vibrate, and saw the lurid flames and thick black smoke curling through the air. It was a grand and impressive sight.

At 12 o'clock our cavalry (the bloody 8th N Y.) dashed down the road with a clatter that made the hair on our heads stand. Being roused up from a deep sleep, and rather green withal, we thought that the legions of Jeff. Davis were close at hand.

"Fall in company H!" thundered the commanding officer. We managed to get into line in the course of time; but the worst of it all was, that we had to remain there until 9 o'clock the next morning.

The rebels did not come, and we thanked our stars that they did not, for we had but three rounds of ammunition each, and there was no supply nearer than the city of Charlestown.

THE SHENANDOAH GUERRILLAS.

The beautiful and rich valley of the Shenandoah used to swarm with a class of men, who were good Union farmers in the day-time, and bloody guerrillas at night. They would prowl over the country, murdering lone Union pickets, destroying the property of loyal citizens, and killing defenseless people without mercy. They were loyal when surrounded

by northern bayonets, but would stab you to the heart at every opportunity.

Some of their deeds would horrify the hardest heart, and chill the warmest blood. Yet they were done in the name of the Confederate States of America!

ON THE MARCH. A PURE REBEL CITY.

Early on the morning of September 3d, 3,000 of our troops reached Summit Point, from Winchester. They were black with dust and smoke, and looked like old veterans in earnest. We received orders to fall back to Harper's Ferry, and at 10 o'clock A. M., the column moved off at a rapid rate.

At two o'clock P. M., the city of Charlestown was reached, and we immediately marched to the Court House yard, where a lunch of bread, pork, and hot coffee was waiting.

We looked with a great deal of interest at the building where John Brown was tried and condemned to death. We found Charlestown to be a regular hot-bed of secession. The people had their houses all closed, to show their detestation of the Yankees.

Not a person was to be seen in the street, although crowds of women and children swarmed at every window. They were as silent as the grave; and as the Union troops marched proudly and steadily through the streets, and the bands of music played national pieces, their countenances bore a sad look. All their fathers, sons, and brothers were in the rebel army.

At sundown we halted at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry, and passed the night on the cold ground, with only the starry canopy of Heaven for a covering.

The 126th Regiment, New York Volunteers, presented us with warm coffee for the whole regiment, and had the kindness to deal it out to the men besides.

Never was a more needful and acceptable gift received.

PITCHING CAMP.

On the 4th day of September, we pitched tents for the first time; and, of course, made rather awkward work of it.

The 39th New York and 9th Vermont were camped on the right of us.

SEARCHING REBEL HOUSES.

There was a house situated on a hill, a short distance from our camp, where on several occasions rockets were thrown up and signal lights exhibited, so that the rebels could see them.

Valuable information was, I doubt not, conveyed to the rebel generals in that way.

On Friday, September 5th, Company H was ordered to proceed to the house, and search it for a quantity of arms supposed to have been concealed there. The company proceeded to a point near by, when Lieutenant B —— selected 25 men to perform the work, and left the remainder as a reserve,

to act, in case we encountered superior numbers of the enemy.

Shortly before reaching the house, several men dressed in gray were observed skulking around; but by the time we reached the place they were nowhere to be found.

Arriving in front of the door the squad was halted, and the lieutenant addressed the lady of the mansion who was standing in the front yard, as follows:

"Madam, I see you have your doors locked. I have an order to search your house, and the order must be obeyed. Give me the keys, and you will save us the trouble of breaking open the doors. My men shall not harm you, or touch as much as an apple without your permission."

Seeing that there was no alternative she handed over the keys, and after placing sentinels a short distance off to prevent surprise, the work of search began. Bureaus, beds and drawers, were thoroughly searched, but no arms found.

At last, we came across a low door in the upper story; and upon opening it, found a long, dark passage, reaching the whole length of the house.

Being satisfied that there were no Rebs inside, we proceeded to explore; and soon got hold of something, and upon bringing it out to daylight found it to be an U. S. wall tent; marked "2d Cal. Vols."

Soon another of the same kind came to view. Three fancy Virginia rifles, nicely hidden away, were also discovered and taken possession of. A quan-

tity of bayonets and bayonet scabbards, large numbers of shirts, drawers, and pants, with Uncle Sam's mark on, together with two thousand pounds of bacon, were hauled out of the darkness. The barn was also thoroughly searched, and the boys ran their bayonets full length into the hay, by way of feeling for secreted rebels.

Several barrels of cider stood in an orchard close by the house, and the men were awful thirsty, but were afraid to drink, for fear that the cider had been poisoned. Seeing a young darkey, one of the boys asked him if that cider was poisoned? "No Sah," promptly answered Sambo. "Well, then drink some," continued the soldier, handing him a cup full of it.

The colored individual soon drained it to the dregs, and handed back the empty cup with a "thank you, sah."

Being satisfied with the experiment, the whole party drank heartily.

Before we left, several ladies had congregated on the spot, and some of them turned up their noses and threw back their heads, to show their disgust to "blue coats;" and one of the fair rebels called us such names as, "mean Yankees," "cut throats," "mud-sills," &c. We listened very attentively, but preserved our peace, and soon left them "alone in their glory" and anger.

A day or two afterward, several of our pickets were murdered on their posts, and the inmates of that house were the guilty parties.

The Union troops riddled it so completely with bullets, that every pane of glass was smashed, and every clapboard pierced with holes.

Other companies of the regiment searched other houses, at the same time.

THE FIRST MAN SHOT IN THE REGIMENT.

John Hubbard, of Company A, was the first man shot in the regiment, by the enemy. He was on picket, when a guerrilla stole up to him and fired, the ball passing through the leg, causing amputation.

It was a cowardly shot, only worthy of a traitor.

A BUSY SUNDAY

On Sunday, September 7, the 60th Ohio and the 115th, chopped down twenty acres of trees to prevent the rebel cavalry from dashing in upon us.

Chaplain Clemens preached to us in the afternoon, and in the evening, a large prayer meeting was held in the open air.

A FORAGING EXPEDITION.

On the 8th of September, Company H, and a detachment of other troops, accompanied by a large number of wagons, marched several miles to a splendid plantation owned by a Colonel Washington, an officer in the rebel army. They confiscated three hundred tons of hay in the name of Uncle Sam.

The day was burning hot; not a breath of air was stirring, and thick clouds of dust settled over the marching column, so that all of us suffered con-

siderably, and some to the extent of sun-stroke. However, we made out to live through it.

A rebel spy was captured on the road, and, of course, he pretended to be a good Union man, and claimed to be a member of an Ohio regiment. But that did not save him from being delivered over to the provost marshal.

THE REBELS ADVANCE UPON US IN FORCE.

On Friday, September 12th, the rebels appeared near Maryland Heights in large force. Companies A, E, and K, of our regiment, were sent to the Heights to aid in checking the advance of A. P Hill's rebel corps.

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

On Saturday, September 13th, a severe engagement was fought on Maryland Heights, in whieh the three companies of the 115th took a prominent part, and did severe exeeution. They oceupied some slight breast-works, and the rebels made three distinct charges to drive them out, and were three times gallantly repulsed.

The fight now became brisk, and the rattle of musketry was incessant.

The remainder of the 115th with other troops were now ordered to the heights as reinforcements, and the rebels were repulsed at every point.

THE EVACUATION OF THE HEIGHTS.

This took place on the eve of suceess. The Union troops could have held the plaee against almost any force that could be brought against it, but were ordered away, and the fate of the army sealed.

As the Union troops were marching down the steep sides of the mountain, and the flashing of bayonets lit up the scene, I was lying on Bolivar Heights suffering from the effeets of poison eaten in rebel cake.

Just then, General Miles and staff rode up, and were looking very attentively toward the scene of conflict. Suddenly, the General started as though thunderstruck, and exclaimed: "They are all abandoning the heights!" and he dashed down the hill like a madman, to learn the cause.

THE LOSS OF THE 115TH

was not large. Captain William Smith, of Company K, was severely wounded through the leg, and subsequently had to be left in the hands of the enemy.

Sergeant Stephen Morris, of Company A, was hurt in the scalp; and when he fell blinded with blood he told the boys to "Give it to them." Several others were more or less injured.

THE 126TH NEW YORK.

This regiment was engaged and was cut up considerably. The colonel was shot through the mouth and was borne from the field covered with blood. A large number of severely wounded were carried four miles from the battle field, by Company A of our regiment.

LIEUTENANT FERGUSON

fought like a tiger. He seized a gun, and standing upon the top of the breastworks blazed away at the rebels.

He was like a host himself, and his company fought and repulsed five times their own numbers.

A rebel sharp-shooter took deliberate aim at him seven times, but failed to bring him down.

A veteran officer rode up, just as the lieutenant's company had received and returned a severe volley, and said: "Lieutenant, I guess that your company have smelled powder before."

"No sir," he replied, "my men have never before been under fire."

They fired so deliberately, and took matters so coolly, that the strange officer thought it impossible that it could be their first fight.

PEACE OR BLOOD — THE STARS AND BARS.

Rebel camp-fires were burning for miles around, and they waved white flags from all the surrounding hills to make us believe that they were planting batteries in those localities. Some believed it, and the artillery shelled the flags furiously, while the cunning rebels were leisurely building their batteries in places where our missiles did not reach. At one time, they flung out red and white flags, which they afterwards informed us meant "peace or blood."

During the day, a column of rebels marched up the road from Charlestown with the "stars and bars" flying at their head.

Rigsby's battery of flying artillery thundered down the road and opened on them at short range, when the "stars and bars" disappeared in the woods.

At night, all firing ceased, and the stillness of death reigned along the lines until morning.

BATTLE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

On Friday, September 14th, the battle of Harper's Ferry began. At 8 o'clock A. M., all of our artillery opened on the rebels, and at 2 o'clock P. M., fourteen of their batteries replied with compound interest.

At first, their missiles of death fell far short of our camp; but each succeeding shell came nearer and nearer, until the earth was plowed up at our feet, and our tents torn to tatters.

A shell struck among a group of brave, true, and noble men, and they lay on the cold ground, bleeding and mangled corpses. The purple tide of life flowed from their hearts, and the tints of their own life's blood crimsoned each pale cheek.

FORMING LINE OF BATTLE.

At 4 o'clock P. M., we received orders to fall in line of battle in the rear of Bolivar Heights, along the edge of a piece of woods. The regiment was promptly on the march, and our beautiful flags were unfurled to the breeze. The red, white, and blue, floated proudly and defiantly above us, while artillery thundered, and shell after shell exploded around about us, above and among the marching column, yet strange to say, no man was hit. The ground was finally reached, and a single line of battle formed of all the Union troops, the 115th holding the extreme right.

A SHOWER OF REBEL SHELLS.

The Union soldiers all lay flat on the ground to avoid the shells which the rebels were pouring in upon them.

They would get a complete range of our line, and then concentrate the fire of all the batteries they had on a given point. In that way they made it too hot for any troops to stand; so we were obliged to change our line very frequently, to save the men from slaughter.

The *infernal screech owls* came hissing and singing, then bursting, plowing great holes in the earth, filling our eyes with dust, and tearing many giant trees to atoms.

OUR AMMUNITION EXHAUSTED.

All at once the Union artillery ceased firing, and the cry ran along from regiment to regiment, "the ammunition is all gone." The rebels observing that something was the matter among the "Yankees," redoubled their fire, and soon made sad work among our artillery. Several powder magazines were blown up with a terrible crash, and almost all of the best guns were speedily dismounted.

As soon as possible a detail of tailors were at work, making powder bags of government shirts and drawers, and what was yet servieeable of our artillery, fought until the last.

THE REBELS CHARGE A BATTERY. TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER AMONG THE FOE.

Hark! what means that ringing cheer on the left? It is the Union boys, for we know their hearty yell.

The rebels made a desperate bayonet charge on Rigsby's Indiana battery at dark, and were sent howling back to the woods.

The gallant captain saw them stealing up, and quickly ordered the guns to be double shotted with grape and canister. He then mounted one of the pieces, and, with swinging sword cautioned his men not to fire until the whites of the rebels' eyes could be seen.

The command to fire was given and executed. The awful storm of iron swept like a dreadful tornado through the enemy's ranks. When the smoke of battle lifted, swaths of rebel dead and wounded lay on the ground; while their comrades uninjured, were hurrying from the field of carnage.

Our artillery had thundered the knell of death into the ears of scores of poor deluded rebels, and wrecked the forms and happiness of many more forever. The Union forces lost scarcely a man.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

All night the Union army lay on their arms, expecting each moment to engage in the shock of battle. The night was cold and damp, and each man shivered beneath his thin blanket.

At 10 o'clock, General Arthur's brigade of rebel

Tennessee troops advanced in front of the 115th and 111th New York, with the hope of surprising them, and forcing the Union lines.

The rebel general commanded his troops to move forward in a loud tone of voice, which, fortunately for us, was overheard by an officer, who immediately communicated the fact to the proper persons. The rebel column was advancing through the thick darkness with confidence, when suddenly, the 111th New York and our left company opened fire, and immediately afterward the whole line was one stream of fire and poured forth a storm of bullets.

The result was, that the enemy were repulsed so severely that they were glad to retreat, and did not care to renew the assault. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officers prevailed upon the men to cease firing after the rebels had disappeared, for they were bent upon having a fight.

SIGEL IS COMING!

At sunrise, Monday morning, September 15th, the rebel batteries opened upon us with redoubled fury. Very early, we heard the heavy booming of our guns at South Mountain, and it told us that the army of the Potomac was engaged with the enemy.

The joyful news soon reached us, that Sigel with 20,000 men was on the way to reinforce us. The distant thunder of cannon sounded nearer and nearer, the heavy volleys of musketry rolled sharper

and sharper, until at last thousands caught up the cry of hope, "Sigel is coming! Sigel is coming!"

But Sigel was not coming, and all hope of victory soon fled.

THE SITUATION A GLOOMY ONE.

Our guns were now all silenced. Rebel batteries frowned from every hill, five times our own numbers held every avenue of escape, and rebel bayonets confronted us on every side. Forage for horses could not be had, and rations for the men were nearly all used up.

The Union generalship was so bad that the enemy were allowed to occupy every strong position, and to hold every vital point. Maryland Heights, the key to Harper's Ferry was thrown open, and Loudon Heights abandoned without a fight.

The Union troops were on low ground, while the rebels held all the commanding positions. Treason or cowardice in high places had already placed us at the mercy of the foe, and it was now almost madness to resist.

General Stonewall Jackson himself could not have arranged matters more favorably for the rebels than our own generals did. The men were willing and eager to fight, but were powerless to do good.

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY.

Early in the morning, General D'Utassy rode along our line, encouraging the men to get ready for action, and ordered the regiment to fix bayonets.

He spoke hopefully as he rode along from company to company, and cheer after cheer went up from the ranks. "Keep up coot courage, and keep your powder dry, mine fine fellows," said he, and then disappeared from view.

THE UNION ARMY SURRENDERED.

The rebels demanded the surrender of Harper's Ferry and the Union army; and General Miles, the Benedict Arnold of modern days, complied with the demand without hesitation. General D'Utassy was soon observed approaching again, but not with smiles playing on his lips as before.

A dark cloud overshadowed his face, and he rode up to Colonel Sammons with streaming eyes, and said:

"General Miles has surrendered de place, and you will blease march your regiment on de color line, and stack arms."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

The cruel news spread with lightning speed throughout the whole army, and immediately one universal cry of indignation went up to heaven. It was like a dagger to every heart. Strong men wept like children, and thousands were in tears. A dark cloud of sorrow hung over all hearts, while tears and threats of vengeance against the traitor who sold us were mingled freely together.

The 115th regiment was deeply moved, and for several moments after the startling tidings came, no man spake.

Lieutenant Ferguson dashed his sword to atoms against a stone, declaring that no rebels could ever pollute his blade with their touch.

Cavalrymen smashed their sabres systematically, infantrymen broke their guns over trees and stones, and the artillerymen begged on their knees for the privilege of spiking their pieces.

Slowly and sadly the 115th marched back to the color line, and stacked arms.

COWARDLY SHOOTING.

Although we were prisoners of war, and the stars and bars and the white flag floated side by side in our front, it made no difference with the rebels, for they continued shelling us as hard as before.

The regiment stood in solid rank at parade rest, and for nearly an hour they received the murderous and cowardly fire of the rebels, without flinching.

Further shedding of blood was considered wicked and criminal; so all of the officers did all in their power to put a stop to the murderous fire of the unprincipled foe. No one cared to be shot after he was a prisoner of war.

Aaron Dillingham, of Company H, took off his white shirt and waved it with the hope of thus saving some precious lives.

Chaplain Clemens mounted a work, and proceeded to display a white flag, but the enemy sent a shell after him for his pains, which must have cut him in two, did he not jump down. Finally, a prominent rebel general who was shocked at the inhumanity of the thing, succeeded in putting a

stop to the fire; but not however, until one of our brave boys had laid down his life.

DEATH OF GENERAL MILES.

Speedy vengeance fell upon the head of our traitor commander. General Miles, it is said, mounted a cannon, and proceeded to wave a white flag, as a token of submission, when a shower of shells and bullets fell around him. A piece of shell tore a limb from his body, and the wretched man dropped to the ground bathed in his own life's blood. His hair was snowy white, and the hot crimson tide covered his pale face, giving him a ghastly look. A staff officer wrapped the dying general in a common soldier's blanket, and bore him to the valley, where his candle of life went out with the setting of the sun.

THE CAPTURES.

The rebels of course took possession of nearly everything. They made haste to cart away our heavy guns, which I have no doubt they used against our brave men on some other field. The lousy and ragged troops of the Confederacy were clothed and shod at Uncle Sam's expense, and our stores satisfied their cravings of hunger. They triumphantly took possession of 20 stand of colors, and 12,000 stand of arms, and looked upon an army of 12,000 men, who were treacherously sold into their hands.

REBEL HORSE THIEVES.

After the surrender, it seemed as though the whole rebel army had suddenly turned into a great band of horse thieves.

They swarmed in every camp, and speedily swept away all horses. Every rebel strove to be mounted.

An amusing scene occurred in front of the head quarters occupied by Colonel Sammons. The Colonel had a beautiful coal black horse standing in front of the tent, when a party of mounted rebels rode up, and proceeded to appropriate it to their own use. The Colonel soon saw what was going on, and stepping in front of the thieves, suddenly drew a revolver and cocked it. He then boldly informed them that he would put a bullet through the first man who attempted to carry off his horse. The rebels looked on in wonder and admiration at the pluck displayed, and seeing that the Colonel was in dead earnest, they quickly wheeled their horses and rode away, amid shouts from blue coats and gray backs alike.

The same night they entered the stable and stole the horse. A fine black, owned by Lieutenant Colonel Batchelor was taken at the same time. In fact, all kinds of horse flesh were in great demand among the chivalry, and even old mules were not passed by.

THE TERMS OF CAPITULATION

were as follows: The troops to be paroled and not to take up arms against the Confederate States until exchanged. All the officers' side arms and private property to be retained by the owners; the men to be allowed knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and all private property.

All muskets to be stacked, and all war materials to be turned over.

The rebel officers generally respected private property, but the men plundered everything. They demanded revolvers and knives from our men, who, instead of complying, deliberately broke them in pieces before their eyes, informing them at the same time that they would rather put a bullet through them. They coaxed us to go home and let them alone, then they promised not to molest us; but the boys replied: "We will be back again to see you in a couple of weeks."

THE DEAR OLD FLAG PRESERVED.

The surrender of all the Union flags was expected, but the brave boys of the 115th were determined to save their banners of freedom and glory from the touch of traitors. They were quickly torn from the staffs, and two members of the regiment wound the folds around their bodies under their clothing.

Soon, a couple of rebel officers bearing at least twenty flags taken from various regiments, came along and demanded the flags of the 115th. Two empty flag-staffs with oilcloth covers tied down

were presented to them, and the cheat was not found out, at that time.

The flags were thus saved, smuggled through the rebel lines, and carried by the regiment on a score of battle fields, until riddled with bullets like a sieve.

THE FIRST MAN KILLED IN THE REGIMENT.

The first man killed in the regiment was John Van Brocklin. He was struck in the side by a piece of shell, which made a frightful wound, and he died soon afterward.

SLEEPING WITH REBELS.

We remained one night with the rebels, and they made very good bedfellows.

A detail of grey backs came up to guard the arms stacked on the color line. As soon as posted the sentinels stuck their muskets in the ground, and left them (the muskets) to do duty, while they proceeded to plunder Union soldiers. The chivalry were very ragged and lousy, while a large majority of them had no shoes. Being almost famished, the rebel officers and men ate hard-tack and sugar as though they were the greatest luxuries of life.

TROOPS PAROLED.

On Tuesday morning, September 16th, the following troops were paroled, and marched from Harper's Ferry, viz:

12th New York Militia, 39th New York Volun-

teers, 111th New York Volunteers, 115th New York Volunteers, 125th New York Volunteers, 126th New York Volunteers, 32d Ohio Volunteers, 65th Ohio Voluntecrs, 82d Illinois Volunteers, 9th Vermont Volunteers, Rigsby's Indiana Battery, Phillips New York Battery, Independent New York Battery.

A HUNDRED MILE MARCH.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of September 16th, the 115th moved from Harper's Ferry, and made a hard and rapid march of 25 miles during the day, camping at night in a piece of woods three miles from the city of Frederick, Md.

The day was exceedingly warm, the men tired and supplied with but few rations, so that knapsacks and extra clothing were mostly thrown away.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

At a little place called Sandy Hook, a beautiful and affecting incident occurred, which shows how much good a true woman can sometimes do.

The men reached there nearly crazy with thirst, and had been wondering in vain, how and where water could be procured.

The stars and stripes displayed from a window, suddenly attracted our attention and all quickly forgot the agonies of thirst; for it was an unusual thing to behold the American flag hung out in those parts. A nearer approach enabled us to see the flag, supported by a noble-looking lady and her two daughters.

It was refreshing to our hearts, to behold such a sublime exhibition of loyalty in that region of midnight darkness, during the blackest hour. The ladies declared their determination to stand by that flag, and would let it wave if Stonewall Jackson *himself* came along. As each company approached the flag, heads were uncovered, and one continued huzza rent the air, until the last of the 12,000 had marched by. The old lady took the last morsel of bread in the house and gave it to the soldiers as an offering to her bleeding country. The young ladies went half a mile with two pails each, and brought pure cold water, which might have flowed from a crystal fountain. "God bless you ladies," and "Heaven protect you," were the words last spoken by the soldiers; and away in the distance, the resplendent folds of the old flag could still be seen, floating in triumph.

On September 17th, the regiment marched to Monocacy Junction, a distance of seven miles, and lay in a field where cattle had been slaughtered, until the next morning.

SCENES AT FREDERICK CITY.

We reached Frederick City, Md., on the morning of September 17th, 1862. A few days previous, McClellan had driven the rebels out of the city, and fighting took place in the very streets, much to the terror of a large majority of the inhabitants, who were loyal. The people told us that the rebels had pulled down all the Union flags, and in several

instances, had tied them to the tails of cows and horses, and trailed them in the dust through the streets to taunt the Union citizens.

The Confederate officers cleared out all the Union stores and eating saloons paying their victims in rebel currency, thereby ruining many business men; while not a dollar's worth of goods was taken from any disloyal person. We found the city full of life and bustle, and the large store-houses packed full of ragged rebel prisoners taken at South Mountain, who looked daggers at every blue coat who chanced to pass by them. We rather pitied them, for they looked wretched enough.

A large majority of the people hailed with undisguised joy the arrival of Union troops, and even the bitterest rebel did not care to see the southern army among them again; for they committed all kinds of excesses, while the Union army was quiet, affording them sure protection, paying for what they received of them, and were subjected to strict discipline.

I bought a good breakfast of mutton chops, warm biscuit, and coffee, for the moderate sum of fifty cents; and change being scarce, paid one half of a $1 bill.

A few miles out of Frederick, sutlers lined the road, with wagons and stands full of goods. They charged and received exorbitant prices for everything which they had for sale, for soldiers had to live regardless of the cost.

Rancid cheese was bought up eagerly at $1 per

pound, and the thirsty soldiers paid a dollar each, or more than two days' wages, for pint bottles of sour beer. Small sweet cakes sold readily for fifty cents per dozen, and hundreds were pressing and crowding up to the wagons, all striving to be waited on first.

The troops camped at night near a field of green corn, and ten acres of it were soon stripped, and sweet-corn hissed and sputtered from a hundred fires.

On September 18th, we made a hard march of twenty miles. Some were sun-struck, and some died on the road. I saw one poor fellow lying by the side of the road in a frightful fit; and the surgeon said that he could not recover.

Hundreds and thousands tired out and were left behind; and hundreds more were crawling along with blistered and bleeding feet. Scarcely any rations were to be had, and all suffered from hunger. At night it rained very hard, and we camped in an open field.

At Ellicott's Mills, 1,800 of the sick were packed into freight cars, and reached Annapolis on Sunday evening, Sept. 21st, at the same time that the regiment did.

A SOLDIER MURDERED IN THE WOODS.

While on the long and dreary Harper's Ferry march, one morning I concluded, as my feet were very sore, that I would start off quite early, so as to be up with the regiment at night. At three o'clock I arose from the ground, tied my blanket

around my shoulders, and moved off at a limping pace in the direction of Annapolis. I soon came to a dense piece of woods, three miles in length; and as it was not yet quite light, the place looked lonesome and dismal enough. Upon reaching the centre, a soldier suddenly appeared before me, and in a solemn tone which startled me, said: "There is a man murdered out here in the woods, come and see." I at first hesitated about going, thinking perhaps it was a plan to murder or rob me; but on reflection, I concluded that my escort did not look like a murderer or robber, and followed him among the thick darkness of the trees.

We came to the bank of a small running brook, and there lay the body of a young soldier covered with blood. His coat and shirt were thrown open at the breast, and a deep stab, inflicted by a knife or a dagger, had penetrated the heart. The blood was slowly oozing out, and his white shirt was deeply crimsoned, while the ground was drinking up a pool of blood. He had been dead but a short time, for his body was scarcely cold, and had we known of the terrible struggle going on, perhaps we were near enough to have prevented it. A white handkerchief was thrown loosely over the murdered man's face, and upon removing it, we saw a shadow of great agony resting upon his countenance, which plainly told us that he had fought and resisted hard with death, but at last died amid much suffering and agony. A desperate struggle had evidently taken place between the assassin and his victim, for

the wrists of the latter were nearly severed from his arms, his hands were terribly gashed, and it seemed as though he had grasped the blade of the assassin's knife with desperation to prevent the fatal blow, and that the murderer had repeatedly wrenched it away.

Upon making enquiries of every one who passed we could only learn that the handsome young soldier belonged to a Maryland regiment, and that like myself, had started off early in the morning, so as to be up with the regiment at night. After that I did not care to march through the woods alone and unarmed.

JOURNAL.

September 16.—I paid a silver quarter of a dollar for a poor breakfast, the same for dinner, and one quarter of a dollar for a little cider.

September 18.—Could not get anything to eat at any price. Money was of no more value to purchase food, than grains of sand. The soldiers were ordered out of nearly every house which they stopped at.

September 19.—Bought six large peaches for a penny.

September 22.—Found 16,000 paroled prisoners at Annapolis. Among the number was a portion of the Havelock Battery, taken at Malvern Hill. The Harper's Ferry troops ate a hearty meal for the first time in many days.

ANNAPOLIS CITY.

Annapolis City is not a pretty town. Although noted in history, there is nothing grand or imposing in her appearance in 1862. The streets are narrow and dirty. The buildings, even on the principal squares, are fast going to decay. The marts of trade are nearly closed. The onee sparkling halls of fashion cease to dazzle with jewels and shine with beauty, and an air of sadness seems to pervade everything, as though erying for the vengeance of heaven to descend upon the heads of traitors, who brought ruin to so many homes.

The military have full possession of the eity, and armed bands of soldiers meet you at every corner; while one person here, and another there, with an arm or a leg off, are seen in every street. The Naval Academy, and almost all of the fine publie buildings serve as hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers, who arrive from the cruelties of rebel dungeons.

The population is made up of various classes. There are a few ladies, who turn up their noses in a very unladylike manner at the sight of a Union soldier, and who delight to spit on the Ameriean flag.

There are multitudes of negroes of all ages, sizes, eolors and conditions, who are indebted to the war for freedom. You may see a few men who put on airs, and declare themselves southern born; a sprinkling of mean whites, plenty of hungry, thieving sutlers, who would sell their country for gold, besides a host of honest Union soldiers.

HO! FOR BALTIMORE.

On the morning of September 25th, all the Harper's Ferry troops received orders to proceed to Chicago, Ill. Our brigade broke camp at 8 A. M., and marched to the dock, were a barge was waiting to convey us to Baltimore.

"My Maryland" was waving in her richest green, blossoming in her sweetest flowers, and resplendent in all the glories of nature; yet we gladly bade her adieu.

We traveled in "style." Soldiers generally do. Twenty-five hundred of us were packed on board of a small Hudson river boat, like herring in a box, and when one of the officers ventured to remind the captain of the boat that she was too heavily loaded, he laughed, and said: "That is nothing, she took 3,000 the day before."

In the course of time, with bands playing, flags floating, and men cheering, we left the capital, plowed through the blue waters of the Chesapeake for two or three hours, when we caught sight of Baltimore. Spires and monuments looked down upon the city. A forest of masts clustered around the harbor, and frowning batteries and heavy guns looked threateningly upon us. The dock was soon reached, the ropes made fast, and the men soon filed off the boat in anything but military order. Silently, sadly, and with heavy hearts, we trod the streets of the southern metropolis. The column moved like a long funeral train, while each heart

beat true to the music of the Union, and we loved the "starry flag."

No wonder that we should mourn; no wonder that we should weep for our country in her darkest hours, and pray for heaven's richest blessings to descend upon her.

At last, we reached a large building. A thousand lights flashed from its windows, and the flag of our country waved proudly from the roof. It was called the "Soldiers' Rest;" one of the noblest institutions of the city; for there, every regiment passing through, received a good meal. Our men were very hungry, and partook of a hearty supper.

We left for the west in thirteen long trains of freight cars, and the magnetic telegraph flashed the news of our approach to every city and village through which we were to pass.

THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA.

On September 26th, we passed through the city of York, and the pretty villages of Perrysville, Mifflin and Altoona, Pa. At every station we received a hearty welcome. Never in all our days did we see anything to equal it. It was one continued, grand ovation.

Altoona spread out her flags, and opened wide her doors of hospitality.

New Brighton poured forth her concourse of beauty, and we reached the depot to receive a storm of kisses, and to hear the thunder of applause.

All through Pennsylvania, day and night, ladies

crowded up to the cars with pails of hot coffee and tea, baskets of cake, pie, chicken, biscuit, apples, and in fact, everything which the appetite could crave, or the heart desire. Young ladies and old ladies, young men and old men, took hundreds of the soldiers captive, and gave them hearty and even splendid meals in their own homes.

The dwellings, stores, and hotels along the road were thrown open. Mothers took their last loaf from the oven, daughters carried jars of jelly and nice preserves from the cellar, and with tearful eyes begged their acceptance. As the cars moved from each station, the fair sex showered apples, peaches, pears and oranges among the men like rain.

In the afternoon we passed through two long tunnels, over the Alleghany Mountains, and struck the coal and iron mines at dark. We reached the city of Pittsburg about four hundred miles distant from Baltimore, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th instant.

PITTSBURG.

We breakfasted at the Soldiers' Relief, a magnificent building in the heart of the city of Pittsburg. We had coffee, crackers, and sausage.

A banner was suspended at our end of the hall, bearing these words:

"Pittsburg welcomes her Country's Defenders."

The city boasts of the finest meat markets in the U. S., also the most extensive iron foundries.

We left on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago R. R., at 9 A. M., on the 27th instant.

THROUGH OHIO, INDIANA AND ILLINOIS.

September 28th was a noisy Sunday for us. At Fort Wayne, Indiana, the whole population came from the various churches to welcome and feed the soldiers. Long rows of tables spread with pure white table-cloths, were arranged along the track, and filled to overflowing with everything good. A committee of two hundred young ladies had charge of the affair.

Thousands blocked up every avenue leading to the cars, and the greatest excitement and interest prevailed. Chicago was reached at 9 o'clock in the evening. It was very dark, and the men were about worn out. As soon as the train stopped, the conductor ordered every man to leave the cars immediately. As we were strangers in that part of the world, the majority of us concluded to camp in a field close by until morning. In an hour or two it began to rain, and by midnight it poured down in torrents.

We were drenched to the skin, and upon consultation, we resolved to separate into squads and go in search of shelter. Seven of us started off together, but made wretched slow progress through the mud and thick darkness.

At last, we saw a light flickering from the window of a small shanty, and we made for it.

I'LL KILL EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF YE.

The stoop of the shanty was reached, and one of the party knocked loudly at the door; and in a moment a bolt was pulled back, the door opened, and Bridget stood before us, while Pat lay drunk upon the floor.

The following amusing conversation then took place, while we were soaking in the rain.

Soldier. "Mrs., can we stay in your barn over night? We are wet to the skin."

Bridget. "Och! yes, of course ye can, and may the Lord have mercy on yee's."

Husband. "H-o-o-l-d your tongue, Biddy. By the powers of Saint Patrick, I'll kill every mother's son of yee's if ye dont be after gettin' out o' this, ye murderin' spalpeens."

Bridget. "Be aisey my darlint, the boys must have some shelter. Soldiers go in the barn and lie until mornin,' an' meself 'll take care o' Pat."

Husband. "Bad luck to yee's."

Soldier. "Good night, Ma'm. We're much obliged to you for your kindness, but that old reprobate on the floor there needs tanning."

The party went into the barn, but as it leaked badly, and there was no floor in it, we shivered until morning, and did not close our eyes in sleep.

In the morning all hands wrung out their wet clothes, and warmed themselves by Biddy's fire. We gave her postage stamps (common currency then) for milk and bread, and then left, thanking the good old lady for her kindness.

CAMPED IN HORSE STALLS.

Almost all of the regiments were quartered in Camp Douglas. But the 115th, 39th N. Y (Garabaldi Guards), and the 9th Vermont, occupied horse stalls, in the Illinois state fair grounds.

From four to sixteen men were placed in each stall. The camp was named "Tyler," in honor of our Brigadier, but it ought to have been named "starvation," in honor of Chicago rations.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Owing to the damp quarters, poor rations, and little care, almost all of the regiment were more or less sick by the first of November, and large numbers soon died. The hospitals were crowded to overflowing; and none of the poor sick soldiers were carried from the wretched horse stalls, until death was close at hand. Each company had from twenty to forty sick with the fever.

The dead house was always full, and the dead cart constantly moving. Six weeks saw at least forty of the regiment placed beneath the sod.

HARD TIMES.

By the 20th of November everything began to look hard at Camp Douglas. The troops were badly treated, and half starved. Rations were furnished by contract, at $10\frac{3}{4}$ cents per day.

The bacon was alive with maggots, the bread hard, sour, and black, and the sugar the color of sand.

MUTINY, RIOT, AND ARSON.

At last, almost all of the men refused to do guard duty, or take a gun in their hands; and those who were better disposed were overawed by the majority. At one time, the 115th regiment alone, did not refuse to take guns; and during all the trouble and excitement, they remained firm for the right. Although threatened by the other troops, they never refused to do duty, and even assisted in putting down mutiny in the other regiments. A heavy detachment that undertook to preserve the peace and perform guard duty at Camp Douglas, were pelted with clubs, brickbats, and stones, but held their ground until ordered away. Scenes of riot and arson were of frequent occurrence, and a regiment's barracks were burned up nearly every night.

The soldiers blocked up the road with lumber, so that the steam fire engines from the city could not reach the flames. All this took place at Camp Douglas, half a mile from the stalls occupied by the 115th. The —— N Y refused to take guns, declaring that their paroles would not allow it. But the General commanding thought differently, and determined to bring the mutiny to a speedy close. For that purpose, the 115th were ordered to prepare to form line, and a certain length of time to be given to the —— to obey commands. The General addressed them in the meantime, telling them that unless they submitted, he would have the last man of them shot, and place all of the officers in irons.

The ——th concluded to accept the terms; so they declared themselves ready to take guns.

Soldiers from the regular army were finally sent to Camp Douglas to do guard duty, and they received orders to shoot any man who attempted to cross any of the beats without a proper pass. Some of the soldiers did attempt to pass, contrary to orders, and one or two of them were shot. This incensed the soldiers so much, that they threw stones and clubs at the Regulars, and hooted at each one showing himself. Things went on from bad to worse until November 20th, when orders came for the Harper's Ferry troops to report at Washington.

A SAD CONFLAGRATION.

A very unfortunate occurrence took place, just as the 115th were about leaving camp to take the cars for Washington, which afterward came within a hair's breadth of destroying the entire regiment. They had abandoned the stalls, when suddenly flames burst out from half a dozen different parts of the late barracks; and in a very short space of time the whole of them were a heap of smoldering ruins. The cause of the fire was this: A large number of the 115th had stoves in their quarters; and as soon as they left, hundreds of soldiers from other regiments rushed in and took possession of the stoves for their own use, emptying the ashes and live coals in the straw. The result of course, was a fire, which destroyed the whole concern very

quickly. The officers of the 115th had taken every precaution to prevent a fire. After the regiment had entirely abandoned the quarters and were formed on the color line several hundred yards away, the roll was called in every company, and each man found to be present. One officer from each company passed through the vacated company quarters, and found everything in proper order. Consequently no member of the 115th could have had anything to do with the fire, in any shape or manner whatever. Yet strange to say, they were afterward charged with the crime, and suffered terribly for it.

Colonel Sammons offered to take the regiment and put out the fire, but one of General Tyler's staff officers ordered him to march them to the cars without delay.

GOOD BYE CHICAGO.

We bade good bye to Chicago with few regrets. Farewell "paradise of mud," "City of stairs, rats, and lager beer saloons." Good bye shivering fevers, wretched horse stalls, and rotten bacon, Farewell!

To a few kind and noble-hearted young ladies of Chicago, we all owe thanks while we live, and may heaven bless them, is our prayer.

BALTIMORE AGAIN.

The regiment reached Baltimore at sunrise, on Sunday morning, Nov. 23d. We had breakfast at the late hour of 11 o'clock, and stood in the street, waiting for the cars, until 2 P. M.

A number of Baltimore rebels gathered around us, and one began to declare that we were not exchanged, and advised the men to desert. Captain —— overheard the remarks, and springing forward, quickly struck the fellow over the head with his sword hilt several times, telling him to learn better manners. The remainder of the party then sneaked off.

We embarked on board hog cars for the National Capital. It was a cold day, and snow fell quite fast, while the wind blew almost a hurricane, searching through the open cars, and obliging us to rush from one end of the car to the other, to keep warm. We arrived at Washington at 7 P. M., and marched to the Soldiers' Relief, where we partook of supper and then bunked on the floor for the night.

A COLD NIGHT ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

On the morning of November 24th, we took breakfast at the Relief, and at 11 o'clock received marching orders. The regiment was soon proudly tramping through the streets of the Federal Capital, and large numbers of people lined the streets, asking all sorts of questions; where we were from, where we were going, what regiment it was, &c., &c.; and frequently we overheard such remarks as follow: "A fine lot of men," "Noble looking fellows," "Good stuff there," &c. We crossed the long bridge and trod the sacred and bloody soil of Virginia once again. We made a halt at Camp Seward,

Arlington Heights, where we remained for the night. No tents were put up, and the night was bitter cold, so that but few slept at all; and almost all of the men walked about to keep from freezing. Fuel was scarce, but some small fires were kindled which helped somewhat. At last, although it seemed an age, the welcomed daylight appeared and every heart was made glad. Six soldiers in a camp near by froze to death.

SIXTEEN DAYS ON ARLINGTON.

On the 25th, each man received a spoonful of sugar and coffee, and a small piece of pork; the first rations furnished in twenty-four hours.

At noon of the same day, tents were struck and the men carried them on their backs to Camp Chase, where our camp was again pitched. From the 26th of November until the 12th of December, the regiment labored very hard. They worked on unfinished forts, and engaged in putting up comfortable winter quarters.

On Sunday, November 30, Enfield rifles were given to the regiment, and an order of exchange read. Chaplain Clemens preached a sermon in the afternoon.

On the 4th of December, many of us obtained passes to Washington. We visited all the places of interest, including the Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives. All were deeply impressed with the necessity of defending Washington against every foe.

December 6th.—Snow fell to the depth of several inches, and nearly all of the men manufactured stoves out of old camp kettles, to keep warm.

Sunday, the 7th, was a bitter cold day, and all suffered extremely.

On the evening of Deeember 9, news came, that Burnside had burned the city of Fredricksburg. The soldiers from all the camps turned out in large force, and formed a procession headed by the brigade band, celebrating the event in grand style.

A HARD MARCH TO HUNTER'S CREEK.

On Friday, December 12, the regiment was again under marching orders. Reveille sounded at 5 A. M., and at 8 o'clock they were on the mareh.

The whole brigade moved together, and consisted of the following regiments:

111th New York Vols., 115th New York Vols., 4th Delaware Vols., and the 27th Maine Vols.

The roads were horribly muddy, and those who were unfortunate enough to wear shoes, left them buried in their tracks. In some places mud was knee deep; and the perspiration rolled down in the eyes of some, rendering them blind, while others were exhausted, and at least one unconsciously let his gun drop from his shoulder.

At 11 o'clock A. M., a halt was made for a lunch, and at noon we passed through the city of Alexandria, reaching our destination at Hunter's Creek, at sundown. We relieved the 2d Vermont Brigade of nine months troops ordered to the front.

Company H, 9th Vermont, made Company H, 115th New York, some hot coffee, when the latter gave hearty cheers for the Green Mountain boys, and a tiger for the coffee.

THIRTEEN DAYS AT HUNTER'S CREEK.

On the 16th, the regiment began building winter quarters for the second time.

On the 15th, a furious storm of wind and rain lasted the entire night, and large numbers of the tents were blown down.

On the 17th, the regiment took four days rations and went on picket five miles from camp.

Winter quarters were nearly completed, and more than two hundred neat log houses stood there on the 18th.

On the 24th, we received orders to be ready to march within thirty-six hours. Arms were inspected for the first time.

TO YORKTOWN, VA.

December 26.—We marched from Hunter's Creek at noon, and reached the dock at Alexandria, at 2 P. M. Embarked at dark on board the steamers Hero and Robert Morris; and after proceeding a few miles down the Potomac, anchored until morning.

On the 27th, we made slow progress, passing Mt. Vernon, the grave of Washington, Fort Washington, and Acquia Creek. We anchored at night under

the guns of a Man-of-war, it being dangerous to proceed in the dark.

On the 28th, we sailed into the Chesapeake bay. The wind blew fresh, the waves rolled up pretty strongly, and some of us were sea-sick.

Fortress Monroe was reached at noon, and General Dix ordered the Regiment to report to General Keyes, at Yorktown. The boats immediately sailed up York river, and were made fast to the dock at Yorktown, by 3 P. M.

We marched one mile outside the fort, and occupied the beautiful camp of the 29th Maine.

The breastworks and rifle-pits erected by McClellan, stood out in bold relief on all sides.

YORKTOWN AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

On December 29, several of us took a walk on the banks of the York. We picked up a variety of shells, tasted of the water flowing at our feet (and were surprised to find it nearly as salt as brine), and looked along at the fleet of oyster boats dotting the noble river. Beautiful peach orchards stood within a stone's throw of our camp, and all the scenery around served to remind us of home.

We took much interest in visiting the spot where the closing scene of the Revolutionary war took place. The spot was pointed out to us, where General Cornwallis surrendered his army of 7,073 men to General Washington. A cedar fence once surrounded the place where the British general handed his sword over to Washington, but it is

now in thousands of northern homes, preserved as relics.

Everybody dined on oysters three times during the day. They sold at forty cents per gallon, and the soldiers ate them fried, stewed, and raw.

December 31.—Regiment on guard at Headquarters. Inspected, and mustered for pay.

January 1.—A happy new year! Many boxes, barrels, and packages of mince pies, cakes, roast turkeys, chickens and ducks, arrived from home. The poultry was covered with ugly blue mould, and spoiled, and extensive preparations were made to bury them with military honors. Their lamented forms, covered with mould, were placed in one common coffin, when the funeral procession moved through the various company streets to the burying-ground in the following order, viz:

1st, A drummer boy slowly beating the dead march, on a muffled drum.

2d, A company of soldiers marching with arms reversed.

3d, The coffin, borne by four soldiers, dressed in deep blue.

4th, The venerable sexton, carrying a long-handled shovel across his right shoulder.

5th, The chief mourners and sufferers, who were sadly weeping, with onions in their eyes.

The vast throng of spectators, except a couple pairs of shoulder straps (pity such narrow minds), split their sides with laughter. After all the dead were decently placed beneath their mother earth,

the audience joined in singing the following appropriate stanza:

Go tell Aunt Nabby,
Go tell Aunt Nabby,
Go tell Aunt Nabby,
Her old grey goose is dead.

One she's been saving,
One she's been saving,
One she's been saving,
To make a feather bed.

The customary salute was not fired by the escort, for fear that the militia garrisoning the fort, might think that the rebels were coming; then they would either shake to death with fear, or run to "Old Pennsylvania" for dear life.

January 2.—A colored rebel spiked several of the heaviest guns on the Yorktown fortifications, and was caught in the act. He was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot to death with musketry. A detachment of the 115th executed the sentence. They fired at the condemned, and he fell over dead on his coffin.

January 3.—After we retired for the night, the heavy boom of the signal gun summoned us all to arms. Instantly the long roll sounded in camp, and the loud commands for the different companies to fall in, rang along the streets. The men flew to arms in a moment, and we were soon flying towards the fort. Headquarters were reached, and we stood in line of battle awaiting orders. Col.

Sammons rode in front, and commanded in a loud, clear tone of voice:

"Attention Battalion! Load at will, Load!"

General Keyes rode up at that moment and countermanded the order; said that the alarm was a false one; thanked us for our promptness and readiness for duty, and then retired.

It was found that from the time the first alarm sounded, until we were in line of battle at Headquarters, was just twenty-two and one-half minutes. The men had to dress, take a supply of ammunition, form on the color line, march over one mile, and dress up a line upon halting; but did it all in the short space of twenty-two minutes and one-half.

January 8.—Eighty volunteers from the regiment, with a detachment of cavalry, embarked on board three gun-boats at dark, and landed at West Point at midnight. The infantry instantly surrounded the town, and the cavalry swept around toward White House, capturing much property. The rear portion of a rebel baggage train was taken.

A quantity of pig lead which the rebels had intended to mold into bullets for the purpose of killing "Yankees," fell into our hands. A rebel sutler with all his stock in trade was snatched, and he looked the picture of despair when ordered to Yorktown. The commissary stores were visited, and large quantities of oats, corn, and salt, destroyed.

The rail road track was pounded to pieces with cannon balls, and locomotives, cars and bridges,

left to the red flames of the toreh. The troops returned to eamp without the loss of a man. The rebel Gen. Wise was said to have been very mueh ineensed against the regiment, on aeeount of the complete sueeess attending the expedition; eonsequently, he offered a reward of $300 per head for every offieer of the 115th eaught. He didn't get any.

January 9 *and* 10.— The usual guard duty; had the same battalion, eompany, and squad drills; went through the manual of arms, the wheels, the facings, the loadings and firings, until our bones aehed again.

Ate our "Virginia shingles" with a keen relish, and drank our cups of eoffee with a good graee.

January 11 *to* 15.— Drilling hard, and engaging in target praetice.

January 16.— Two rebel eavalrymen deserted to our lines.

January 17.—Brigade review, and eompany inspeetion. The following regiments were on review: 115th New York, 172d Pennsylvania, 176th Pennsylvania, and 179th Pennsylvania.

January 20.— At night we experienced a genuine southern storm of wind and rain. Many of the tents blew down. Our hard wood ridge-pole cracked like a pipe-stem, and it required the united strength of two to hold the tent down.

January 21.— Marching orders. Began to pack up.

January 22.— Struck tents at 10 A. M., and had all

the stores on the dock at 2 P. M. The regiment marched to the residence of Major General Keyes, who appeared on the piazza, and addressed them briefly as follows:

Officers and Soldiers of the 115*th:* I must say that I sincerely regret to part with such a fine body of men, but you are ordered elsewhere, and I know that you will always do your duty

Col. Sammons replied in a feeling speech, when the men cheered, the band played, and the pleasant interview closed.

Just before evening, we embarked on the iron transport Matanzas, and lay at anchor in the stream until morning.

January 23.—Sailed for Fortress Monroe at daylight. On reaching there, we anchored off the Rip Raps, and the Colonel reported to General Dix for orders. Received sealed orders to report to General Hunter at Hilton Head, South Carolina.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

was the inquiry that went from lip to lip, for none of the soldiers knew. Some of them declared that we were not exchanged, never would be, and were going to New York to be mustered out of the service.

Others affirmed that they heard a man say that he heard one of General Keyes's staff inform an officer that the 115th were going to Washington to do guard duty. Little did the brave men then imagine

what trials, suffering, and insults awaited them. Little did they dream that those sealed orders contained a sentence of cruel banishment. It was well that they did not.

THE MATANZAS DUNGEON.

Eight hundred of us were crowded, packed and pressed into the dark, dismal, and suffocating hold of the Matanzas. The crowded bunks were swarming with vermin, and not a single breath of pure air ever reached that dreary dungeon. Almost all of us were deathly sea-sick for forty-eight hours; cared not whether we lived or died, and were unable to walk a single step. We had to vomit on the floor, and the stench was almost beyond endurance.

THE PANGS OF HUNGER.

While the soldiers were sea-sick, they needed nothing to eat, and could not bear the sight of food; but as soon as they recovered from their sickness they had ravenous appetites. To their sorrow they had little to eat. A few dry hard-tack, a small piece of half rotten bacon, and one cup of milk-warm coffee was the daily allowance. This of course, did not begin to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Three times each day, tables filled with plenty and groaning with luxuries were spread out before our longing eyes; yet we could not procure a single morsel for love or money. When the perfumes of

roast-beef and boiled potatoes floated past us, it made our eyes swim, and we longed for a few crumbs of bread from the tables in our northern homes.

ON SUNDAY

the chaplain preached in the dining-room of the vessel. But few attended. A dense fog covered the water, and we anchored until morning.

Schools of porpoises rolled in the water near by, and hundreds of sea-birds of large size flew close to the ship.

CHAPTER III.

PORT ROYAL HARBOR.

The land! the land! the land! shouted many of the soldiers at once; and sure enough, the palmetto groves and sandy islands of South Carolina were plainly visible.

Every heart was light, and every eye sparkled with pleasure at the prospect of setting foot on land once more.

We steamed into the beautiful harbor of Port Royal at 11 A. M., on the 26th of January, 1863, and found no less than a hundred vessels carrying the American flag. At 4 P. M., we disembarked, and marched through the streets of Hilton Head.

A halt was made outside of the fort, arms were stacked, and beds made on the sand, when all lay down for the night.

SAD TIDINGS — GOOD NEWS.

The regiment was terribly shocked on the morning of January 28th, to learn that it was under arrest for burning barracks at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Illinois.

We learned for the first time why we were banished to a sandy island of South Carolina, and why the camp was pitched so that the guns of the fort could blow us in pieces.

The cruel sentence declared that all pay and allowances would be stopped until further orders, and the meanest kind of work was given the men to do. All felt badly, yet they were conscious of being innocent, and felt sure that truth and justice would finally prevail.

Enemies brought those infamous charges forward; and without the knowledge of any in the regiment, tried them, and passed the wicked sentence.

The duties imposed were of the most laborious kind; and officers and privates were daily insulted by those who ought to have known better.

After a short time, the regiment began to suffer for the want of money. The officers had equipped themselves, and had never received a cent while in the service. The men received but small bounties, and they were all expended long before.

Some received sad letters from home, saying their dear ones were suffering for the want of bread. One lady wrote to her husband, that herself and her children went to bed without any supper the previous night, because they had not a penny to purchase a morsel of food,

Others wrote they must soon go to the poor-house or starve, unless relieved. It was at last decided, that a great effort must be made to relieve the regiment. For that purpose, Col. Sammons after much trouble, was allowed to proceed to Washington with an address from the regiment, to the Government.

Upon reaching there, he was at first refused a hearing at the War Department, but by continued perseverance, at last succeeded in having the matter investigated. The regiment was found to be innocent of all the charges brought against it, and ordered to be instantly released from arrest, and placed on an equal footing with any troops in the service. The Secretary of War complimented them for good conduct, dispatched a special paymaster on the first steamer to pay every man to the latest date, and gave them the choice of remaining in South Carolina, or returning to Virginia. As active operations were about taking place around Charleston, the regiment volunteered to remain.

A CHAPTER ON SNAKES.

Snakes of many varieties are to be found on Hilton Head. Some of them are of the most poisonous and deadly species. Among the number may be mentioned the Moccasin, Copperhead, Rattle, Adder, Black, &c., &c.

The water Moccasin was considered the most venomous, and all stood in great fear of them, as their bite was declared to be sure and speedy death. A soldier killed one measuring eighteen inches in length, and placed it in the road. Shortly afterward, a party of negroes came along, and were about to step on the serpent, when one of the number saw it; and supposing it to be alive, gave a scream of terror, and ran from the spot followed by all the others, who cried, "A Moccasin!" "A Moccasin!"

Seeing that the negroes were so much afraid of them, the soldiers were very careful when traveling through the swamps. A snake called the Wood Rattle abounded at Braddock's Point, and the soldiers made great slaughter among them. Many measured seven feet in length, and but few were seen less than five. One of our pickets upon awaking in the morning, found a huge snake coiled up in his blanket fast asleep. Not liking such bedfellows, he beat his head to a jelly with the butt of his gun.

Along Broad river, close by a picket post, we used to call No. 1, was a den of snakes; and the soldiers on duty there amused themselves hours at a time in shooting them as they crawled out to bask in the sun.

A New Hampshire officer found a black snake seven feet long, in bed with him one night; and after that he built his bunk up from the ground, so that the reptiles could not reach him.

A cavalryman sabred two snakes in front of my tent door, and when one of them was cut in halves the head part ran off into the bushes and escaped. A hollow log was brought into camp one day for fuel, and when it was split, a black snake six feet long rolled out, much to the terror of the chopper, but to the great amusement of the other soldiers; who, taking it by the tail, threw it high in the air.

A member of Co. H was out in the woods one day, and while there, was attacked by a monstrous adder eight feet in length. Having no weapon to

defend himself he shouted for help. A soldier who happened to be near by, with an axe, cutting tent poles, upon hearing cries of distress, ran to the spot, and after quite a struggle dispatched the snake.

Long, slender snakes, as green as grass, and some as red as blood, were seen on the roofs of the houses.

INSECTS AND REPTILES.

During the summer, the gnat, the musquito and and the sand flea, are among the soldier's greatest enemies. The gnat is about the size of a pin head, and swarms around every tree by the million. Pickets and guards stand in great dread of them; for they light on their faces and necks, and get into their hair in spite of everything that they can do; and nothing but tobacco smoke will drive them away

The red sand flies are the worst of all. They will get into a person's stockings and clothes, and murder by inches. At night they cover the soldier's blanket, and keep him in agony until morning. Some of the regiment were so badly bitten that their legs and bodies were bleeding sores. Insect powders are a partial preventative.

The musquito also pesters the soldier considerably, and some regiments use musquito nets, fixing them around their beds in a frame.

Alligators also, are to be found on Hilton Head.

A party of soldiers from Companies H and K,

were out one day cutting tree tops for an abattis, when they thought something was paddling in a swamp close by. On going to the spot, an alligator was observed, slowly moving around. None of the soldiers had guns, so one of them ran to camp and brought one.

The piece was fired, and the reptile badly wounded in the head, but as none cared to tackle him even then, a noose was fixed and thrown over his head, and the soldiers pulled him on dry land. The alligator showed fight, and swept his ugly tail around in all directions, with a force that would have cut a man in two, had he been within reach.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE. HILTON HEAD.

When the Union troops first landed at Hilton Head but one or two buildings were to be seen; but since the "Yankees" have gone there whole streets of stores, saloons, and other places of business have been built; and when the runaway planters come home again, they will, no doubt, be a little astonished at the vast improvements.

The government buildings alone, are a mile in length, and it is said, contain provisions enough to feed an army of 25,000 men for five years. The arsenal is of immense proportions, and contains shot and shell enough to rain an unceasing stream of iron upon any city for months.

Port Royal harbor is one of the finest in America, yet previous to the war, a vessel was seldom seen in her waters. Now, at least an hundred

vessels of all kinds, lay at anchor between Hilton Head and Beaufort.

In the city, rail roads run from the dock to all the store houses and the arsenal.

Steam saw-mills and bakeries are carried on by the U. S.; two newspapers with a large circulation enlighten the public, and the sandy streets are generally crowded with people. Some of the merchants sell an incredible amount of goods, and I need not say, realize large profits.

NIGHT ASSAULT.

On Thursday morning, March 12th, 1863, the rebels crossed Broad river in row-boats and attacked Spanish Wells. They marched boldly up to the picket line, and when halted by the sentinel replied that they were friends with the countersign. The sentinel, thinking that they were a party of Union troops, ordered them to halt, and allowed one of the number to advance to the point of his bayonet, so as to receive the countersign.

Several of the rebels slipped past, unnoticed in the darkness, and in an instant presented a couple of revolvers to his head and soon put him out of the way.

The daring raiders then marched for the signal station, and although there were 10,000 Union troops a short distance away, before any alarm could be given, they were making tracks for the main land with the entire Signal Corps prisoners.

Some of the gang fired the lookout, and it was burned to the ground.

All the troops on the island were under arms as soon as the alarm was sounded; but by that time the rebel crew were safe in their retreat.

The 115th marched some miles, but came back to camp without seeing a Johnny.

DUTY AT HILTON HEAD.

The regiment engaged in every variety of duty. Large details of men were working on forts and magazines, loading and unloading vessels, provost duty, picket, guard, and in fact every variety of work that soldiers are called upon to perform. Five months were occupied in that way.

SCENES IN THE PROVOST QUARTERS.—CAPTAIN GLADDING.

A rebel officer confined in the provost quarters breathed his last during the evening of June 25th, 1863. His history is a sad one, and ought to be a solemn warning to those in rebellion against the best of governments.

Before the war he was a wealthy, respected, and worthy merchant of the city of Savannah, Ga. When his state seceded he espoused the rebel cause with all his soul, and devoted his ample fortune, his rich talents, and his life to the south. He purchased a fast vessel, loaded her with cotton, and attempted to run the blockade; but the ship was captured, and himself taken prisoner. After a while he was exchanged; but instead of going home, pro-

ceeded direct to a foreign country; and after loading a powerful vessel with goods of great value, at the south, attempted to run the blockade a second time. As before, his vessel was captured and himself and crew taken prisoners. For sometime he was closely confined, but at last was allowed the liberty of a large room. He died of consumption.

The Union officers connected with the office, true to their feelings of humanity, purchased a beautiful and costly rosewood coffin, and in it forwarded his remains through the lines to his family in Savannah.

This would have been a worthy example for the rebels to follow, who were murdering our men by thousands, but they did not.

STORIES OF REFUGEES.

Large numbers of refugees and deserters came in from the rebel cities of Charleston and Savannah, and gave quite interesting accounts of matters in Dixie.

A deserter from the 4th Georgia Cavalry made the following statement:

"I am a native of Ulster County, New York, and was south when the rebellion broke out. I was forced to join the army. There are but few troops in Georgia, nearly all having gone to reinforce Pemberton at Vicksburgh. My regiment is badly demoralized, and almost all of them are ready to desert at the first opportunity. A large number are northern men, and the remainder are heartily sick of the cause."

A refugee, who appeared to be a very intelligent man, said:

"I was a telegraph operator on the great southern line for the Confederate government. I am a native of northern Georgia, and my father is a large slaveholder. I can, and am willing to pilot a body of men to a point where they can cut off all communication between Richmond and the cotton states. I could give the strength of all the rebel armies now in the field, and their respective locations. I have important information for Gen. Gilmore."

Eight deserters came in from Fort Sumter, and the reader will observe by the following account of their escape, what men had to go through with who managed to get away from rebeldom.

They were ordered on a certain island to build a mortar battery. While thus engaged, they resolved to desert. During the day they discovered a small boat lying in the water and instantly laid plans to escape that night.

Accordingly after dark, with the boat on their shoulders, they stole away from their comrades and soon reached the bank of a river. To their consternation it was found that a heavy cavalry picket were patroling the beach to prevent deserters from reaching the Union lines. They secreted themselves in the bushes, to avoid detection and certain death, until a good opportunity presented itself. Then four of the number placed the little boat in the water, paddled off from the shore noiselessly, and

soon left their enemies in the distance. In due time they reached the Union line at Folly Island, when they wept tears of joy.

The other four who remained behind hid themselves in a dense swamp for a couple of days, and although hunted by blood-hounds and fiends in human shape, at last stood on free soil, and under the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes.

"WE ALL YANKEE NOW."

On asking a colored soldier of the 3d South Carolina Vols., if he liked to be a soldier, he made the following characteristic reply:

"Oh yes Massa, we all berry willin' to be a soger, we all Yankee now. I want a little fight and a little rest. When my ole' massa, he heerd de big Yankee gun, he took legs an run away. We all prayed de Lord to hang up the Yankee peoples. Den Colonel Montgomery he cum, an we all j'ined de Lincoln army, massa."

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

A brave and noble-hearted soldier of the 3d Rhode Island regiment was fearfully mutilated on Morris island. Both of his arms were shot away, and two mangled, bleeding stumps, were all that remained. Both of his eyes were blown from their sockets, and the sightless eyeballs were awful to look upon. His face was mashed to a sickening jelly, yet wonderful to say he lived — a monument of the cruelties of war. Though racked with terri-

ble pain and suffering, he boldly cheered for the flag of his country, and said he gloried in his wounds. His only regrets were, that he could fight no more for the Union.

At one time, a rebel sergeant lay on an adjoining bed in the hospital cursing the Yankees, while our hero was cheering the spirits of the Union boys by singing patriotic pieces. That was too much for the brave man to stand, so he requested to be helped out of bed, that he might give the noisy rebel a good thrashing.

After many months he was well enough to be removed from the hospital, and he joined his family in his native state.

REBEL MODE OF PROCURING GREENBACKS.

Captain M——, of the First South Carolina Regular Artillery, with his entire company, were taken prisoners on Morris island.

Like a great many other rebel officers, he was devoid of all principle and humanity, and his chief virtue consisted in his knowing how to curse and murder "Yankees."

While a prisoner of war, a package of money was sent to him by some friends South. One of our officers visited his room, and proceeded to count out the money for the purpose of seeing that the amount was correct. It consisted of greenbacks, and horrible to relate, the bills were all clotted together with human blood; the blood of brave Union soldiers, who died defending their country's flag. The

money had evidently been stolen from their bleeding corpses, and was baptized with many hearts' best blood.

The Union officer was greatly shocked, and with burning cheeks held up the bloody bills before the rebel captain's eyes, and bade him look at them. The rebel turned deathly pale, and trembled from head to foot at the sad sight. He was a cold-hearted, cruel man, but could not stand that.

On one occasion he had the brass to address one of our officers in a very insolent manner, and demanded to know why he was not exchanged and sent through the lines like other prisoners? The officer replied in a manner that put a damper on his insolence, and greatly shocked his southern sensibilities.

"Sir," said the Union officer, "you are held to await the doom assigned you by your own brethren. If they carry out their threats, and execute the negro prisoners in their hands, you are the first man who will swing with a Yankee halter around your neck."

When first captured he pretended to be very proud and haughty, and put on far too many airs for a prisoner of war. He would turn up his nose and curl his lip disdainfully, declaring that he hated the whole Yankee race. He got cured of such notions before he left, for everybody laughed at him for his pains.

His company, captured at the same time, were mostly men from Troy, Boston, and New York,

who went to South Carolina with a contractor to build a rail road. When the war broke out they were forced to enlist, and never received six months wages which was due them. They were but too glad to get out of the rebel service; and notwithstanding the captain's threat of vengeance, took the oath of allegiance, almost to a man.

The *Free South*, in speaking of the captain and his company, says:

"Nearly the whole of Captain Macbeth's company captured at Morris island have taken the oath of allegiance. He seems to chafe more over this fact than ever. He one day remarked to a provost officer that it was as much as a man's life was worth in the rebel army to neglect any opportunity to hang an officer of a negro regiment.

"It will be as much as your life is worth, if they hang a single one," said the officer. "What! do you propose to take me as a hostage for officers of negro troops?" inquired the indignant Macbeth, and then added tragically, "Oh, brute! brute!"

LARGE MORTALITY IN THE REGIMENT.

Owing to hard duty and warm weather, the regiment had become very sickly, and by the 20th of June the men began to die off at a fearful rate. It was thought that Beaufort would be a healthy locality; so on the 27th of June they were released from all duty and ordered to proceed there. Tents were struck at 9 A. M.; we embarked at 7 P. M.; and reached our destination at 10½ P. M., on the 27th.

BEAUFORT.

At sunrise on the 28th, we marched through the streets of the "Saratoga" of South Carolina. Our martial band played one of their finest pieces, and it sounded sweet and beautiful beyond description on that quiet Sabbath morning. The people were captivated, the same as the regiment had often been; and good judges of music living in Beaufort declared that they had often heard some of the best bands in our own country, as well as the finest in the British service, but had never heard anything to equal the sweetness of that piece. It was quite a feather in Ripley's (our fife major) hat.

For a long time after our arrival in Beaufort death continued to visit our ranks nearly every day, and a long row of graves soon helped to fill up the graveyard.

Typhoid fever and chronic diarrhœa made our camp a great hospital, and everything wore a sad and gloomy look; and it was not until cold weather came on that the tide of disease and death was stayed.

JOURNAL.

November 28.—The enlisted men of the regiment presented Colonel Sammons with a fine horse and equipments, valued at $400.

November 30.—Marched to Port Royal ferry, on the Broad river, to do picket duty for twenty days.

December 3.—Made a midnight raid on Barnwell's island for the purpose of attempting the capture of

rebel pickets, but they had fled. Private John A. Hogan shot a colored man dead, who refused to halt when ordered.

December 15.—We met the officers of the "Georgia Tigers" under a flag of truce, at Port Royal ferry.

December 20.—Received marching orders for Hilton Head. Embarked at midnight on the steamers Delaware and Island City.

December 21.—Landed at Hilton Head at daylight; lay out in the cold all day waiting for tents.

December 22.—Brigade received by General Seymour. It consists at present of the 47th N. Y., 48th N. Y., 115th N. Y., 6th Conn., and 1st S. C. Colored Volunteers.

February 4.—Marching orders; the entire division to carry six days' rations—three of them in haversacks.

February 5.—Seymour's division, 10th corps, numbering 7,000 men, embarked on thirty-five vessels for the state of Florida. The object of the expedition is said to be to obtain a firm foothold in the heart of the state, and to capture, if possible, its capital. The 115th left tents and baggage behind.

CHAPTER IV

THE CAMPAIGN IN FLORIDA.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of February 7th, we reached the bar at the mouth of St. Johns river, Florida.

At 12 M., only fifteen vessels of the fleet had been able to cross the bar, but during the day the tide rose and all passed safely over.

At 1 P. M., the entire fleet sailed for the city of Jacksonville, fifty miles up the river.

The buildings along the banks were filled with greybacks of all ages, but none of them appeared in the least warlike. Some of the ladies actually waved handkerchiefs and threw kisses; but the men skulked behind trees and old sheds, and attentively viewed the proud Yankee fleet and the gay display of national bunting.

As far up as Jacksonville the river is crooked and muddy, while the banks glisten with pure white sand, appearing in the distance like great banks of snow.

Jacksonville was reached just as the sun was sinking in the west, and the sky was a blaze of glory. The vessels sailed up to the dock, and at the same time our bands discoursed national airs.

The surprise was complete, and we occupied the

town with a loss of three men, capturing the rebel Signal Corps, and some other prisoners.

A guerrilla observing the expedition approaching, swore that he would shoot the first man who set foot on the dock. The first mate of the steamer "General Hunter" happened to jump on the dock first, when the concealed assassin shot him through the right breast. A colored soldier of the 55th Massachusetts was also shot.

MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON CAMP FINNEGAN.

On the 8th, the men boxed up dress coats and threw away all extra clothing preparatory for work.

At sundown a portion of the division moved from Jacksonville in three columns, for the purpose of attacking, at midnight, the rebel Camp Finnegan, distant ten or twelve miles.

We made a hard march—mostly on a double quick—through swamps and woods, fording creeks and scaling piles of logs and brush, until the point of attack was just ahead.

The march had, so far, been so secret and rapid, and so well conducted, that the whole rebel picket line, extending for three miles, was gobbled up, and not a man of them escaped to warn the main army of our approach.

The rebel camp was nearly surrounded, when unfortunately, they became alarmed from some cause, and a large number of the rebel soldiers managed to escape to the swamps.

The Union troops immediately took possession of the camp, a large number of prisoners, nine pieces of artillery, a wagon load of small arms, swords and sabres enough to arm a cavalry company, one flag, and a considerable quantity of stores and ammunition as the fruits of victory.

The rebel camp was filled with fat turkeys, chickens, ducks, and geese; and as soon as arms were stacked the order to charge hen-coops was given, and the soldiers soon swept away all poultry from before them until the feathers flew in all directions. Such a cackling and gobbling was never before heard in eastern Florida, and the rebels secreted in neighboring swamps must have enjoyed the midnight serenade, to say the least. The camp was abandoned in great haste.

We found hogs hanging up just dressed; kettles of beef steaming over the fire; plates of warm hominy and liver on the table; and papers and books strewn about in every direction. Rebel officers hardly stopped to dress, and left coats and swords behind for the dreaded Yankees.

Col. Henry, with a detachment of the 1st Mass. Independent Cavalry, charged and captured a battery of eight guns in a swamp.

At about 2 o'clock a heavy picket line was thrown out, and the remainder of the army lay down to rest. We were soon brought to our feet again, for the guerrillas had attacked the pickets; but by the time that arms were taken from the stacks, the guerrillas were repulsed, and the firing ceased.

Among some letters found, was one from a rebel soldier in Bragg's army, to his cousin in Camp Finnegan. In describing the battle of Chattanooga, he takes occasion to say:

"The Yankees whipped us terribly at Chattanooga; and after the fight, one of our brigades stacked arms and left for home."

SURPRISE AND CAPTURE OF BALDWIN.

During the morning of February 9th, our men were engaged in scouring the swamps and woods for the purpose of cleaning out the rebels. They appeared to be perfectly panic-stricken, and large numbers of them surrendered without firing a gun or making the least resistance.

We made a hard march to Baldwin, a town situated fifteen miles from Camp Finnegan.

A portion of the march was through a swamp, and for a long distance the water was knee deep, so that we got pretty well soaked by night.

Our troops gained another bloodless victory at Baldwin. At about daylight they surrounded, surprised, attacked and captured the town with all its contents, without suffering the loss of a man.

The rebels had a battery mounted on a platform car, which might have done us great damage, but the 40th Massachusetts gallantly charged and captured it.

The fruits of our victory were a number of prisoners, several pieces of artillery, cotton valued at $25,000, immense quantities of turpentine, resin,

pitch, tobacco, and salt; also, the telegraph and post offices complete, a train of cars, &c., besides gaining possession of three lines of rail road.

SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR FIRING OFF A GUN.

But few outside of the army are aware of the summary manner in which a soldier is punished if he disobeys orders. A couple of incidents occurred to-day, that partially illustrate the character of sentences sometimes imposed.

A soldier of Co. H fired off his gun contrary to orders, and was sentenced to be shot within three hours.

The Provost Marshal General came up to the man, and in a solemn tone asked him if he was ready to die. The poor fellow was completely overcome, as he realized that he was under sentence of death, and the big tears started from his eyes. The Provost Marshal continued: "Sir, get your affairs ready, for you die within three hours!" The last words sounded the death-knell in his ear, and the tears froze on his cheeks. He asked if there was no hope—no chance to escape the fearful doom?

Ah, yes; there is always hope while there is life. He was a good soldier, and his officers interceded for him, and in a short time presented him the joyful tidings that he was pardoned—snatched from the grave. Tears of thankfulness rolled down his cheeks, and he resolved to be a better man.

Another soldier took a chicken from a poor widow, when he knew that he was disobeying or-

ders. For that, he too was sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned for the reason that he had always been a good soldier.

A BOLD REBEL SPY.

An old looking chap, a genuine specimen of an east Florida bushwacker, came into Baldwin and pretended to be very sick. He said he was a good Union man, but had been forced into the rebel service at the point of the bayonet, &c., &c.

He took note of everything transpiring around town, when he very coolly walked up to the rail road track, and was finally on his way to the rebel lines with his valuable information, when a negro informed an officer that the sick soldier was a captain in the rebel army. He was immediately pursued, caught, and searched, and a commission as captain in the Confederate army was found in his clothing. He was, of course, placed under guard, and was held as a spy.

OUR ADVANCE FALL IN AN AMBUSCADE AT BARBER'S PLANTATION.

We moved from Baldwin in the afternoon of February 10th, and marched until midnight, halting at Barber's plantation on the St. Mary's river. To prevent surprise we camped in a hollow square with artillery in the centre, and cavalry on the flanks.

In the morning our cavalry advance was ambushed at the crossing of the St. Mary's river, and our men were shot down in true Indian style, and

killed with a brutality that would cause one's blood to run cold.

The rebel murderers tore up the bridge, which made it necessary for our men to pass through a narrow defile, with a dense growth of trees and brush on either side.

They unexpectingly dashed into the dark haunt of death, when from every tree and stump came the cruel bullet, and three of the brave fellows fell from their horses dead, and sixteen wounded, without a moment's warning. The remainder instantly dismounted to avenge the death of their comrades; but the cowardly rebels had fled, not daring to meet the Union boys on even footing.

The cavalrymen pursued them swiftly and succeeded in shooting several, two of whom they captured, but they were badly wounded and soon died. The barbarous crew were unworthy of even the name of rebels, for it is said that they murdered at least one of our men in cold blood. The unfortunate man was a sergeant. He was wounded with the others, and being unable to help himself was left where he lay for a short time. The rebels upon coming back, observed that he was not dead, and put six balls into his body, and then left him struggling in the agonies of death.

The murdered man had a thirty day furlough in his pocket, and expected to go home in a few days. He did go to his long, long home.

Our dead were buried in one grave at the foot of a large pine, close by the St. Mary's river. A

rude cross was hewn on the tree, to mark the last resting place of the dead heroes.

A GIANT REBEL.

A rebel, six feet four in his boots, dressed in Confederate uniform, with nearly a cart-load of clothing on his back, had the misfortune to mistake the 115th for a column of rebel troops, and marched along with us for some distance. When told of his grave mistake his surprise knew no bounds; yet he instantly declared that he was a good Union man.

THE TOWN OF SANDERSON TAKEN.

On the 11th, we marched to Sanderson, a distance of eight miles, and occupied the town without opposition.

The rebels had taken warning at our approach and burned all their depots of supplies, half an acre of corn-cribs, and immense quantities of salt.

They set the woods on fire so as to obstruct our onward march, but it was "no go." So far we had surmounted all difficulties and carried terror to the hearts of traitors.

Our cavalry pushed on until within two miles of Lake City, but not being strong enough to attack, returned to Sanderson.

We camped in the streets of the town at night, and the rain fell in torrents.

I awoke at three o'clock in the morning and found six inches of water under my blanket, and

myself wet to the skin and numb with cold. Several of us stood around a fire and shivered until daylight.

Three of the "Johnnies" being rather "hard up" for grub, and not very bitter advocates of treason, came to the edge of a piece of woods and waved a couple of white rags as tokens of peace. Some of the boys went up to them, took away their guns, and escorted them to camp, where they took the oath of allegiance.

On the 12th we breakfasted three hours before daylight, and marched back to Barber's to await the arrival of reinforcements.

SINGLE ENCOUNTERS IN THE WOODS.

One of our men came suddenly across a rebel cavalryman in the woods. The rebel was ordered to surrender, but instead of that he jumped from his horse, threw his gun and sabre upon the ground and took to the swamp for dear life. Doubtful if he has stopped yet.

Another had the audacity to ride up to a cavalryman and inquire "when the Yankee infantry were coming along?" Without waiting for an answer, he wheeled his horse around and flew toward a piece of woods. The "Yankee" pursued and overtook him, when a hand to hand fight took place. It ended in the rebel being knocked from his horse and made a prisoner of war.

A MARCH OF SEVENTY MILES THROUGH FLORIDA SWAMPS.

The 115th was selected by the general commanding to proceed to a town called Callahan Station, near the Georgia line, for the double purpose of scouring the country and to destroy the rail road and burn some ferry boats.

Early on the morning of the 14th, accompanied by one gun of battery B, U. S. artillery, and three companies of Massachusetts cavalry, we started on a march of seventy miles.

Our path lay through swamp and water until noon, when we halted for dinner at the house of a man who beheld for the first time in four years the flag of his country.

He had never heard of greenbacks, and saw a United States soldier for the first time since the Indian war. We took up the line of march again in the afternoon and halted at dark.

Camped in a piece of pine woods, having marched twenty-five miles during the day.

On the 15th, we left all blankets and coats under a guard of fifty men, and passed forward to Callahan. Having accomplished the object of the expedition, we started on the return, and camped at night where we left in the morning.

Marched twenty-five miles.

On the 16th, rations were scarce, salt in great demand, and hard-tack above par.

We broke camp at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and marched steadily until eight in the evening, when we halted for supper.

A council of officers was held, to decide whether we should proceed or not.

The men were all tired out, our feet were bleeding, and every soldier declared that they could not go a single inch farther.

It was dangerous to tarry; so it was decided that the men could rest until 1 P. M., when we must march to Barber's with all possible haste.

For supper each company received half a beeve and some pork.

Promptly at 1 o'clock we were on the march.

It was a terrible tramp to say the least, and will never be forgotten by those who took part in it. We were obliged to ford creeks and rivers in the cold and thick darkness, and the only way the men could see was by the aid of large fires kindled by a guard sent in avdance.

We reached Barber's at eight A. M., about an hour before the cavalry and artillery.

Our march had been so rapid, that the cavalry and artillery horses were worn out, and many had dropped down dead along the road.

The two other branches of the service admitted that the 115th could beat their time; that infantry on bad roads could out-march cavalry and artillery.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

Little did we think when we left Barber's on the morning of the 20th, that before night we would engage in a hard and bloody battle.

Our march had been so triumphant through

Florida that we began to think the rebels would offer no serious resistance; but they had quietly and secretly drawn all their forces from Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, had concentrated at Olustee, eighteen miles from Barber's, and were waiting our advance.

We marched in three columns, with the 7th New Hampshire armed with the Spencer repeating rifle in advance as skirmishers, until the battle commenced.

The force of the rebels was about 16,000, while ours was barely 5,000.

REGIMENTS ENGAGED ON THE UNION SIDE.

The following regiments were engaged on the Union side:

47th New York, 48th New York, 7th New Hampshire, 1st N. C. colored, 115th New York, 7th Conn., 8th U. S. colored, 54th Mass. colored, 40th Mass. Mounted Infantry, Batteries B and C, U. S. Artillery, and Battery C, 3d Rhode Island Artillery.

REGIMENTS ENGAGED ON THE REBEL SIDE.

The following regiments were engaged on the rebel side, according to the Savannah *Republican:*

1st Georgia Infantry, 6th Georgia Infantry, 19th Georgia Infantry, 23d Georgia Infantry, 27th Georgia Infantry, 28th Georgia Infantry, 32d Georgia Infantry, 64th Georgia Infantry, 1st Florida Infantry, 6th Florida Infantry, 2d Florida Cavalry, 4th Georgia Cavalry, Scott's Battalion Cavalry,

Boone's Battalion Cavalry, Florida Light Artillery, Chatain Artillery, and Gerard's Battery.

HOW THE BATTLE CAME ABOUT.

When the battle began, the left of the Union army was resting on the rail road track, after a hard and fatiguing march of nineteen miles.

The 7th New Hampshire was deployed as skirmishers, and coming in contact with the rebel skirmish line, instantly attacked and drove them in their works.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

The bloody battle of Olustee was fought on Saturday, February 20th, 1864, at a station on the Florida, Atlantic & Gulf Central R. R., between a force of 16,000 rebels, under Generals Finnegan, Colquett, and Harrison, and 5,000 Union troops under General Seymour.

The battle began at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and raged with unexampled fury, until night drew her dark mantle over the scene.

HOW THE CONTENDING ARMIES WERE FORMED.

The rebels chose their own position, formed their long lines of battle in a half circle, posted their deadly sharpshooters behind every available stump, tree, and fence, and even in the tree-tops, and engaged us with an overwhelming army of fresh troops.

Our army formed in a single line of battle and boldly attacked the enemy, holding their ground against the most fearful odds for three hours.

GALLANTRY OF THE 115th.

Nearly all the troops on the Union side fought with desperation, but the 115th Regiment of New York Volunteers made the most gallant fight, and contested the field inch by inch the most stubbornly of all.

Its fearful and almost unparalleled loss of men, being more than one half of the whole number engaged, is the only argument necessary to substantiate the statement; for they were not swept away while rushing with terror and confusion to the rear, but were all killed and wounded while standing up in solid and unbroken line, bravely and gallantly fighting the enemy.

Up to the opening of the fight, the regiment together with the other troops, had marched nineteen miles without partaking of a morsel of food, and although tired, hungry, thirsty and foot-sore, cheerfully rushed into the very thickest of the conflict, nerved by the terrible battle cry of "Harper's Ferry!"

Before we became engaged, some of our comrades were falling, and many were dragging themselves to the rear covered with blood.

Our men became frenzied at the sight, and begged to be hurried to the front that they might avenge the death of those already fallen, and hurl their patriotic columns against the foe. They did not wait long, for the command to move forward soon rang along the line: "Battalion, forward! guide center, double quick—march!" thundered the Colonel.

We instantly swept forward in a beautiful line in the face of a galling fire, through reeds higher than our heads, and over logs and fences, until the hateful columns of southern grey were plainly visible. We halted and began to fire, and they greeted our appearance with a deadly volley of musketry.

It was now a continuous roar on both sides, and for three long hours the swift tide of battle surged with cruel fury. There was no lull in the rattle of musketry — no calm and serene moment of security. The leaden messengers of death hailed down in unceasing torrents. Grape and cannister swept by with hideous music, and shell after shell tore through our ranks and burst amid heaps of our wounded heroes.

THE REBELS CHARGE THE REGIMENT.

The 115th was entrusted with the right of the line of battle, and the rebels observing our fearfully thin ranks, boldly advanced to drive us back.

The 115th closed up and stood the shock like a mountain of adamant. Our men poured such a withering and destructive fire into their massed columns that they soon began to waver, and at last went reeling and staggering back with tremendous loss.

GREAT SLAUGHTER AMONG ARTILLERY.

Unfortunately our artillery had been planted almost up to the rebel works, and in a short space of time nearly every gun was rendered useless. The horses and men were nearly all killed or

wounded, and it was the greatest slaughter among artillery known in the history of this war.

The —— United States colored troops formed and manœuvred under fire, and suffered heavy losses. They were marched on the field in column of company, and then formed in line under a destructive fire. Their colonel was then shot dead from his horse, and the arms of the regiment were not loaded; but they preserved their line admirably and fought splendidly.

A BAYONET CHARGE.

The balls were flying thicker and thicker, the 115th was growing smaller and smaller, and the boys were falling faster and faster, but they kept closing up to their battle flag, and sent cheers of defiance to the rebels.

All the officers were dressed in full uniform, and with swords raised, coolly urged the men to be steady and fire low. Our fire now began to tell dreadfully in the ranks of the enemy, and their fire grew feebler.

The 54th Massachusetts Colored Volunteers, which had been in reserve, now came up on a double-quick, to make a charge to recapture if possible some of our lost guns.

The 115th New York had not a single round of ammunition (even the boxes of the killed and wounded had become exhausted), but they fixed bayonets, and with a soul-stirring cheer, rushed forward with the 54th.

The fire of the enemy was too heavy for the little band, and they were compelled to fall back to their old position after desperate fighting.

THE REGIMENT SAVES THE ARMY FROM CAPTURE.

After three hours of fighting, every regiment excepting the 115th had been compelled to leave the field.

Our boys occupied precisely the same position which they did at the opening of the battle.

They stood battling over the bodies of their fallen comrades, and would not be driven from the field, or own themselves whipped.

At last the shades of night covered the field of blood, and we were then ordered to the rear. After giving three ringing cheers of defiance to the rebels, the regiment slowly and sadly dragged themselves away.

Over one half were killed and wounded, and the remainder were black with powder and the smoke of battle, and could hardly move.

But they made a long and wearisome night's march of nineteen miles, and then snatched a few hours of hurried sleep on the cold ground.

General Seymour who was scarcely ever known to pay a compliment to a volunteer regiment, said "The 115th was the best regiment he ever saw under fire." A staff officer pointing to the 115th as they were in the heat and storm of battle, and noticing how firmly they stood, and how bravely and grandly they breasted the waves of iron and

leaden fury, asked; "What stone wall is that standing there?"

Everybody acquainted with the circumstances, admit that the 115th by their determined bravery, saved the whole Florida expedition from capture.

GENERAL SEYMOUR

was very unjustly censured by the mass of the people north.

He probably ought not to have fought the battle of Olustee with his small army, but we believe him to be a brave and a true man.

The following extract from one of the Hilton Head papers places the matter in its true light.

"We cannot say too much in praise of General Seymour's conduct in the fight. He handled the troops in a splendid manner, and directed the battle personally regardless of danger. When it was finally deemed prudent to retire, the whole force was withdrawn in the best order, with none of the confusion of a rout. The results of the engagement, embracing as they do, a forced retreat and the loss of many good men, are of course to be regretted, but we see nothing disheartening about them, and are happy to say that the *morale* of our troops remains unimpaired, with a strong desire throughout the force to meet the enemy again on more equal terms."

TERIIBLE SUFFERING AMONG THE WOUNDED.

The poor fellows who were wounded had a terrible time. All who desired to escape southern dungeons and the cruelties of the foe, were obliged to go a distance of nineteen miles without help.

Many were badly wounded and could not stir, and they were left to the tender mercies of the enemy.

For nearly three hours I escaped injury, and when I saw my comrades shot down around me and myself uninjured, I began to conclude that I was bullet proof.

Suddenly a stinging sensation was felt in my right side, and I realized that I was wounded. I remained with the company a short time, but beginning to grow faint I informed my captain and started for the rear. In a short time I came across a surgeon with about twenty wounded lying around him, and saw that he was engaged in the bloody work of amputation.

Just then a cruel shell burst in their midst, and sent the mangled remains of several of them flying in all directions.

I turned away from the sickening sight with horror.

I next approached the quarter of our own surgeon, and found him surrounded by fifty wounded, his slecves rolled up, his arms crimsoned with blood, and himself engaged in cutting out balls. With the stream of wounded men from different regiments I hurried on towards Sanderson.

Some lay down along the road and declared that they could go no farther. Others were fast bleeding to death, and some fell down exhausted to die.

At last I reached Sanderson, nine miles distant. Several of us who concluded that we could go no farther, went into a hotel and lay down on the floor. A surgeon soon came in and said that unless we made all possible haste towards Barber's we would all be captured, as the rebels were close by.

We all concluded that it would be better to die walking or even crawling towards freedom, than to starve to death in rebel dungeons; so we moved off towards Barber's.

A company of the 40th Massachusetts Mounted Infantry, came along and generally dismounted, helping thirty of our boys on their horses. This saved almost all of the party from capture.

The animal which I rode carried me a mile with great difficulty, and then lay down in the mud to die.

I started on again, when pretty shortly a mounted officer approached, and after enquiring my name, rank, and regiment, assisted me in mounting his horse which I rode two miles, when I was again forced to try the virtue of "shanks' horses."

I reached Barber's at 3 o'clock in the morning, nearly dead, and found the remnant of the regiment asleep.

I sat down on a cracker box to warm myself by a camp fire, when I fainted away and pitched into it headlong. There were but four cars at Barber's

to carry the many hundreds of wounded, but I was fortunate enough to get on one.

The cars were terribly crowded; as many as seventy being on a small platform, and several of us had to hang together to keep from falling off.

They were drawn by mules and went very slowly. We were the whole of Sunday and until 12 o'clock Sunday night reaching Jacksonville.

Some of the poor fellows suffered badly. They had nothing to eat or drink, were so crowded that they could not sleep, and no chance to change their cramped and painful positions.

At Jacksonville the wounded were all placed on hospital boats and sent to Hilton Head and Beaufort, one hundred and sixty miles away.

COMMENTS OF THE UNION PRESS.

The following are some of the comments of the press, in relation to the gallantry of the 115th Regiment at Olustee.

[*From the N. Y Tribune.*]

"Desperate assaults on the Union right failed to drive in the brave 115th N. Y., holding the extremity of the line.

The genial and chivalrous Col. S. Sammons was wounded in the foot; Major Walworth's shoulder strap was cut away by a bullet. They lost dreadfully. Among the killed were Second Lieut. Sheffer, Co. G, and Second Lieut. W Tompkins, Co. C, Captain G. Van Derveer was wounded in the leg and breast; Second Lieut. J. Davis, Co. A, was

fatally wounded in the breast, and was left on the retreat at Sanderson to be treated by the rebels.

Second Lieut. E. Smith, Co. B, got a shot in the right shoulder; Capt. W. W French, Co. F, had his ancle shattered; Second Lieut. Clark, Co. H, was hurt in the shoulder. As an instance of what the 115th endured, Co. F may be cited. Out of fifty-nine men brought into the fight, three were killed and twenty-nine wounded.

[*From the Amsterdam Despatch.*]

THE 115TH N. Y. VOLS.

This noble band of heroes was sorely dealt with at the late "Seymour slaughter" in Florida.

Joseph Allen, who was left behind the regiment at Hilton Head, writes:

"I have been over to see Colonel Sammons, who is severely wounded in the foot; he says the loss of the regiment is three hundred and four in killed, wounded and missing. The boys fought bravely and desperately, and the Colonel says, have the hearty commendation of the General commanding for their determined bravery. The regiment went into the fight with sixty rounds of cartridges, used them all and then sought a supply from their fallen comrades.

[*From the Mohawk Valley American.*]

From the letters received here we glean the following facts:

Col. Sammons wounded in the foot.

Captain Van Derveer, Co. H, of this village, received a flesh wound in the hip, in the early part of the engagement, but kept at his post until he was hit by a ball just inside of the left shoulder, which passed out near the spine, when he was carried off the field on an army blanket.

He is supposed to be mortally wounded. Lieut. John W Davis was mortally wounded in the bowels; the boys carried him seven miles, and then as he was dying left him on the field.

[*From the Troy Times.*]

It is stated that the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment, which was in the advance in the late Florida expedition, lost three hundred in killed, wounded and missing. Col. Simmeon Sammons was wounded in the ancle, and it is feared amputation may be necessary. Captain Van Derveer and Lieut. Davis, of Co. A, were badly wounded and left on the field. Captain French, Co. B, was wounded in the leg; and Lieut. Sheffer, of Co. G, was also killed with other non-commissioned officers.

REBEL ACCOUNT.

The following comments are from the rebel papers:

[*From the Tallahassee Floridian.*]

Some 200 Yankee wounded have been brought to this city since the battle of Olustee, mostly foreigners and negroes; the foreigners were miserable looking fellows, not a bit too good to be put on an

equality with the negroes; and in the hospital in every case, whites and negroes were laid side by side, in order to give the whites a taste of the equality they are fighting for. More than one thousand (?) dead bodies of Union soldiers have already been buried on the battle field, and the Confederate dead only numbered one hundred and thirty-five, exclusive of thirty who afterward died from their wounds. General Gardner, commanding the Confederate troops in Seymour's battle, has assumed command of all the Confederate troops in Florida.

[*From the Savannah Republican.*]

A correspondent writes; "I participated in the battles around Richmond and upon the Peninsula as I have in this, and have never witnessed a more stubbornly contested field. The engagement lasted upward of four hours, during about three of which, the enemy contested inch by inch very manfully, the advance of our troops."

The Savannah *Republican* also stated, that a large number of amputations had been performed among the Yankee wounded at Tallahassee, and that a majority of those operated upon had died.

ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.

When a boat load of wounded arrived at Beaufort, the generals and surgeons were mostly attending a ball; and the following account from the *Free South*, shows that it affected the pleasure party: "Everything went merrily on until the news came

of the arrival of the "Cosmopolitan" with the wounded from Florida. Although war has hardened our hearts, and rendered us callous to its horrors in a great degree, yet few could look upon such a scene of festivity without being struck with its incongruity, when within a few hundred yards of it lay groaning and dying men.

Generals Gilmore and Saxton left the room and went aboard the Cosmopolitan, and upon consultation, it was thought best to close the ball at once. Though a great disappointment, it was borne with commendable patience by those who had devoted so much time, labor and money, in the affair.

GENERAL SEYMOUR TO THE ARMY.

After the battle, the following order was issued to the troops:

Headquarters, District of Florida,
Department of the South,
Jacksonville, Fla., March 10, 1864.

General Orders, No. 13.

The Brigadier General commanding, recurs with great satisfaction to the conduct of his troops in their late battle, and desires to convey to them in the most public manner, his full appreciation of their steadfast courage on that well contested field.

Against superior numbers, holding a position chosen by themselves, you were all but successful.

For four hours you stood face to face with the

enemy, and when the battle ended, and it ceased only with night, you sent him cheers of defiance.

In your repulse there was perhaps misfortune; but neither disaster or disgrace; and every officer and soldier may forever remember with just pride, that he fought at Olustee.

By order of Brig. Gen. T. SEYMOUR.

R. M. HALL, A. A. A. G.

CO. H ON A SCOUT.

For a long time Captain Smith had resolved to pay a visit to some rebels in the interior of eastern Florida; and on the morning of the 1st he concluded his arrangements, and succeeded in playing the "April fool" on the "Johnnies" in a practical way.

Early in the morning before the sun had crimsoned the eastern sky, he selected twenty-five men from company H who were armed with the destructive Spencer repeating rifle, and one of his most trusty native scouts, and embarked on a little gun-boat provided for the purpose.

The object of the expedition was to endeavor to capture a rebel picket post, known to be stationed thirty-two miles from Piladka, far into the interior of the enemy's country.

It was a very dangerous and risky undertaking, but the captain with just confidence in his own skill and the bravery and gallantry of his boys, was confident of success.

The little boat carried them safely through the

river, up creeks and across small lakes, until they were within five miles of the place.

It was now necessary to march to the point of attack; and for that purpose they started forward in good spirits, and after wading through a dense swamp occupied by snakes and alligators only, at last came within sight of the post. The rebel guard were found to consist of cavalry, and were in the second story of a house, while all their horses and equipments were in a barn close by.

The captain now went quietly at work and formed his men for the attack. They were thrown around the house in a circle so that none of the rebels could possibly escape.

The horses were secured and taken a short distance into the woods.

Everything now being ready, the order to move forward was given.

The boys started with a wild yell, and closed in upon the house. The rebels were so surprised and terrified that before they recovered from their consternation or had time to seize their loaded muskets standing against the wall, the boys charged up the stairs like a flash, and took the whole party prisoners.

"Surrender!" they all cried.

"We give in," replied the rebels.

"April fool!" thundered all the boys in a single breath, gathering around the wondering rebels.

"I thought the hull Yankee army was a comin',

and I reckon we're April fooled right smart," said one of the prisoners.

"Three checrs for the Union!" suggested one of company H. It was given with a will.

"What's this?" inquired another Union boy, holding up to view a sheet of dirty looking letter paper that had evidently just been written on.

"It's a letter I reckon, Yank, an' I was a writin' on't when you'ns come up here," answered a reb.

"Well—yes, I see," continued Union. "Let me see: you wrote that all was quiet along the lines, and the ink wasn't dry on the paper when we were after you like a thousand of brick. Ha! ha! ha!"

From the appearance of things the captain began to think that some of the guard must be absent from the post; so selecting one of the prisoners he took him aside and said:

"Sir, I am going to ask you a question, and your fate hangs on your answer; lie to me and your doom is sealed. Are not a part of your men absent?"

"Well, captain, I don't dare to tell, for if they find out they 'll murder me."

"No sir; they shall never know it," said the captain, firmly.

"W-e-l-l, yes—I reckon they are," hesitatingly replied the prisoner.

"How many of them are there?"

"A sergeant and one man, I reckon."

"Where can they be found? Tell me the truth."

"Won't ye'r tell on me, capting?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will tell yer, although I kinder reckon how I ort'nt. They are up the road about two miles."

Believing by his manner that he told the truth, our guide was dressed in the uniform of a Georgia cavalryman, mounted on one of the captured horses, and thus attired he started to look after the missing gentry, with a dozen of the boys "armed to the teeth" following on behind.

Suddenly he came close to them in the road, and found them well armed and mounted. They took a hurried glance toward the guide, and observing that he rode one of their horses, and was dressed in grey the same as themselves, supposed that he was one of their own men, and allowed him to ride up very closely.

The guide suddenly drew a revolver and cried at the top of his voice, "Surrender, you cowardly whelps, or I'll blow you into eternity in an instant!"

The argument was quite convincing, and just at that moment the boys came out of the woods with a noise that made the rebels think that a whole regiment was upon them. So they surrendered at once.

"By heavens! I've got you now, you heartless rascal," said the guide, shaking his revolver under the nose of one of the prisoners. "You're the man

who conscripted my brother and then murdered him because he tried to escape to freedom."

"Don't be too fast, guide," said one of our boys, observing the rebel trembling with fear.

"Yes," continued the guide, "you're the man who consigned me to prison, and drove my family beggars to the swamps. I'll have vengeance now!" and he sprang upon his foe, but before he had a chance to draw a dagger, or cock a revolver, the boys had him secure.

It was now time to be moving toward home; so after gathering up their traps, the procession moved off. They had captured one sergeant and nine men, with arms complete, and thirteen horses and equipments.

Upon reaching the boat the horses and prisoners were conveyed through a swamp for one mile and a half, where no white man had ever before trodden; and more than all this, the horses were made to swim the St. John's river.

On the way down, a valuable rebel mail was captured and taken along with the other captured property.

The scouting party reached Piladka at sundown with their prisoners and booty, much to the surprise of everybody.

One of the company got lost in a swamp, and for three days and nights subsisted on sweet oranges and berries. He finally reached the St John's river, and getting upon a log, pushed out into the stream and floated for nearly thirty miles, escaping the

rebels, alligators, and torpedoes, reaching Piladka safely with his gun and equipments.

The general commanding issued the following order in relation to the expedition, and it was read before every regiment and detachment in Florida.

Headquarters, District of Florida,
Department of the South,
Jacksonville, Fla., April 3d, 1864.

General Orders, No. 19.

The Brigadier General commanding desires to make known to his command, the successful accomplishment of a daring and difficult expedition, by a detachment of twenty-five men of Co. H, 115th N. Y Vols., commanded by Capt. S. P Smith, of the same regiment. This little party sent from Piladka to a point thirty-two miles from the post, surprised and captured a picket of the enemy, consisting of one sergeant and nine men, with their arms, and thirteen horses and equipments complete.

To bring off the horses it was necessary to swim the St. John's river, and force them for a mile and a half through a swamp previously considered impracticable. The energy, intrepidity and skill with which this expedition was conducted, demands the praise of the commander of this district, and the imitation of troops hereafter detached on similar expeditions.

By Command of
Brig. Gen. J. P HATCH.

JOURNAL.

February 24, *to April* 13.—From the 24th of February to the 9th of March, the 115th remained in the vicinity of Jacksonville, skirmishing frequently with the powerful rebel force in front of the Union army, and aiding in checking their advance.

On the evening of the 9th they embarked on a transport with other troops, sailed seventy miles up the St. John's river, through a terrible thunder storm, passing torpedoes and rebel batteries in safety, and occupied the old U. S. military post at Piladka on the morning of the 10th, without opposition.

While at Piladka they did an immense amount of hard work of various kinds.

Several skirmishes were had with the rebels, and a portion of the regiment scoured that part of the state, rescuing hundreds of Union men, women and children, from the swamps.

They also hunted down rebel conscription agents, captured rebel mails, picked up stray rebel soldiers, and kept the rebel camp in constant commotion.

April 13.—Orders received to evacuate the town. The troops engaged in packing up.

April 14.—Troops began to embark at daylight. All the Union refugees were placed on boats, so that they could accompany the army. Just before dark, the 115th being deployed as skirmishers to cover the evacuation, company H fired the breastworks, and under the cover of night the whole fleet sailed for Jacksonville, protected by gun-boats.

April 15.—We reached Jacksonville at 10 A. M. The General Hunter, one of our boats, was blown up by a rebel torpedo, and two lives lost.

We camped in one of the city squares, cooked four days rations, and received one hundred rounds of ammunition each. Embarked on board a transport at dark, and lay at the dock until the next morning.

April 16.—Sailed at 10 A. M., the band playing "To the Mississippi I am going."

April 17.—Reached Hilton Head at daylight. The troops left the vessel and marched to the beach, where arms were stacked. The regiment engaged in changing baggage and stores to a larger vessel. Officers ordered to leave behind all trunks. Camped on the ground at night.

April 18.—The 115th and three other regiments are crowded on board the steamer Northern Light, and on their way to Fortress Monroe. General Terry is on board, and he has summoned the officers together, telling them to allow no smoking during the voyage, as fire is our greatest enemy, and in case of fire nothing can save a great portion of those on board the vessel from destruction.

April 19.—Sea rough. Officers and men mostly all sea sick. Drifted one hundred miles out of our course at night. Have not left my bunk for forty hours.

April 20.—Passed the light-house off Fortress Monroe.

April 21.—Reached Fortress Monroe in the morning. Sailed to Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, and at 4 P. M. were conveyed to the shore on ferry boats. We encamped at night on a rise of ground back from the river. The hills are all white with tents belonging to the 10th Army Corps.

April 22 *to* 30.—On the 22nd engaged in pitching tents and making ourselves comfortable. On the 23rd the regiment worked hard in unloading boats. From the 24th to the 29th the whole army was constantly drilling. All camp and garrison equippage, and old tents, were sent to Norfolk for storage, and the men received shelters. Fifty sailors from the 115th enlisted in the navy. On the 29th the best regiment in the brigade was ordered on picket, and the 115th was complimented by being selected.

April 30.—10th Corps reviewed by General Butler. The troops looked splendidly and the line is three miles in length. Ordered to keep four days cooked rations constantly on hand.

May 4.—Marching orders. The 10th Corps have been all day and all night embarking. The 115th managed to get a place in the fleet at midnight, after waiting seven hours in the cold.

May 5.—The great fleet composed of five iron clads, twenty gunboats, ninety-two transports, forty-two schooners, and seventy canal boats and barges, containing the army of the James, sailed at daylight to Fortress Monroe, thence up the James

river to City Point and Bermuda Hundreds, which places were occupied by the Union forces.

May 6.—We landed at Bermuda Hundreds this morning and lay for a couple of hours in a wheat field. A rebel Signal Corps was captured. Took up the line of march at noon. The day was hot, and the soldiers suffered severely. Almost all of the men threw away their blankets, overcoats, spare shoes and knapsacks, and the road was completely carpeted with army blankets ; while negroes and rebels drew them away by the load. I saw one man have a wagon box full of new shoes. At one place the woods were burning, and the regiment was obliged to walk between two walls of fire. Halted in the evening in a large corn field and camped for the night.

CHAPTER V

BATTLE OF CHESTERFIELD HEIGHTS.

On the morning of May 7th, Barton's Brigade (ours) received orders to cut the Petersburgh and Richmond rail road at Port Walthall Junction.

We left camp early in the morning, leaving behind all who were unable to march.

The brigade was in light fighting order, and marched over the dusty roads and through the hot sun quite rapidly.

After a great amount of marching and countermarching, we finally reached a point near the rail road.

The rebels held a strong position on the side of Chesterfield Heights with their artillery planted on the crest of the hill. They were there to prevent us from tearing up the track, and under orders to hold their ground at all hazards.

At one o'clock our skirmishers advanced and encountered the enemy's picket. We then moved up, and as soon as the enemy caught sight of our column, they opened upon us with artillery We pressed forward and at last gained a position in a dense piece of woods on a hill fronting the rebels, suffering a slight loss.

Our men took posts behind trees and stumps, and

"peppered" the rebels pretty lively, and soon sent their skirmish line flying back to the main army.

As the rebel line was wavering, one of their generals, accompanied by his entire staff, dashed fearlessly in front of his men, and encouraged them to stand their ground. A few well directed shots from our side emptied three of the saddles, when the remainder of the party galloped away at full speed.

The 115th now received orders to engage the enemy at long range, while the remainder of the brigade proceeded to destroy the track.

For that purpose we moved out of the woods and formed line of battle in the open field. In an instant the rebels were sweeping down Chesterfield Heights on a charge. They came with their usual barbarous yell, and their dirty stars and bars led the advance.

The 115th coolly formed to resist the advancing host, and in a moment were all ready to meet the shock of battle. But the rebels were approaching the rail road, and their advance must be checked before they reach it. The 115th prepared to make a counter charge. "Forward—double quick! guide center—march!" was the order.

With deafening cheers the regiment dashed down the steep hill to meet the rebel column. The enemy were not prepared for such a bold movement on our part, and when they saw our splendid line rushing toward them with almost lightning speed and within pistol shot, they seemed thunderstruck, and began to waver and hesitate, and soon came to a

dead halt. They evidently thought it would be a shock of steel to steel, so they dropped upon their knees to receive our furious onset. But they were mistaken and outwitted again, for we did not intend to use the bayonet unless they reached the track; so when we came to the ditch, every man in the regiment dropped flat upon the ground in an instant, the high rail road bank serving as a breastwork.

The rebels now began to blaze away furiously, but the most of their balls went harmlessly over our heads, and but few were hit. Their artillery did some better execution.

FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.

Our boys loaded as they lay upon the ground and then rose up to fire. The bullets sped unerringly into the rebel ranks, and the slaughter among them was terrible. Their killed and wounded strewed the ground, and each moment our fire was more deadly than before.

They could stand it no longer; so after twenty minutes of the bloody work had passed, they brought up reinforcements and soon had our little regiment of two hundred and fifty men flanked right and left. Here was a bad fix, and we hoped that reinforcements would come to us also, but none appeared.

It seemed utterly impossible for any of us to escape death or capture; but we moved quickly by the right flank, and with a furious rush broke

through, suffering a loss of eighty men. Thus ended the battle.

Our forces had destroyed the track, burned the bridge, and accomplished all that was intended, so it was of course a victory for the Union army.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

Our entire loss was 90 men, while the rebel loss was 250 in killed and wounded in front of the 115th alone; as many men as we had in the entire regiment.

A rebel captain, captured, asked what regiment it was that engaged them? (the 115th) When told, he said that they never encountered such a withering fire before.

Our heaviest loss took place while we were crossing a rail fence. The rebels got an oblique fire on the line, and as many as forty were hit in five minutes time. The staff was cut off from the stars and stripes, the glorious folds were riddled with balls, and one of the brave color sergeants fell wounded in the leg. "Hang on to the flag, boys, hang on to the flag," he shouted as he fell. They did hang on to it, and never suffered it to trail in the dust, but waved it in triumph while three color corporals were shot under its stars of freedom.

On the charge, a piece of shell killed Major Walrath's horse, tore one of Sergeant Bright's shoulders from his body, and cut a private soldier into halves.

Many of our boys fell with frightful wounds, but

we knew that many more of the rebels were piled up on the field.

The most remarkable thing about the engagement was the fact that company H did not lose a single man. They carried the flags, and were as much exposed as any, still death did not visit them. Company A, on their right, lost nine men; and company G, on their left, lost thirteen; company H, none.

Some of the rebels were dressed in blue uniforms, and several times during the engagement we were startled with the cry, "We're firing into our own men! We're firing into our own men!" But we soon saw into their ruse, and treated them with a double dose of lead.

The heat during the day was intense, and as many as one fourth of the men were sun-struck. A great many were carried away in ambulances. We reached our camp at night and slept soundly.

A party that went to bury our dead the next day found them all stripped of their clothing and their bodies used in the most horrible manner by the rebels.

BATTLE OF OLD CHURCH.

On the 9th of May the battle of Old Church was fought. A column of rebel troops, said to number 10,000, attacked a portion of the 10th Corps for the purpose of forcing their way through to Richmond. The battle raged with more or less fury during most of the day, but by far the hardest fighting

took place in the morning. The rebels charged repeatedly, and were each time repulsed with loss. They attempted a flank movement, but were driven from the field at all points.

The enemy made a desperate charge on the 4th New Jersey Battery, and captured all but one gun.

The 13th Indiana and 6th Connecticut countercharged, and after severe fighting recaptured them.

THE WOODS ON FIRE.

To add to the horrors of the battle field, a great fire was sweeping like a dreadful tornado through the woods, and piles of rebel killed and wounded were burning up.

The rebel shell set our woods on fire, and for a long time the ravages of this new enemy could not be stayed.

The 115th was fighting the fire with all its might, and at last stopped its onward march. At one time it threatened to destroy our artillery and cut off a portion of our army from the main body, but the boys went to work with shovels, pine boughs, and water, and speedily changed its course.

The rebels could not contend against our army and the sea of fire any longer, so they sent a flag of truce requesting a cessation of hostilities for an hour, that they migt rescue their wounded from a terrible death. For the sake of humanity the request was granted, and an officer who visited the scenes, said he had visited many fields of carnage, but never before saw such sickening sights and so many horrors.

The very air was freighted with the awful perfume of roasted men.

The rebel officers told their men before the battle that they would have five miles of country from the Yankees before night, or loose their last man.

The evening's loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was said to be 2,000. Our loss was 123 in killed, wounded and missing.

Some prisoners captured were so hungry that they dug hard-tack from the dirt and ate it down ravenously.

BATTLE OF WEIR BOTTOM CHURCH.

On the morning of May 12th, the army of the James began a forward movement in the direction of Richmond. Heavy fighting took place during the entire day, and the rebels contested the ground inch by inch; by night they had been driven back a distance of three miles. It rained during the day and night, and the soldiers were wet to the skin.

The night was cold and stormy, and the regiment lay on their arms in the open field suffering considerably.

MORE FIGHTING.

On the 13th the regiment advanced at daylight, and the rebels continued to fall back towards Fort Darling.

At 3 P. M., the regiment were in front of the powerful line of rebel works near Drury's Bluff, and more or less fighting took place during the afternoon and night.

The 18th Corps and the 2nd Division (ours) of the 10th formed in front of the rebel works, while General Terry with the other two divisions of the 10th Corps flanked the works on the left.

The 115th marched within pistol shot of the enemy's rifle pits, and formed line of battle under cover of the dense woods.

Companies H and K were thrown out as skirmishers, and moved within a few yards of the rifle pits, shooting down some of the sentinels on duty.

The men fortified temporarily with chips and logs, and after placing a heavy detachment in front to engage the enemy, the remainder of the regiment laid down until morning.

BATTLE OF DRURY'S BLUFF.

At daylight on the 14th of May, a detachment under Captain S. P Smith entered the first line of the enemy's works, and were surprised to find the forts and rifle pits evacuated for two miles.

The entire rebel force now occupied two large forts near Proctor's Creek, and seemed resolved to hold them at all hazards. They threw out a very heavy skirmish line to hold our troops in check.

The Union army formed double lines of battle extending from Proctor's Creek on the right, to Drury's Bluff on the left, and threw out an immense skirmish line of 5,000 men.

That was the loud signal for the battle, and from sunrise to sunset there was one continued rattle of musketry and thunder of cannon.

Full twenty times during the day the heavy Union line swept like an avalanche up to the enemy's batteries, driving the rebels before them like chaff before the wind, and twenty times they retired drawing overwhelming numbers after them.

The boys in the 115th fought with spirit, and inflicted severe loss among the rebels. At the close of the day's work one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition had been fired on an average. The boys' faces were black with powder, and their gun locks blue with heat. Several times in the tangled wilderness a hand to hand fight took place, our men always holding their ground.

MIXED UP WITH A REBEL REGIMENT.

At one time a portion of the 115th got mixed up with a Georgia rebel regiment, when a rebel officer addressed Lieutenant Olney, commanding our detachment as follows:

"Are you the 61st Georgia, sir?"

"Not by a great sight. Give it to them, boys!" said Lieut. Olney waving his sword.

"Surrender!" shouted the rebel officer with fury.

"Never!" responded the Lieutenant firmly.

The boys obeyed the command of their gallant Lieutenant and soon drove the rebels from the field.

THE BOYS CHARGE ON THEIR OWN HOOKS.

"Now for a bully charge right up to the teeth of Johnnie Reb's fort," shout all the men. "Forward—double quick—march!" Pop! pop! bang! bang! bang! and the rebels are falling.

Three of the doomed men fall before the withering fire of the 115th, and lay in one common pile.

One is on his knees, but not praying or supplicating for mercy; he is too proud for that. Southern blood runs in his veins.

John Lappions, impulsive boy, seizes him by the hair of his head and jerks him over backward to the ground.

"For God's sake don't murder me," shrieked the wounded man.

"We don't intend to, and I should not have touched you, did I know that you were hurt. Here comes some of our boys to carry you from the field," said John.

"I'll never go," gasped the dying rebel. "Sooner than be carried to your Yankee lines, I will die where I lay."

"If you wont help yourself we will help you, and we're carrying you from the field at the risk of our own lives," remarked several of the boys as they bore him from the field through the storm of bullets.

He saw the stars and stripes, and closed his eyes in death.

Yonder lies another rebel, and he is stone dead, poor fellow. See where the bullet tore through his head, and look at the blood trickling down his cheek. He has a watch in his vest pocket, and a pocket-book in another, and a piece of pork carefully wrapped up is all it contains.

A third rebel is wounded in the leg, and asks to be taken to the hospital.

A brave corporal of company A is shot in the breast, and something tells him that he must die. The stretcher corps rush amid the dangers of the field, and soon carry him to the rear. On the way he observes some members of his own company, and raising up on an elbow, said: "Good bye, boys, good bye." It was his last farewell, for he soon died.

Our loss during the day in killed and wounded was nearly forty men.

There were but few killed, owing to the fact that our boys fired mostly from behind trees.

The entire Union and rebel losses must have been quite heavy.

We were relieved from the front at 8 P. M., and moved a short distance to the rear torest.

SUNDAY AT DRURY'S BLUFF.

May 15.—It is Sunday, and we are having a little rest for our weary bones.

A great deal of firing along the lines, and very little respect shown for the sacred day.

We tore down some rebel barracks, and built pasteboard shanties to protect us from the rain. At noon the chaplain took a position in the centre of our camp, made a few remarks, and offered a prayer to heaven, asking God's blessing upon us. All listened attentively, and the hour was one of great solemnity.

A few shell went hissing over our heads, and the bullets passed us pretty often. None of us were hit. We had a very large prayer meeting at night, the best one I ever attended. Nearly every Christian in the regiment was present. About forty of our best soldiers testified that they were ready to die for their country. Many of them soon went to their long home. The songs of praise must have struck the ears of our enemies; they were working with all their might. Cars came day and night with reinforcements. They had to drive us from that place or lose their capital.

Our generals said that they would attack us in the morning. All the Union army were in line awaiting the onset.

BATTLE OF PROCTOR'S CREEK.

May 16th adds another to the already fearfully long list of bloody battles. It adds a fresh river to the vast ocean of blood.

During the past twenty-four hours the rebels have received many thousands of reinforcements from Richmond and Lee's army, and as expected, attacked us about daylight. The dawn of day appeared, and with it a dense fog which hung like a black funeral pall over our army. That was the signal of our defeat. It told us we could not hold our position, it battled against us as it did against the rebels at Spottsylvania. We could not use a piece of our splendid artillery, or get sight of the foe until they were at arms length.

The rebels formed in eight and sixteen lines of battle, and crazy with gunpowder and whiskey, charged our line desperately and repeatedly at all points, and at last succeeded in breaking through, forcing our troops to retreat.

The Union loss was about 3,000 in killed, wounded and missing, and the rebel loss amounted to several thousand. The exact loss of the rebels will never be known, but it is said to have been from five to seven thousand men.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

The 118th New York had strung a telegraph wire in front of their position, for the purpose of having the rebels stumble over it, should they attack. The rebel column came up with fearful yells and with mighty power, when all at once their front rank stumbled and fell over the invisible wire, and their comrades in the rear soon came piling on top of them.

The 118th instantly poured a deadly fire of musketry into their prostrate and broken ranks, and heaps of dead and wounded rebels lay before them, while those who escaped staggered with terror back to their own line to tell the terrible story.

The rebels took General Heckman and a portion of his brigade prisoners, and we took several hundred rebels, including a colonel, major, and several captains and lieutenants.

FIGHT AT PORT WALTHALL JUNCTION.

The battle had barely commenced at Drury's Bluff when a large force of rebel infantry and eighteen pieces of artillery appeared at Port Walthall Junction, for the purpose of attacking Butler in the rear and to cut off his communications.

Having but few troops there, Gen. Smith decided to send the 115th to reinforce them. We received orders to report to Gen. Smith, in rear of the Eighteenth Corps line.

To reach there we were obliged to march a long distance through a severe fire which was enough to try the metal of the oldest veterans. We moved by the flank as steadily and coolly as possible, suffering a loss of but five men.

While moving through a piece of woods we suddenly tramped upon a Wisconsin regiment lying in a ditch. At first they supposed we were retreating and were about to follow suite, when our boys informed them that we were only going to report to General Smith. They remained in their position.

We finally reached the place where General Smith and several other generals were looking toward the battle-field. A bullet struck General Brooks's horse and he rolled over dead. The rebels sent plenty of shells after us, but none did any execution. We reported to General Smith, and he placed us under command of General Ames, who told us to follow him. He rode fast, and we fol-

lowed at a double quick for seven miles, when we reached the scene of operations at Port Walthall Junction. Here we saw a beautiful sight. The rebel lines of battle were formed on a side hill, with an abundance of artillery and a long skirmish line thrown out in front, as if all was ready to advance. To meet this formidable force, we had but four small regiments of infantry. The 115th and 169th N. Y., the 13th Indiana and 58th Pennsylvania.

For the purpose of making a good show of strength and of deceiving the rebels, General Ames ordered the entire force to deploy as skirmishers. Our lines extended through the valley and over the hills, presenting a front long enough to cover 10,000 troops. As we had hoped, the rebels took the bait; they concluded we had a large army, and dared not attack. They shelled us pretty lively for some time, but finally drew in their skirmish line and retreated.

Thus Butler's army was saved from an attack in the rear.

At night we marched back to the entrenchments and laid down on the ground entirely exhausted. It seemed as though every bone in our bodies would break.

The bands all played, and the men all cheered as though an empire had been conquered.

THE REBELS CHARGE—DESERTERS AND PRISONERS.

At 10 o'clock on the 18th, the rebels charged the 1st Virginia Colored Cavalry, and sent them flying inside our works. Heavy skirmishing raged along the lines the entire day, and the losses on both sides were quite heavy. Our brigade lay massed near the works during the day, and labored all night with the shovel, piek and axe. Rebel deserters who came in during the day said that orders were issued by the rebel generals to storm our works at sundown. For some reason best known to themselves, they wisely coneluded to let out the bloody job.

A party of men were sent by the rebels to erect a battery a short distance from our lines. They began operations, when our men discovered them, and one of our pieees opened with solid shot, making the spot so hot that they eould not stand it or get away. The whole squad, numbering fourteen, hoisted a white flag and surrendered without further ceremony.

Some of the rebel bullets eame more than a mile, killing and wounding soldiers in their tents.

UNION AND REBEL CHARGES.

At midnight on the 20th, the rebels made a furious onset on our lines and were gallantly repulsed.

We were trying to get asleep when the alarm sounded, but were soon under arms and on a double quick for the front.

At daylight the battle opened again with great fury, and lasted the entire day. The rebels seemed determined to break our lines, and made several desperate charges for that purpose.

They came down with their dismal "yi, yi, ya, ya," but were always repulsed with loss. Our artillery fire was most furious and effective. Shell and solid shot fell among the rebels like rain drops as our boys drove them back. Our army also made several charges on the enemy's works, but were repulsed with some loss.

THE 115th SELECTED TO STORM A BATTERY.

Col. Barton received orders to send his best regiment to do a desperate piece of work. As usual, he selected the 115th, and we moved outside the works to make a bayonet charge. The bullets flew around us pretty fast, and we lay flat on the ground to avoid them while our Lieut. Col. examined the position we were expected to assault. He rode up to our skirmish line and was intently observing the rebels, when a bullet struck his horse in the breast killing him almost instantly. Gen. Ames now reached the field to direct the movement. He turned toward us and said.

"What regiment is that?"

"The one hundred and fifteenth New York," replied several of the men.

"Why," said the general in surprise, "you are only a good sized color guard; such a small body of men as that going to make this charge?"

We were then ordered on the skirmish line, and the 97th Pennsylvania were brought up to do the work. They started, and when half-way across an open field a masked battery of fourteen guns was brought to bear upon them, sweeping out the centre of the regiment like so much chaff.

They still pressed on, but were finally compelled to fall back, suffering a loss of over one hundred men.

The 115th was exposed to a severe fire while we lay in the woods, but fortunately the bullets went about a foot above our heads, cutting off limbs and splintering trees.

Had they fired six inches lower the most of us would have been hit.

On the right, Howell's brigade was forming for a charge, when a strange officer suddenly appeared among them, and waving his sword as though he was a Union officer, said hurriedly: "Hold on, don't move 'till I bring you reinforcements!" and then dashed off towards the rebel line.

Howell's veterans had seen too many officers to be fooled by a rebel, so they raised their guns and fired a whole volley after the retreating horseman, and horse and rider both fell.

Upon going to the spot the stranger was found to be no less a personage than General Walker, of the rebel army.

He had been examining our position with a view to attack, when he ran across our men.

He took the above method to escape, but got out-Yankeed. His right leg was shattered, and his boot was full of blood, while a couple of balls had pierced his arms. I walked along with the Ambulence Corps who were carrying him to the hospital. At one time a train of ambulances passed by, filled with wounded men. As soon as they saw the rebel general they began to sing out "Kill the rebel!" "Throw him off the stretcher!" "They're the chaps who keep up the war; if he was a private we'd have sympathy for him, but he is a leader!"

The general kept his eyes shut, and said not a word; not even a groan escaped his lips.

May 21.—The rebels charged our first line of works at midnight. Our infantry allowed them to come up very close, and suddenly greeted them with a heavy volley of musketry. The artillery on both sides instantly began to thunder, and for half an hour the most terrific cannonading shook the earth. Hot shot, bursting shells, rockets, and rebel caissons blown up by our fire, illuminated the heavens, and the music of bugles and drums rolled along from the James to the Appomattox. The rebels were disastrously repulsed.

May 22.—One of our heavy parrots paid its compliments to the rebels to day. The Johnnies call the shells Yankee camp kettles.

May 24.—The rebels have platforms erected in trees, and to day picked several of our men off who were working on the breastworks. The regiment moved up to the front.

May 25.—For the first in a long time the pickets did not try to kill each other. The rebels left their guns standing against trees and leisurely read newspapers in full view of the Yankees.

May 26.—The regiment is temporarily attached to the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 18th Corps.

May 28.—Broke camp at 4 P. M. and took up the line of march at dark, reaching City Point at daylight on the 29th.

May 29.—The 115th and 47th N Y., and 76th Pa., embarked on the fine steamer De Molay, of Boston. The entire 18th Corps sailed for Fortress Monroe.

May 30.—Sailed up the York river to West Point, thence up the Pamunkey to White House Landing, where we landed, forming a junction with the left wing of the army of the Potomac.

May 31.—After obtaining a supply of hard-tack and a little sleep we moved in the direction of Coal Harbor. We marched at a rapid rate until two hours before daylight on the 1st of June, when we halted for a short time in a plowed field. The road was strewn with Sheridan's dead cavalry horses, and the stench was almost beyond endurance.

BATTLE OF COAL HARBOR.

At sunrise on the morning of June 1st, although hungry and worn out, we got under motion again and marched rapidly until 4 P. M. At noon some of the men went a quarter of a mile for water, and on returning proceeded to make coffee, but before

it was ready the bugle sounded the advance and we moved on sorrowfully without it. For some reason we got on the wrong road and marched twelve miles for nothing.

Upon reaching Coal Harbor we found the army of the Potomac in line of battle, awaiting the arrival of the 18th Corps to aid them in storming the enemy's works.

The 115th were badly used up, and a large number of the men lay along the dusty road and under the burning rays of the southern sun, utterly unable to move; yet in that condition they took a glorious part in one of our great battles.

They formed in the third line of battle and were considered as on the reserve, but as usual, had to take a hand in before the affair was ended.

At about 5 o'clock the troops were all in position, and the 6th and 18th Corps attacked with considerable desperation.

Drake's brigade which led the attack in our immediate front were repulsed with heavy loss, and their commander killed. Instead of the second line rushing into the breach as they ought to have done, the 115th with Barton's brigade were ordered to advance. Without waiting to unsling knapsacks, or fix bayonets, we started forward with a long, loud cheer, on the charge.

The boys felt ugly and were determined to make a big fight, and to reach the enemy's works. With flags in the advance, we rushed through a piece of

woods and over an open plowed field three quarters of a mile wide, tramped upon the second line who lay in a ditch, allowed the broken ranks of Drake's brigade to pass through, and with a prolonged cheer of victory, without firing a gun, broke the rebel line, scaled their works, planted our colors on their heights, and with only one hundred and twenty-five muskets, captured two hundred and fifty prisoners.

The remainder of the brigade were unable to break through, and all the Union assaults on our front were repulsed excepting that made by the little remnant of the 115th, and the gallant 14th New Jersey. The rebels finding their line broken, and not being aware of the small body of men who did it, evacuated the whole line, and the 115th N. Y. and 14th N. J won the victory for the Union army.

General Deveris who saw the charge, declared openly and on the spot that the 115th covered themselves with glory, and won the day.

The rebels captured, said they thought the whole Yankee army were charging their front, and they were sure we carried seven shooters because our bayonets were not fixed.

They were sorry that they surrendered when they found out our real force.

The following extract from the New York *Times* will give the reader some idea of the charge:

"General Smith ordered the charge to be made by Colonel Drake's brigade, supported by Colonel Barton's (ours), both of Devin's division. The

order was gallantly obeyed. Drake urged his troops across at double quick, and they did not waver, although shocking gaps were made in their line by the heavy cross fire of the enemy's artillery. Upon gaining the edge of the woods, the rebel infantry were found to have fallen back a hundred yards to their rifle pits, which were strongly protected by slashings and entanglements. The survivors of this desperate charge found themselves unable to cope with the force in front of them. Barton's brigade here threw itself into the breach. Emerging from the woods on our side of the field, in as straight a line as though formed for dress parade, the word was given to charge at double quick.

"The men went forward splendidly, preserving their alignment perfectly, as they skipped over the furrowed ground, closing up the vacancies made by the sweeping cross fire, gaining the woods, opening their ranks for the partially exhausted fellows of Drake's brigade to pass rearward, and with a fierce hurrah, dashed unshrinkingly into the rifle pits, taking two hundred and fifty prisoners."

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

June 2.—Under a heavy cross fire until 8 A. M., when we were relieved. At 5 P. M. the 115th took the front again, and held the skirmish line at night.

June 3.—At dusk the rebels made a charge on the 6th Corps front, and were repulsed, with the loss of prisoners, and many killed and wounded.

June 5.—Heavy firing day and night. Two killed and two wounded during the day.

June 6.—Heavy and continuous skirmishing during the entire day One of Berdan's men dropped a rebel flag in our front, three times in succession. Large reinforcements of heavy artillery arrived from Washington, by way of Port Royal, Va. The rebels made furious onset on our line at 8 P. M., and as usual in such cases, were repulsed with slaughter.

Our artillery swept their whole line with grape and cannister doing much damage.

After the enemy were repulsed our boys sent over cheers of defiance, and the different corps and division bands played the pleasant strains of victory, which did not please the Johnnies, so they undertook to shell the musicians out.

One thousand wounded from our corps were taken to White House in army wagons.

One man was mortally wounded in the 115th.

June 7.—Regiment at the front. Heavy skirmishing and some artillery firing. Grant busy in fortifying. The enemy came in with a flag of truce in the afternoon, and requested a cessation of hostilities for two hours, that they might bury their dead. The request was granted, and each side proceeded to bury their killed, while both armies mounted their respective breastworks and looked on earnestly.

It is said that General Lee sent his compliments to General Grant with a bottle of wine to wash them down; but that is rather doubtful.

During the day the enemy had a band in the works, which played various southern airs; so to make things all square, one of our best bands was dispatched to our outer works, and there, amid showers of lead rolled off some fine pieces.

The first piece struck up was "Aint I glad to get out of the wilderness." The rebels took that as an imputation against their fighting at the battle of the wilderness, and immediately began to howl dismally, and kept it up until the piece was through.

The next piece was Dixie, which pleased the rebels amazingly, and they cheered all along their lines, while our men groaned to a man.

The favorite southern air (?) John Brown was next in the programme, and of course the greybacks groaned, while our boys made the woods ring again with cheers.

At midnight there was a heavy engagement on our left. Enemy repulsed.

I lay in the woods to day at the foot of a large pine, sick and worn out.

Shells burst all around me, and cannon balls cut off the trees over my head; but thank God, I escaped injury.

I saw one of General Ames's staff officers struck with a solid shot within a few feet of me. He fell with his leg badly shattered, and crying, "Oh! Oh! carry me off, carry me off!" A shell exploded on my left, killing two and wounding three.

Our surgeon visited me and left some powders. Received and read a letter from home which did me more good than all the medicine.

The rebels charged our skirmish line and left one of their captains stuck in the mud, and our boys took charge of him.

At dark I found myself looking rather scaly. Shoes full of holes and can't purchase any new ones; pants badly torn while making the charge on the rebel works; coat dirty and greasy, and sword rusty from active service.

The poor wounded fellows were killed in our corps hospital to day by shell. It is the heighth of danger to be safe here. One man wounded during the day.

June 8.— We drew some rations of pork and bacon to day, and how glad the hungry soldiers were. Its weight in pure gold would be no object. Some of the heavy artillery just from Washington, saw our cooks boiling the dainty morsels, and they visited us in squads, complaining that they had tasted

none for a week, and begging for small portions, offering in exchange money to any amount. But the cooks replied, "our boys have been out to the front for a whole week under constant fire and must have it all." The artillery boys thus came to grief, and concluded that they were not luxuriating in the beautiful forts around Washington, but had come to hard, active service; and they are resolved to strike for the "old flag" as patriotic soldiers and brave men: as a regiment of their comrades did, who in a few minutes lost several hundred men while nobly fighting.

All through this portion of Virginia the planters had put in heavy crops, mostly corn and wheat, evidently thinking they would not be disturbed by the Union army.

Corn was then a foot and a half high, wheat nicely headed out, and beautiful fields of clover in full bloom stretched out in every direction. The vast fields of corn and wheat would soon be ground to powder by the army, and thousands of Gen Sheridan's horses were grazing in the rich fields of clover.

Heavy skirmishing and some artillery firing during the day. The regiment engaged in building bomb-proofs. I was still sick. A fellow sufferer very truly remarked that we were in a bad state—the state of Virginia.

January 9.—The regiment is at the extreme front, and Company H is engaged in the dangerous work of throwing up rifle-pits, and digging a tunnel in advance of our works, and almost under the shadow of the enemy's battery.

Captain S. intends to mine their main fort, and is sure of success, and is determined to show the rebels a "right smart" hole by morning.

At sundown, for some cause, our men along the whole line sent up cheer after cheer in the most approved Yankee style, but our neighbors, the rebs, were as silent as the grave, and for some unaccountable reason did not fire a gun for hours.

Their camp fires blazed away far more brilliant than usual, and lit up the country for miles around. Our sharpshooters began to peck away, the artillery threw a number of shells into their works, and our bands played all sorts of Union pieces calculated to irritate the Johnnies and draw them out, but it was "no go;" the rebs would not reply, and all night the angel of death ceased to reap a harvest of dead, and the horrors of war were stayed. Each side were working like beavers, and were fortifying and digging up nearer to each other, and day and night, under fire and out of fire, the axe, shovel, and pick were constantly under motion, probably clearing the way for another bloody conflict. It was a sad sight to see our poor wounded fellows, most of them hit with bullets, grape and shell at short range, and had terrible wounds. Every third man lost a leg or an arm, and some both. All bore up nobly under their sufferings.

Jan. 16.— The usual amount of skirmishing and artillery firing. Loss small. Co. H are tunneling a hill, and the rebel sharpshooters fire at them con-

stantly from their favorite resorts, trees, stumps, and breastworks, but cannot stop the digging.

The following are among the incidents of the day:

A cook for one of the companies built a fire, and had a kettle of coffee nearly boiled, when a shell burying itself in the ground under the fire, exploded, sending the coffee, kettle, fire and dirt high in the air, creating great consternation among the colored spectators, and frightening some so that they came near turning white. Nobody hurt.

A cruel shell burst in one of the wards of the 18th Corps hospital, and killed a poor fellow who lost a leg in the battle of Coal Harbor.

A soldier of the 2nd Conn., with his discharge in his pocket and his knapsack on his back, was engaged in taking an affectionate leave of his comrades, when a bullet pierced his brain killing him instantly.

Instead of reaching his earthly home, his blood sealed his final earthly discharge.

A squad of rebel prisoners captured were dressed in our own blue. When asked why they wore blue, replied: "We feel proud of blue, because when we pace through southern towns, the ladies think we have killed a Yankee and have on his clothes, so they wave handkerchiefs and throw kisses at us to show their respect for the deed."

A rebel said they would never want for commissary stores as long as General Banks was alive. How are you Red river campaign?

A NEW BASE.

June 12.—To day the army began to evacuate Coal Harbor for the purpose of changing its base to the James river. Our brigade was the last to leave the works, and Co. H remained until daylight the next morning, digging and firing away as usual so as to keep up appearances.

When the grand army were far in the distance, the company silently left the works and marched to the regiment at White House.

When several miles away, the rebels were heard banging away at our deserted pits, not having discovered that the Union army had "made tracks."

The Eighteenth Corps marched back minus 3,000 brave fellows, who fell at the battle and siege of the Chickahominy.

The regiment reached White House at 9 A. M.

The army of the Potomac marched over land to the James, and the Eighteenth Corps took transports. We lay at White House during the day and night and got a little rest.

June 13.—The regiment embarked on a barge at 3 P. M. Got stuck in the mud during the afternoon, but managed to steam clear. Had but few rations and hardly standing room.

The cooks made coffee from the dirty water of the Pamunkey river, and it tasted good.

June 14.—Arrived at Fortress Monroe at 10 A. M., and Fort Powhattan on the James river, late in the evening. Found our way obstructed by a pontoon bridge on which the army of the Potomac were crossing to Petersburg.

We disembarked and lay under the guns of the fort until nearly daylight the next morning.

A DAY OF SUFFERING.

June 15.—We marched from Fort Powhattan to City Point, a distance of eighteen miles. Reader, do you know the suffering of a day's march through the hot sun? Let me try in my feeble way to describe the suffering of that day's tramp.

The yellow clay hardened by the sun and ground to powder by the tramp of a great army, rose up in thick, black columns and settled upon us, filling our eyes, and causing our eye-balls to roll with pain.

The rays of the sun beat upon us with searching power: our lips, cracked open for want of water, and the perspiration rolled from our bodies in a continuous stream.

To add still further to the facts, a terrible fire was raging on both sides of the road, and we were obliged to walk between the red walls of flame. How the devouring flames hissed, and cracked, and played, as they vied with us on our march.

We were choked and singed, and oh! how eagerly we scooped up the dirty swamp water, poured the dregs down our parched throats, and thanked God for the relief it afforded us. Our feet were blistered and sore as boils, and every step we took caused an agony of pain. Our legs and shins were bruised, and the warm blood trickled down our lacerated flesh. But 'tis sweet to suffer for one's country. 'Tis glorious to be tortured for the sacred cause of freedom.

At City Point I paid $3.50 for a scant supply of food for two meals, and $1.00 for a few tough molasses cakes.

We embarked on a boat at City Point a little after dark, and were hurried up to Point of Rocks, where we again proceeded by land. We marched until two o'clock Friday morning, and then lay down on the damp ground for a couple of hours. We had been obliged to throw away all our clothing except that upon our backs, so we slept cold.

June 16.—Marched to the fortifications at Bermuda Hundreds. Our brigade cut the Petersburg and Richmond rail road again. The 115th put up their shelters. Paid $4.50 for a little food to keep from starvation. The rebels charged our picket line at daylight and were repulsed. Lee appeared in our front with a large army. Co. H was sent to garrison Fort Kantz. At midnight a portion of the 6th Corps and our brigade (115th included), formed to attack the enemy. Our brigade was to charge, and if possible capture the first line of works, when the 6th Corps were to advance and storm the second line. For that purpose, our brigade accompanied by the Ambulance Corps and surgeons, crawled on their hands and knees and were nearly up to the unsuspecting enemy, when the 6th Corps made considerable noise and alarmed the rebels, who instantly sprang to arms and began to fire at our column.

This put an end to the plans, and the troops were called off.

June 17.— Slight skirmishing along the line.

June 19.—Both armies remained comparatively quiet during the day, and we had quite a Sabbath's rest. Columns of rebel troops were moving at a double quick toward Petersburg. At night the rebels charged on our convalescent pickets, driving them at first; but our men rallied and captured eight prisoners and several stands of guns.

Two men of the 115th wounded during the day.

June 20.— Two men of the 115th wounded to-day.

June 21.—Our monitors and the rebel iron clads had a brush to-day. It made the earth shake somewhat. Co. H still held Fort Kantz, and the remainder of the regiment are on the skirmish line.

Saw fifteen pieces marked Richmond which were captured by our corps from the rebels at Petersburg. They looked battle worn.

June 23.—At sundown, our division, now the 3rd, 18th Corps, got marching orders for Petersburg. We crossed the Appomattox river on a long pontoon, and after a weary and dusty night's march of twelve miles reached the front line of works, where we relieved a portion of the 9th Corps.

SIEGE AND BATTLES OF PETERSBURG.

June 24.—Firing continued on both sides the entire day. Every soldier rash enough to show his person received the compliments of many rebel rifles, and a large number were thus killed and wounded.

At 1 o'clock the rebels made two charges a little to our left. They first came with their "yi, yi, yi," in a single line, and were easily repulsed. They reformed in a moment, and a second time came charging up in two beautiful lines of battle.

Our men took 250 of them prisoners, killed and wounded, and routed the remainder of them.

AN ORDER THAT BROUGHT DEATH VERY CLOSE.

At 7 o'clock we were ordered to make a charge on the powerful works in our front. A charge is always a terrible thing, but that night it seemed worse than usual. Three times our brave men had charged the same line, and three times had been bloodily repulsed. A few yards in front of one company only, and upon the ground over which we were to charge, lay the dead and rotten bodies of thirty-six of our men who had fallen in a former charge. We were the "last resort," the "forlorn hope," and our little band prepared for the deadly work.

Some officers called the boys together, told them it was probably sure death, but we must reach the enemy's works or die getting there, and asked them all to protect the colors. They all resolved to fight like brave men.

Some of them wrote their farewell notes in case they should be killed, and charged any who might escape to take them from their pockets and send them to their friends.

A few hurried and earnest whispers of prayer, a survey of the ground over which we supposed we were to pass, and we started. The rebels opened their masked port holes, and their black guns were ready to rake us with grape and canister, while great clouds of dust in our front told us that they were being reinforced.

We prayed "God save us the work," for we felt it would be a useless slaughter.

Suddenly General Smith rode up to Colonel Barton and commanded: "Halt your regiment!" The order to charge was countermanded.

We all thanked God with overflowing hearts, for we felt that we were saved from a fearful sacrifice from which no result except blood could be gained. There was one man killed and three wounded in the 115th.

June 27.—Heavy charges by the rebels during the night with a heavy loss to them. One man killed and three wounded in the 115th.

June 30.—The bells of Petersburg are ringing a merry peal, as though proclaiming the notes of victory. Regiment mustered for pay. Heavy firing; some loss.

Our division was ordered to charge the enemy's works at 5 P. M. It was intended to be a surprise, but our brigade was marched directly over the works, and of course were discovered by the rebels, who immediately opened upon us with all their artillery. The result was that the troops were

obliged to fall back with the loss of a large number of men.

The following account of the affair is from the New York *Times:*

"The attempt on the part of General Smith to carry one of the enemy's salients in his front on Thursday night, resulted in more casualties than was at first believed. Not less than 150 men were wounded, principally by shells, and with scarcely an exception the injuries were of the most terrible character.

"The officer upon whom the blame is thrown for the miscarriage of the plan is Colonel Willam E. Barton, commanding Second Brigade, Turner's Division, 10th Corps, which is on duty before Petersburg. The attack was intended as a surprise, and orders were issued to the brigade commander to move cautiously forward, one company at a time, under cover of a piece of woods on the left of the line. Instead of obeying these orders, Colonel Barton is charged with moving his brigade directly over the breastworks in a field fully exposed to the view of the enemy. This singular action, of course, showed the rebels that some movement was on foot, and they immediately opened a heavy artillery fire from their batteries on the left bank of the Appomattox. General Smith immediately ordered the troops to withdraw, and abandon for the time the effort to advance his lines. Colonel Barton I understand, has been placed under arrest, and his conduct

will be inquired into. He handled his brigade very gallantly at Coal Harbor, and was officially complimented therefor by General Smith, while his services for more than two years in the department of the south, at Fort Wagner, Olustee and elsewhere, were quite creditable.

"In the affair, General Smith narrowly escaped being a victim to the sharpshooters. Captain Butler, one of the General's aids, was badly wounded in the knee while standing by his side in conversation with him."

July 1.—Exceedingly warm. The enemy attempted to advance their works under cover of night, but were driven back.

One killed, and three wounded in the regiment during the twenty four hours.

July 2.—The usual firing on our corps front. The 2d and 5th Corps are on good terms with the rebels, but the 9th and 18th are banging away at them continually.

July 3.—Very quiet, even for Sunday.

July 4.—At sunrise the national colors of the entire Union army were planted on our breastworks, where they floated in all their glory in full view of the enemy until night. During a portion of the afternoon our parrots threw shells into the streets of Petersburg at the rate of one a minute, putting Johnnies in mind of the fact that it was the "4th of July."

At midnight the rebels bombarded us quite furiously, scattering their shells over a wide extent of

territory, but fortunally causing the loss of but three lives.

I examined a heap of missiles thrown by the rebels during the night, and gathered up by our Ambulance Corps in the vicinity of our surgeon's tent.

July 5.—The Christian Commission made the following generous donation to the regiment through our worthy chaplain, who rode through the heat and dust many miles for them.

24 cans each of roast turkey and mutton, to be made into soup.

24 cans of condensed milk, together with a liberal supply of corn starch to be made into puddings for the sick.

14 pounds of pure black and green tea, of which each man in the regiment received a soothing cup.

24 bottles of Jamaica ginger, in great demand by soldiers suffering from the dreadful and prevalent disease of dysentery.

A large quantity of tobacco, esteemed by the greater portion of the army as the greatest luxury furnished them.

Soap, so much needed to wash off the dirt.

A large quantity of stationary, for the boys to write home to their friends.

It had become necessary to issue half rations of whiskey to the army.

The rebels shelled our profane and wicked cooks, damaging a shelter and a hard-tack box considerably.

Neither army can make a surprise movement here, owing to the great clouds of dust sure to rise when any body of troops move.

One man killed, and one man wounded in the 115th.

July 6—Warm and sultry, and the same continuous, unvaried booming of cannon and rattle of musketry. Now and then a dead or wounded man is carried to the rear. We ask who he is, what regiment he belonged to, and that is the last of it.

Squads of sick drag themselves out of musket range, and feel glad to get a breath of pure air, or hide beneath the cool shade of some leafy tree. The strong watch the enemy, do the fighting, and are in the heighth of enjoyment when supplied with an abundance of food and lead.

Three men of Co. A were wounded by a shell; one mortally.

July 7.—Four men of Co. I, 117th New York, were said to have been killed in the trenches by a single shell.

Each man in the 115th received a glass of lemonade from the Sanitary Commission.

Hink's negro brigade relieved our brigade from the second line of works.

FREAKS OF SOLID SHOT.

Our regimental teamster was in his shanty quietly eating his evening repast, when a solid shot suddenly demolished the house and buried him in the ruins.

A second passed through the quartermaster's tent, between a couple of officers, knocking down the ridge pole, and nearly taking away their breath.

A third tore a great hole in General Turner's headquarters, and several others came so close that he was obliged to move. Several shots went screaming through the sutler's shanty, and he "dusted right smart." One man of Co. D wounded during the day.

July 8 — Regiment much reduced in numbers and health. Some of the men have not blood enough in their veins to keep up a good circulation. One of our shells blew a rebel from behind the works, and he burned to death within sight of friends and foes. It is thought that the rebels are engaged in mining.

July 9 — Worked the most of the night on the front works, in laying up timbers, filling sand bags and throwing up dirt.

July 13 — A day of intense heat, with a withering wind.

July 19. — Three men of the 115th wounded during the past twenty-four hours.

July 20 *to* 29*th.* — Regiment engaged in picketing, &c. The 115th are changed to Bell's Brigade, 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 18th Corps.

Four killed and one wounded in the 115th.

CHARGE OF CEMETERY HILL.

On the evening of July 29th our division received marching orders, and after dark quietly moved to the rear of the 9th Corps, and lay on our arms until midnight. We then massed on a side-hill in front of the 9th Corps, and awaited the dawn of day, when a grand charge was to be made on the works on our front, in which the whole army was expected to take part.

One of the largest rebel forts was mined with several tons of powder, and when it blew up the Union army were to charge and drive the rebels from their works.

THE MORNING OF BATTLE.

July the thirtieth, 'sixty-four.—How well all who were engaged remember the scenes enacted on that eventful and bloody day; the swaths of dead; crushed and mangled limbs; the deathly palor on a thousand noble cheeks; the bravery, daring and inspiring devotion of the soldiery, and the awful roar and tempest of battle on the green hill-sides of Petersburg.

On that beautiful morning, when all nature was wreathed in smiles and loveliness, 20,000 Union soldiers awoke from their slumbers on the damp ground, hardly thinking that before the setting of the sun 5,000 of their number would either nobly die, lie bleeding in the hospital or on the battle-field, or a thousand times worse, be consigned to the loathsome

horrors of southern dungeons and charnel houses. But thus it was.

What a grand and glorious sight it was to see those long, deep columns of blue, as they raised up into full view, with their guns and bayonets flashing in the sunlight. How proud we felt of our army then.

A thrill of pleasure ran through every soul, and we dreamed that victory would perch upon our banners.

THE EARTH QUAKES!

The very heavens above us are obscured from view. A dense, black column of smoke arises; the conflict has opened.

A rebel fort has been blown in pieces, a regiment of traitors hurried into eternity in a moment's time, and we are to follow up the advantage gained. A hundred and fifty Union cannon hail shell and grape into the ranks of the foe who are rushing in wild consternation from the works.

What a fearful thunder, and what a terrible concentration of iron, lead and fire, and yet men live. See how it tears, and sweeps and mows through human flesh and blood, dealing out death, destruction and slaughter with an unsparing hand. The awful, sickening sight gives us a sort of sadness; yet we know that unless we kill them, they will do their best to kill us, and to destroy the beloved fabric of liberty.

THE FIRST ASSAULT.

We hear a cheer. With eagerness we catch the sound. Thank God! it is not the low, savage howl of the rebels, but the full, honest, hearty cheer of the Union boys; and it tells us that they are making a charge. The rebels have rallied to their works again, and greet the assaulting column with a fearful fire. Great gaps, wide and deep, are cut in the ranks. They stagger for a moment, then close up like a flash; and on they press, mount the rebel works, and we behold half a dozen battle flags proudly floating from the ramparts.

THE 115TH GO FOWARD.

Now comes our turn. There is no need of calling us to attention, for every man is in his place.

Battalion, right face — file left — march! commanded the colonel, and swiftly we move towards the front.

Suddenly our progress is impeded, and the road is blockaded with the flow of wounded who are being dragged to the rear. The sight of blood makes us shudder for an instant, for it flows as freely as water, and drips our path with crimson. A stretcher goes past with a wounded soldier who is soaking in his own life's blood. Another bears a man with his under jaw cut away, his tongue torn from its roots, and his head a shapeless mass. It was sickening even to us. A wounded captain is borne along, and he gives us a word of warning; "Go quick boys! go quick! its your only salva-

tion!" How fast the shells go screaming over us, and how the grape tears up the ground.

We reach our front, form line of battle, and then get orders to sit down.

A COLORED DIVISION

mount the works, and they too go foward on the charge.

We watch them eagerly; it is their first fight, and we wonder if they will stand the shock.

Noble fellows! grandly they cross the field; they are under a withering fire, but still rush on regardless of fallen comrades, and the storm of pitiless lead and relentless grape that pours upon them from three sides, and gain the works with a ringing cheer. Now they sweep everything before them. Prisoners are taken, and are forced to run the fearful gauntlet of fire. A fellow comrade said he saw a colored soldier in an agony of frenzy, bayonet a rebel prisoner, and his own captain justly shot him dead. Others place wounded comrades in blankets and shelter tents, and compel the chivalry at the point of the bayonet to carry them from the field.

The colored troops are greatly elated at their sucess, and wildly mass and crowd together regardless of all order or position.

OUR GALLANT GENERAL

crosses the dread field alone, finds out where he wants the men to go, then rushes back, draws his sword, and glancing at his troops proudly says: "Come on my brave boys," and they did go on; some on to death, and some on to the rebel works.

THE 115TH LED THE CHARGE

and nobly followed their brave general. Lieutenant Francisco, Co. K, and Sergeant Fellows, the "iron hearted color sergeant," were among the first over the works.

The color bearer unfurls "the dear old flag," and with fire flashing from his eyes, tells the boys to come on; then calmly pointing to the works we were to carry, he flew away.

"Forward, hundred and fifteenth!" rang along the line. The regiment, and then the whole brigade sweep forward with a deafening yell.

Each one dreamed that he would stem the tide of battle, and that some other poor fellow would fall. We left the ground covered with killed and wounded. The grim banners of death floated here and there, yet the invincible columns pressed furiously on, and at last took the position by storm.

The colored troops hold the two first lines, and we, with colored troops hold the third.

The rebels are on the same line with us, on our right and left, and they engage us on either flank with infantry, at the same time sweeping our lines with a cross fire of grape.

Our men load and fire with desperation. They pour down upon the rebels in the hollow.

It must make their hair stand on end.

THE SLEEPING REGIMENT.

At the mined fort, amid gun carriages and timbers, lay the naked corpses of the South Carolinians blown up by the powder. Around the crater we see a large body of Union soldiers, lying as though in line of battle waiting for the command to move forward, and we suppose they are some regiment or brigade; but on going to the spot, what is our horror to find that they are all Union dead! There they lay both white and black, not singly or scattering, but in long rows; in whole companies. The ground is blue with Union dead, They all lay on their faces, calmly, peacably sleeping; while the battle rages all around, Jeff. Davis is reaping a rich harvest of dead.

THRILLING SCENES ON THE FIELD.

A discharge of grape tears through the men behind me, and five tumble over wounded. "Oh! Bill, I'm shot!" says one. Another limps towards the rear, but a cruel bullet lays him low. A third is lain gently on a rubber blanket, and two of his company carry him safely from the field of strife. The others remain and battle for the right.

Almon Stone is shot through the neck, but goes bravely through the fire.

Benjamin Thackarah is wounded in the thigh, but escapes capture by crawling through the woods.

A member of Co. C is shot through the mouth, and a stream of blood spouts out.

I can't begin to relate one of a thousand incidents.

THE REBELS CHARGE WITH SUCCESS.

But look! The rebels are forming on our front. They come towards us at an easy pace, and in a beautiful line. No arms are to be seen in their hands, and our officers with few exceptions, conclude that they are coming in as prisoners of war, and command the men to cease firing. Suddenly the sneaking rebels bring their guns in view, and give us a crushing volley. We give them a volley in return. The colored troops on our front for the same reason become panic stricken, and blindly hurl themselves back on our bayonets; and a wild scene of confusion ensues.

The mass of the Union army are swept back like a breath of air, and are cut up badly on the backward track. Company H with the colors, and a few of the regiment who had been able to stem the tide of confusion remained, and single handed and alone contested the ground.

The flag of the 115th still floated from the rebel works, and the brave boys surrounded it with a cordon of bayonets.

Captain Smith calmly tells the boys to fight as long as there is hope. The rebels swarm around the little band of heroes, and could snatch the colors but for the brave hearts and bright bayonets beneath its folds.

Colonel Sammons fears the flag may be lost, and rushes up to see about it, when a rebel takes deliberate aim and shoots him through the leg.

It is madness to remain longer, for if we stay, our little band will all be killed or captured. So back we go, and reach our line under a dreadful fire of lead. The rebels were sure of us; the Union army looking on think us lost; but a kind providence guides the most of the band over the dead and the dying and through the iron storm in safety.

Our flag is pierced with nine fresh wounds, and for the fourth time the staff is shot in pieces.

Our troops in the fort fare worse than we; for they are all killed, wounded or captured.

The sun pours down its scorching rays, and many are sun-struck and carried in wild delirium from the pits. All are exhausted and sink down almost helpless from the strain.

THE TERRIBLE CRY FOR WATER.

"Water! water! water!" groan the wounded. "Water! water!" fiercely gasp all the men. Oh heavens! what a thirst! A thousand soldiers crowd and swarm around a pool of dirty water, scoop up the precious beverage and pour it down their parched throats, as though it was the stream of life.

The wounded cry for water in vain. Poor fellows! they are only a few yards from us, but it is death to any man who undertakes their rescue, and none but God in heaven can save them.

Our coffee has arrived. We have eaten nothing since yesterday, are streaming with perspiration, and the coffee is very hot; yet how delicious, how delightful it is to taste it. Within a fort of dead men, and sitting over human blood and brains, yet all calmly sip their coffee.

THE DEAD AND THE DYING.

The soldiers who are badly wounded, lay exposed to the fire of friend and foe alike.

One moves painfully towards our works an inch at a time, but the heartless rebels give him a volley of bullets for his pains.

Another, unable to move, piteously begs to be saved, and motions to some friends imploringly with his hand. The brave fellows' hearts are melted with pity, and they risk their own lives and crawl out to get their comrade. After long and painful exertions their efforts are crowned with complete success; their friend is safe.

A heap of dead men lie beside us in the trenches; one shot through the right eye, and the blood trickling out; a second shot through the heart, and his clothes are bathed in blood; a third begrimed with powder so that we cannot tell if he be white or black, is cut in halves. A grey-haired old man, bordering on three score years and ten, lies down the hill, his white locks red with blood.

The wounded are groaning, and some beg to be killed so as to be out of their misery, while nearly all desire to be carried to the hospital.

The band approach and throw dirt over the blood where we stand.

Captain Smith tells four of his men to take two mutilated dead men from under our feet, and they sadly obey, wondering whose loved ones they are taking out to decay.

Sergeant G—— is overcome with heat, and is crazy. His eyes glare fearfully, and his eye-balls roll painfully in their sockets. "We'll fight 'em till we die, won't we boys?" he said, and then swooned away.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE BATTLE.

In the afternoon we are ordered further to the right, to relieve Barton's Brigade. We cross an open position of the works where a creek passes through, and every man is shot at.

A private of Co. F is mortally wounded. How deathly pale he looks.

A sergeant of the 48th N Y is shot dead, and his comrades take his watch and money from his pockets to send to his friends, and cover a blanket over the dead body to protect it from the sun, for no one gets buried now. Two stars are no better than two stripes at this time.

Lieut. G—— fired at a rebel, and in return received a bullet in the head, which left him delirious on the ground. "I'm shot! I'm shot!" he cried.

At last the order comes to relieve us. The right wing of the regiment hurry through a long ditch containing a great many dead bodies, and are free

from fire. Free from fire! How good it sounds. The left wing had to remain that night.

Night closed the contest, and a dark funeral pall hung around. Tired and weary we sank to rest with the blue canopy of heaven for a covering. All hearts breathed a prayer to heaven for God's goodness.

No one desires to behold another such a day. No soldier is eager to rush to battle and to death for the mere glory of fighting, but do it from a sense of duty, or a stern necessity. A sane man cannot face death without thinking of his situation. A father thinks of his little children, a husband of his loving wife far away.

The bravest soldier on the battle field is he who counts the cost and realizes the misery of the awful work of slaughter—he whom in life is the most modest and unassuming.

The Union loss amounted to more than 5,000 in killed, wounded and missing; and the rebel loss was estimated at 4,000 men.

CHAPTER VII.

LARGE LOSS OF LIFE.

At early dawn on the morning of July 31st, the regiment was roused up from a deep sleep and ordered to proceed to City Point without delay. The men felt tired and worn, for the hot work of the previous day told on the most powerful constitutions.

The roads were black with troops as far as the eye could reach, and dense clouds of dust swept over the country like a tornado. The day was the warmest of the season, being at the heighth of the great drouth; the wells and streams of water were nearly all dried up, and but few of the vast number of sufferers could procure drink to cool their parched tongues. City Point was nearly reached, when orders came to turn back and proceed to Bermuda Hundreds. All along the route of march many were overcome with heat, until the sides of the road were covered with soldiers suffering with sun-stroke. Some dropped down dead in the ranks, while others fell out and died by the road side. Every ambulance and baggage-waggon was piled full of the suffering men, and they rolled off to the hospital at Point of Rocks, groaning under the weight of human freight.

The Appomattox river was reached in the afternoon, and although the water was the color of mud, and as hot as though heated on a stove, yet the soldiers made for it as though struggling for dear life, and hundreds drank down the sickening liquid.

The troops crossed the river on a pontoon bridge which swayed to and fro. The motion of it made the men dizzy, and large numbers who were only partially affected by the sun, were completely prostrated, and as many as half a dozen laid at the end dead.

The regiment reached Bermuda Hundreds before dark, but with thinned ranks, and we found that in some companies nearly every man was sun-struck. The division lost more men that day, killed by the sun, the want of water, and by hard marching, than it did in the terrible battle of the day before.

ON PICKET AT BERMUDA HUNDREDS.

The Union and rebel pickets made an agreement that they would not fire into each other unless a forward movement was made; so for several days the most perfect harmony prevailed between blue and grey.

Yankees and Johnnies washed together in the same brook, procured water to drink from the same spring, drank coffee from the same tin cup, and curious to relate, read the news from the same papers.

Squads of soldiers from both armies were observed seated together on the ground, earnestly

discussing the great questions of the day, each obstinately maintaining his own side of the question. One of our soldiers took from his pocket a copy of the New York *Herald* and read the Union account of one of the great battles to an attentive crowd of rebel soldiers, and when he had done, one of the chivalry brought to view a dingy copy of the Richmond *Examiner* and proceeded to read his side of the story.

During all that time, as the rebels would say, the pickets traded "right smart," and drove a heavy business in coffee, hard-tack, and tobacco. The rebels always inquired for pocket-books, jackknives, and canteens the first thing, those articles evidently being very scarce in the Confederacy.

One day a rebel regiment sent over on a card, which read thus:

"Third Va. Infantry, friends on picket, but enemies in battle."

The boys replied that if ever they fought the 115th, they would find a "dusty" lot of boys, which they afterward found to their sorrow was true.

BATTLE OF DEEP BOTTOM.

On the 15th day of August the 115th prepared three days of cooked rations, at dark struck tents, and by 10 o'clock were on the march. They crossed the James river on pontoons to Deep Bottom at midnight, and on the morning of the 16th were ready for action.

The 10th and 2nd Corps fought the bloody battle of Deep Bottom on the 16th, while considerable fighting took place on the 17th and 18th also.

The rebel works which the 115th helped storm, were defended by the best troops of Lee's army; but they were unable to stand against the bravery of our men, who drove them from their strong lines of works, following them as far as Malvern Hill.

The Union army was having splendid success, when the rebels received reinforcements, and the 115th maintaining the ground, found themselves flanked by a superior force, and were raked by a most deadly cross fire which told fearfully in their ranks. The colors were shot down as fast as the brave men could pick them up, but still were kept floating in the breeze. Col. Osborn, commanding the brigade, was wounded early in the fight, and Lieut. Col. Johnson and Major Walworth of the 115th took command in succession and were each wounded in turn.

The regiment entered the battle field with one hundred and seventy-five muskets, and after the three days fighting was over but eighty men were left uninjured.

The corps captured and brought away four heavy guns and three battle flags as the trophies of their valor.

The Union loss was about 3,000 and the rebel loss about 4,000 men.

On the 18th, the rebels in heavy force charged down on the picket line, and captured the most of company A.

Shortly afterward, the regiment recrossed the James, and again pitched camp at the fortifications of Bermuda Hundreds.

BATTLE OF FORT GILMER.

After the battle of Deep Bottom the regiment performed important service at Bermuda Hundreds and in front of Petersburg until the 29th of September, when with the old army of the James, they again crossed the James, and gallantly aided in carrying the enemy's powerful line of works, with double lines of abattis at Spring Hill, near New Market.

They fought with their usual heroism, and drove the rebels in their front, at least two miles.

The success of this battle plaeed the Union army in possession of a vital point. So great was the success that two days later General Lee massed "the flower" of his army on the right flank of the army of the James, and the most determined assaults were made to retake the works. The enemy was disastrously repulsed, with a loss of seven battle flags, and the destruction of General Clingman's brigade.

Many brave men of the 115th fell, and there was a fearful loss of limbs among the wounded. Lieut. Col. Johnson picked up the flag after it had repeatedly been shot down, and led the regiment. Sergeant Fellows fell while carrying the flag up to the enemy's works. Peter Butler took the flag from the wounded sergeant, and he too soon reeeived a wound.

The 115th suffered a loss of 32 men, being about one half of the whole number engaged.

BATTLE OF DARBY TOWN ROAD.

For nearly a month after the battle of Fort Gilmer, the 115th were under almost constant fire, and were frequently engaged with the enemy.

On the 27th of October a forward movement was again made in the direction of Richmond which brought on a heavy battle. Portions of the 10th Corps advanced far enough to see the church spires of the rebel capital.

While the 115th were skirmishing with the enemy, very close to Richmond, a very unfortunate affair occurred which caused many hearts to bleed. The 9th Maine regiment contained a large number of recruits who had never before been in a battle, and becoming excited at the smell of gunpowder, for some reason fired a volley into the 115th, killing and wounding a considerable number of men. That was far worse than being killed or maimed by the enemy.

During the battle the Union army formed line on one side of a house, and the rebel army took position on the other side.

That house contained a family of a man, his wife, and three small children.

The Union officers informed them that a battle would probably take place, and begged them to leave the house. The father and mother said they

would not leave their home, and were determined to remain.

The work of carnage soon begun, and when at last it ended for that day it was found that the mother and one of her children were numbered among the victims of cruel war.

After the battle the regiment went into camp about six miles from Richmond, where it remained until the famous expedition under Gen. Butler sailed for the coast of North Carolina.

THE TWO ATTACKS ON FORT FISHER.

Early in the month of December, 1864, Gen. Butler's great expedition left Fortress Monroe for the coast of North Carolina, and the 115th accompanied it. The expedition was fitted out on a grand scale, being composed of nearly seventy vessels of war, and divided into five grand divisions, besides a vast number of transports, supply vessels, tenders, &c. The land force numbered several thousand men from the army of the James. After a rough voyage the fleet finally arrived off the coast of North Carolina, when a great storm suddenly arose scattering the fleet in all directions.

Some vessels reached Newbern and some Moorehead city, while the Hays, conveying the 115th, put to sea and rode out the storm. At last the navy and the land forces appeared at Fort Fisher. The powder boat was blown up with but little effect. The navy poured a terrific fire into the fort, and a

portion of the troops were landed. Some heavy skirmishing had taken place, when General Butler decided that the fort could not be carried by assault; so the troops returned to Virginia.

The 115th had been on one of the smallest transports for over twenty days, in the roughest weather, with but little clothing, and suffered much from the cold.

They had hardly formed camp before they were under marching orders again.

General Butler had been released from command, and General Alfred H. Terry, of the 10th Corps, was placed in charge of the expedition, and ordered to capture Fort Fisher.

On the night of January 3rd, 1865, the 115th marched through a driving snow storm to Bermuda Hundreds, and on the 4th embarked on the second expedition against Fort Fisher.

It is only necessary to state that the regiment reached the point of attack, and with the gallant old 10th Corps Division, assaulted and carried Fort Fisher, the strongest fortification in America, on Sunday, January 15th, 1865, after fighting desperately for over six hours.

The capture of this stronghold sealed the port of Wilmington, and did more towards ending the war than any other event.

The following official dispatch will serve to show the magnitude of the work accomplished.

Headquarters U. S. Forces,
On Federal Point, N. C., Jan. 15,
via Fortress Monroe, Jan. 17, 1865.

Brig. Gen. J. A. Rawlins:

General: I have the honor to report that Fort Fisher was carried by assault this afternoon and evening, by Gen. Ames's Division and the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, gallantly aided by a battalion of marines and seamen from the Navy.

The assault was preceded by a heavy bombardment from the Union fleet, and was made at 3.30 P. M., when the First Brigade (Curtis's) of Ames's Division effected a lodgment on the parapet, but full possession of the work was not obtained until 10 P. M.

The behavior of both officers and men was most admirable. All the works south of Fort Fisher are now occupied by our troops. We have not less than 1,200 prisoners, including Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb, the commandant of the fort.

I regret to say that our loss is severe, especially in officers. I am not yet able to form any estimate of the number of casualties.

ALFRED H. TERRY, Brevet Maj. Gen.,
Commanding Expedition.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

About 8 o'clock on the morning of January 16th, 1665, while the survivors of the Third Brigade were lying in fancied security in Fort Fisher with arms stacked, the main magazine of the fort exploded

with a terrible noise, burying a large portion of the 115th and the other regiments of the brigade in the ruins.

A large number were killed, and nearly all were wounded or bruised, and some were buried alive. Some of the regiment were covered to the depth of twenty feet beneath the mass of falling shells, earth and timber, while others were smashed to atoms.

The New York *Tribune* correspondent, in writing in relation to the explosion says:

"This morning about 8 o'clock, as I had just entered and was walking leisurely through Fort Fisher, studying the record of horror before me, torn traverse by traverse, dismounted gun by gun, ghastly corpse by corpse, death and destruction all around,—I may say breakfasting upon horrors, that I might know of what I might speak, I was suddenly startled by a terrific explosion and the sight of an immense column of debris going high into the air. Following the instincts of nature and the example of those around me, and vividly remembering *City Point*, as they say of Fort Pillow, and having acquired something of a habit of dodging the day before, I put myself under the best cover within reach, which I confess was very unsatisfactory under the circumstances, and waited a long, a very long half minute, for the impending shower to come down, thinking of *City Point* all the while. We happened to be in the outer edge of the shower, and very little injury, comparatively, was sustained in that quarter.

The secret of the catastrophe was the explosion of the magazine of the fort. This magazine consisted principally of an immense mound of earth, situated immediately back of the centre of the main or sea-wall of the fort.

Some of our boys had been rummaging around in the bomb-proofs, including the magazine, striking lights and behaving in a careless manner generally, and it is supposed that in this way the accident occurred. In fact, it is said that an officer remonstrated with a soldier for having a lighted candle in the magazine, but receiving an insolent reply left him to his fate, and that soon after the magazine went up.

The explosion, instead of the mound, left a crater, as in the case before Petersburg, burying everything and everybody near the place from one to ten feet in the debris. The 4th New Hampshire and the 115th and 169th New York Regiments (all but one regiment of Col. Alden's brigade) had been detailed to occupy the fort, and at the time of the explosion were bivouacking with their arms stacked, on a level space near the magazine.

Almost the whole three regiments were buried alive to a greater or less depth, by the falling debris of earth, shot, shell, timbers, &c., &c.

It is estimated that the 115th New York lost 110 in killed and wounded; the 169th New York, 30 killed and 75 wounded; and the 4th New Hampshire 50 killed and wounded; in all, about 265 for the three regiments, besides many not belonging to these regiments.

The survivors of the three regiments and a large number of other volunteer workmen have been engaged a large part of the day in digging up bodies, with a prospect of not getting thoroughly through before night.

There were a great many persons in the fort at the time of the explosion, besides the three regiments on duty, drawn there by curiosity, and every foot of the debris on all sides of the crater will have to be dug over before the work can be properly relinquished.

THE CLOSING CAMPAIGN OF THE WAR.

On the 10th of February the great movement began in the direction of the city of Wilmington, and of course the 115th moved also. Fort Anderson was captured on the 19th, and on the 22d of February the 115th had the honor of taking part in the capture of Wilmington itself. From the 26th of March to the 9th of April they were guarding the Wilmington & Weldon R. R., starting on the long march to Raleigh on the 9th, and arriving there on the evening of the 14th. They at first camped a mile and a half outside of the city, moving camp nearly every day until the 20th of April, when the corps was reviewed at the State house by General Sherman. The Brigade then began to garrison the city, full one half of the men acting as safety guards for the citizens.

The 115th made numerous long marches, performed much hard work not mentioned here, and

were under orders to move against Johnson, when that officer surrendered his army to General Sherman.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Just before the regiment left for home General Allen issued the following stirring order:

Headquarters, 3rd Brigade.
2nd Div., 10th Army Corps.
Raleigh, N. C., June 15th, 1865.

General Order, No. 15.

Officers and Men of the 115th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers: As you are about to return to your own state, thence to your respective homes, the general commanding feels called upon, not only in his own behalf, but also in behalf of our common country, to thank you for your gallant service in this war of the rebellion, and with pride may you refer to the numerous battles in which you have acquitted yourselves with honor, such as Olustee, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Fort Fisher, and many others. Many of your gallant comrades have gloriously fallen in the storm of battle while bravely doing their duty to their country and to their God, and their memory will ever be cherished by a grateful country.

The homes which you have honored by your service to your country, and perilled your lives to protect from the shame and the disgrace which success of traitors would have involved upon them, are waiting to welcome you, and the record of your military career warrants the belief that in civil life

you will all discharge your duties in a manner that will reflect credit upon yourselves as citizens.

By order

ALONZO ALDEN,

Brev. Brig. Gen'l Comd'g 3d Brig.

On the 17th day of June, 1865, the 115th were mustered out of the U. S. service at Raleigh, N. C. The officers and recruits whose time did not expire prior to Oct. 1st were transferred to the 47th New York, and many of them wept as they parted with the old regiment.

On the 21st day of June, the 115th accompanied by the splendid brigade band left Raleigh, and all the regiments and bands in the city turned out to escort them to the cars. No regiment ever received greater honors from their comrades in arms.

They went by rail to within fifteen miles of Petersburg, Va., marched to that city, took cars to City Point and there embarked on a transport, sailing direct to New York city.

The 115th reached Albany early on the morning of June 26th, and marched up Broadway in splendid style, while the cannon at the Capitol thundered a welcome.

After being well cared for, the veterans marched to the barracks on the Albany and Troy road, remaining there until July 3d, when they received final payment and discharge. They then separated to their various homes, and the 115th Regiment ceased to exist, except in the memory of a grateful people.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARTYRS OF THE 115TH.

Capt. William McKittrick, Co. C, killed in battle of Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864. [See officers of the 115th].

Capt. Garret Van Deveer, Co. A, mortally wounded at Olustee, Florida, Feb. 20th, 1864. Died Feb. 24th, 1864. [See officers of the 115th].

First Lt. Francis H. Francisco, killed in the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864. [See officers of the 115th].

First Lt. Stephen S. Olney, Co. F, killed in the charge of Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865. [See officers of the 115th].

First Lt. John Vandesande, Co. B, mortally wounded in the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864. Died Oct. 3d, 1864. [See officers of the 115th].

Second Lt. Levi Sheffer, Co. G, killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864. [See officers of the 115th].

Second Lt. William Tompkins, Co. C, killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864. [See officers of the 115th].

Sergt.-major E. Raymond Fonda was a native of Watertown, Mass., but spent the most of his life

in the empire state, claiming her as his home. He resided in Cohoes, Albany county, when he enlisted in Co. H. He was a mechanic by trade, and twenty-four years of age. Besides the hard service seen in the 115th Regiment, he served his country three months in a Vermont regiment, early in the war. His father had been in the employ of the government for nearly forty years; a younger brother held the position of sergeant in the regular army, and Raymond himself had been familiar with military operations from his youth up, so that he was a finished and well drilled soldier. Possessed of a brave and resolute will, he was a good soldier. Blest with a kind and loving heart, he won many friends. Pleasant and amiable to both officers and men, he was highly respected. He was very fond of music, especially patriotic pieces, and his great favorite was the soul-stirring anthem, "The Sword of Bunker Hill." This he frequently sang in the tent and at the camp fire with all the sweetness and power of his rich and melodious voice, until the strains would thrill through the hearts of all who listened, and they would instinctively cry out, "Go on—go on!" His military career was without a single blot, and he died a true patriot and esteemed by all who knew him.

The battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., was his last battle with the rebels. The regiment was lying behind a bank of earth, firing at the rebels, and Raymond refused to lie down with the rest, but kept walking along the lines while the bloody con

flict was progressing, making his person a mark for the enemy's bullets. Suddenly he sang out to the commanding officer, "Major, we are flanked right and left!" And sure enough we were flanked, and many brave men shed their blood before we cut our way out.

Among the first to fall was E. Raymond Fonda, and two frightful wounds sent out streams of blood. The soldiers carried his bleeding form from the field, and in due time he reached the city of New York. After many weeks of suffering he died in the arms of his friends.

First Sergt. Charles H. Bradt, Co. K, was a resident of Johnstown, Fulton Co. He joined his company as a private, and during the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, he was shot down at the head of his company and died instantly, his body being left on the field. At about the time of the battle, Mrs. John Taylor and daughters, of Clifton Park, sent a nice box of choice cake and home comforts to the sergeant; but when the messenger arrived with it, he found that Charlie had gone to his long home, and needed no more earthly comforts.

Orderly Sergt. Chas. S. Fisher, Co. C, was killed in battle at Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864.

Color Sergt. Charles B. Fellows, Co. H, died at Annapolis, Md. [See heroes who bore our flags].

Sergt. Joel Alexander, Co. I, was shot through the head at the battle of Olustee, Fla., and died on the field. He had just returned from home, where

he had been on a furlough, and died gallantly fighting the enemy of his country.

Sergt. James S. Arrmock, Co. A, was a resident of the town of Glen, Mont. Co., and after fighting many battles, he was killed at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and was left on the field.

Sergt. Harvey C. Christie, Co. E, of Mayfield, Fulton Co., N Y., died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., Aug. 2d, 1863.

Sergt. John R. Clark, Co. K, was a resident of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., N Y., a paper maker by trade, married, and twenty-five years of age. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, and left upon the field. He was taken prisoner by the rebels, and lingered until Aug. 11th, when death came to his relief, and he died in the rebel Poplar Lawn hospital, Petersburg, Va.

Sergt. Patrick Collopy, Co. G, a resident of Saratoga Co., N. Y., enlisted among the first in the regiment. He did good service for a long time, and at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, he was shot through the head by a musket ball, and died on the field. His corpse was left where he fell, to be treated by the rebels.

Sergt. Frank M. Conover, Co. D, was killed in battle at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

Sergt. Edward Cowles, Co. K, resided in the town of Wells, Hamilton Co. He was engaged in several battles, and had his head cut off by a shell, at Coal Harbor, Va., on the 3d day of June, 1864.

Sergt. Charles Gross, Co. A, of Fultonville, Montgomery Co., received his death wound at Coal Harbor, Va. He enlisted in a volunteer regiment early in the war, and after serving out his time of service, enlisted the second time in the 115th, August, 1862. After fighting a large number of battles, he was badly wounded by a piece of shell in the right thigh, at Coal Harbor, Va., on the 3rd day of June, 1864. He died in a hospital at Washington, D. C., on the glorious 4th day of July.

Sergt. Nathan Ide, Co. F, was born in Saratoga Co., was twenty-seven years of age, and a teacher by occupation. He had been studying for the ministry, was a good, brave, Christian soldier, and often expressed himself as ready to die for his country, and ever stood ready to meet his God. He took a prominent and active part in the regimental prayer meetings and was the means of doing much good. During several battles his clothes were riddled with bullets, and at the battle of Darbytown Road, Va., Oct. 27th, 1864, he was killed. His brother sent his body home for burial.

Sergt. William Henry Kane, Co. I, was a resident of Saratoga Co., and came out as a corporal of the company. For good conduct and soldierly bearing he was promoted to sergeant, and for some time was acting sergeant-major of the regiment. He engaged in numerous battles in the regiment, and finally, at the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., on

the 16th day of August, 1864, received a severe wound from the effects of which he soon died in Beverly hospital, N. J.

Sergt. Levi Lingenfelter, Co. D, was a resident of the town of Florida, Mont. Co. He was shot through the head by a musket ball at the battle of Olustee, Fla. His body was left on the field.

Sergt. Stephen Morris, jr., Co. A, of Fultonville, Montgomery Co., N Y., was shot through both knees at the battle of Olustee, Florida, Feb. 20th, 1864. Died from the effects of his wounds in the United States general hospital, Beaufort, S. C., on the 13th day of March, 1864.

Early in the war he enlisted in a volunteer regiment, and after serving his time he enlisted in the 115th at the date of its organization.

He was the bravest of the brave, and as long as life lasted, battled with the enemies of his country with all his powers. At Olustee he was badly shot through both knees, so that he was just able to crawl. The most of men in that position would have given up in despair; but he, with that resolute, iron will, which so distinguished him, determined not to die on the battle field, or be taken prisoner by the enemy. With the aid of some trusty comrades he crawled at night a distance of nineteen miles, through the dark and dismal swamps of Florida, when he reached the Union lines. The author saw him lying on a stretcher, on board of a hospital boat, and walking to where he lay, asked how badly he was wounded? He replied: "Oh, not very bad,

I will soon be all right again." But when he told me that bullets had passed through both knees, I knew well enough that there was but little hope for the brave fellow, and could hardly keep back the tears when I realized how near he was to the cold gates of death.

He must have been suffering intense pain, yet not a sigh escaped his lips, and a smile lit up his face, while his heart seemed the lightest of any in that mournful company.

I thought to myself, how sad it is that such brave men should die by the traitor's bullet; yet I thank God that we had such heroes to stand by our bleeding country, even in the hour of death.

Sergt. Charles Price, Co. G, had his shoulder cut off by a piece of shell at Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 17th, 1864; was instantly killed.

Sergt. M. Van Steenburgh, Co. E, was always known as a brave and efficient soldier, and while bravely standing up for his country, fell pierced with a rebel bullet. He was killed at the battle of Olustee, Florida, Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

Sergt. James M. Young, Co. I, resided at Fonda, Mont. Co. when he enlisted in the regiment Being a young man of considerable talent, and having a deep love for our common country, he was among the first to enlist, and by his pleasing nature soon won the esteem of all his comrades in arms. During the summer of 1863 he was taken sick at Beaufort, S. C., and when nearly wasted away to a

skeleton, he was sent north and reached home just in time to die.

The members of the Cayadutta Cornet Band, of Fonda, attended his funeral in a body, in respect to his memory

Corp. William Pratt, Co. A, was killed in the battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, and buried on the field.

Corp. John H. Peeler, Co. A, was wounded through the left lung, at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 14th, 1864, and died in the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va. The following inscription marks his grave:

CORP. J. H. PEELER,
Co. A, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
May 19th, 1864.

Corp. Lucas W. Mount, Co. B, of Ames, Montgomery Co., color corporal of the regiment, was severely wounded at the battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, while defending the colors of the regiment, taken prisoner, and died on the 29th day of June, 1864, in the rebel Poplar Lawn hospital at Petersburg, Va.

Corp. John W. Clark, jr., Co. C., wounded at the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and died from its effects.

Corp. Robert Fox, Co. C., killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and was left on the field.

Corp. Sidney J. Cornell, Co. C, born at Fortsville, Saratoga Co., Sept. 22nd, 1837, resided in,

and enlisted from Jonesville. He was talented, patriotic, and a Christian soldier; left Union College, and all the endearments of home to battle for the starry flag. He had no less than three brothers in the army, one of whom died while serving his country.

At the battle of Olustee, Florida, Feb. 20th, 1864, he was severely wounded in the breast, and fell into the hands of the enemy where he no doubt died, as no tidings have ever been received from him.

Corp. John S. McMaster, Co. D, mortally wounded in the face at the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and died in the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe. He was color corporal, and was wounded in the leg at Olustee. He was buried at Fortress Monroe, and the following inscription marks his grave:

JNO. McMASTERS,
Corp. Co. D, 115th N. Y. V.,
Died
September 4th, 1864.

Corp. Reuben S. Wright, Co. E, of Benson, died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., June 11th, 1863.

Corp. Walter Barnes, Co. F, of Saratoga county, was a farmer by occupation, and 25 years of age. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, Fla., and died in a rebel prison.

Corp. S. T. Densmore, Co. G., died in the rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., during the summer of 1864, from the effects of wounds received in action and cruel treatment.

Corp. Amasa Bartlett, Co. G, was killed in action at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1854.

Corp. John W Dubois, Co. G, was killed by a rebel sharpshooter in front of Petersburg, Va., while sleeping at the foot of a tree, on the 27th day of June, 1864. He was buried near Petersburg.

Corp. John Dugan, Co. H, was born in the city of Troy, and resided at Waterford when he enlisted; was 20 years of age, and a molder by trade. At Hilton Head, S. C., he was promoted to corporal. At Beaufort, S. C., while on provost duty, the typhoid fever seized upon him, and after three days suffering, he died in the regimental hospital. He was buried by a detachment of his company, in the soldier's graveyard, Beaufort. A neat, wooden slab at the head of the grave reads:

JOHN DUGAN,
Co. H, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
August —— 1863.

Corp. J. Loran Abel, Co. H, was born at Petersburg, Renss. Co., N. Y., but resided at and enlisted from the town of Stillwater, Saratoga Co., N. Y. His occupation was that of a farmer, and he was 22 years of age. He was a good, trusty soldier, a cheerful, devoted friend, and an earnest, uncompromising patriot.

At Yorktown, Va., he received the promotion of corporal for good conduct. At Hilton Head, S. C., that fearful disease, typhoid fever, laid him upon his death bed, and on the 3rd day of July, 1863, at

the provost hospital, he sacrificed his life on the blood-stained altar of his country. He died the death of a Christian soldier, and in his last moments declared himself ready to go. His remains were placed beneath the sand in the soldiers' grave yard, nearly a mile from the breastworks.

Corp. James H. Gettings, Co. H, of Waterford, Saratoga Co., was wounded at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, taken prisoner and starved to death by the southern chivalry at Andersonville, Ga., where he died on the 25th day of August, 1864.

Corp. Abbott C. Musgrove, Co. H, of Cohoes, was killed at Deep Bottom, Va. (See heroes who bore the flags.)

Corp. James K. P. Himes, Co. H., of Cohoes, was killed at Deep Bottom, Va. (See heroes who bore the flags.)

Corp. Charles H. Mulliken, Co. H, was a native of the town of Stillwater, Saratoga Co., N. Y., and resided at the time of enlistment at Mechanicsville. He was a blacksmith by trade, and 22 years of age.

At Hilton Head, South Carolina, Captain Smith promoted him to a corporal, and he made an uncommonly fine non-commissioned officer. He was killed at the battle of Olustee, Florida, on the 20th day of February, 1864. The regiment was on a double quick through some tall reeds in pursuit of the enemy, when a musket ball pierced his heart, and he fell forward dead, probably never knowing what struck him. The boys fought over his body for three long hours, but were at last forced to fall

back for want of ammunition, and Charlie was left among the pines of Florida. He was the first man of Co. H who fell in battle, and no nobler youth ever laid down his life for the cause of the Union. Two brothers were also in the Union army helping on the cause of freedom.

Corp. Fred. W Winsman, Co. I, of St. Johnsville, died in Camp Douglas hospital, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 12th, 1862.

Corp. Andrew J. Peckham, Co. I, of Galway, Saratoga Co., died of wounds received at Coal Harbor, Va., June 1st, 1864.

Corp. Fred. W. Putser, Co. I, of Galway, Saratoga Co., died in rebel prison, at Andersonville, Ga.

Corp. J L. Fort, Co. I, of Charlton, died in rebel prison, at Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 12th, 1864.

Corp. Daniel C. Sherman, Co. I, of Charlton, Saratoga Co., died of disease at City Point, Va.

Corp. James O. Fox, Co. K, was born in Broadalbin, Fulton Co., April 21st, 1838, and resided at that place when he enlisted. He was promoted to corporal for gallant conduct on the battle field of Olustee. He was badly wounded in the battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, taken prisoner by the rebels, and died in the rebel Poplar Lawn hospital, Petersburg, Va., May 31st, 1864.

Corp. John Parke, Co. K, of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., died of fever at Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 26th, 1863, and was buried on Port Royal island.

Corp. Alexander Ronald, Co. K, of Wells, Hamilton Co., died at Point of Rocks, Va., July 31st, 1864, of wounds received at the charge of Cemetery Hill, July 31st, 1864. He was buried where he died.

Musician John Hutchinson, Co. C, died of typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., in 1865, and was buried on Port Royal island.

Musician James M. Dean, Jr., Co. A, died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., in 1863, and was buried there.

Musician John Gow, Co. A, died of typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., July 8th, 1863. He was buried on Port Royal island.

Musician Alvergeen Ackett, Co. A, of Fonda, was struck by a timber and instantly killed, by the explosion of the magazine, Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 16th, 1865.

Musician Paul Crandell, Co. C, died of typhoid fever in the U S. general hospital, Hilton Head, S. C., on the 6th day of July, 1863.

Musician Joseph B. Benson, Co. E, of Northville, Fulton Co., N Y., died of disease at Beaufort, S. C., Sept. 24th, 1863.

Musician George C. Wilder, Co. I, of Charlton, Saratoga Co., died of disease at Harper's Ferry, Va., Sept. 1st, 1862.

Wagoner Nicholas Cavert, Co. I, of Charlton, Saratoga Co., died of disease at Beaufort, S. C.

Acting Hospital Steward Jadua Countryman, resided at St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., and en-

listed in Co. B. He was killed by the explosion of the magazine at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 16th, 1865. His body was buried so far beneath the ruins that it could never be found.

Privates Co. A.

James Gardinier received a wound in the breast at the battle of Olustee, aud was sent to the hospital at Hilton Head, S. C. After being there several days he was determined to go back to the regiment, for he said he would soon be fit for duty. Just before he intended to start his wound got worse, and the next day he was a corpse. He died on the 19th day of March, 1864, and his remains were placed in the soldiers' grave-yard at Hilton Head.

Henry A. Brooks was mortally wounded in the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 14th, 1864, and died in the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., June 24th, 1864. The following inscription marks his resting place :

H. A. BROOKS.
Co. A. 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
June 24th, 1864.

John Hogan was a resident of the village Fonda, Montgomery Co., and had engaged in a large number of battles and skirmishes, behaved gallantly in each, and was finally killed in front of Petersburg, Va., the 13th day of July, 1864. He was on picket at the extreme front, and was lying down

quietly in the pit, when a musket ball from the rebels struck a large tree, and glancing back, inflicted a terrible wound in his body. Several of his own company at the risk of their lives, procured a stretcher and bore him to the battle field hospital. Upon reaching there he begged the surgeon not to touch his wound but let him die in peace; then observing that better men than he had been killed in this war, expired without a groan. He was buried where he died.

Charles Denegar, killed in the assault on Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865.

John McDowel, killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and was left on the field.

Elisha Canson, killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and was left on the field.

Martin Timmins was severely wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, taken prisoner by the rebels, paroled, and died in hospital at Annapolis, Md., Sept. 14th, 1864.

Peter Lennegar, killed in the assault on Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865.

John Kaiser, killed in the battle of Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864.

John Halzner, died on pontoon bridge at Point of Rocks, Va., from the effects of sun-stroke, July 31st, 1864, and was buried on the bank of the Potomac.

John D. Bond, of Glen, Montgomery Co., died of chronic diarrhœa at Fortress Monroe, Va., May 20th, 1865.

Charles Devan, of Palatine, Montgomery Co., N. Y., was killed in battle at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1865.

John Faus was wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, Fla., and died at Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war.

George Hart, of Glen, Montgomery Co., was wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, Fla., and died at Andersonville, Ga., in 1864, while a prisoner of war.

Hiram Lusk, died in U. S. general hospital at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., Feb., 1864.

William N. Candt, of Glen, Montgomery Co., died in U. S. general hospital, 1864.

Daniel D. Osterhout, died at Hilton Head, S. C., May 6th, 1863.

John Robinson was wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, Fla., and died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 22d, 1864.

John Sherlock was taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 18th, and died in rebel prison at Salisbury, N C.

Conrad Smith was wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C., and nothing has been heard of him since.

John Snyder, died of typhoid fever at Hilton Head, S. C., June 27th, 1863.

Wesley D. Van Ausdell, taken prisoner at Piladka, Fla., while on picket, and is supposed to be dead.

Rosdell Corlew, died in St. James general hospital, Wilmington, N. C., March 21st, 1865.

Robert Baker, taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 18th, 1864, and died in a rebel prison at Salisbury, Nov. 29th, 1864.

Frederick Cromwell, killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

John A. Lennegar, killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

George H. Bellows, wounded severely in the arm at Olustee, and forwarded to the hospital at Hilton Head, S. C. He died on the 11th day of March, 1864, and his remains were placed beneath the sand in the soldiers' grave-yard at Hilton Head.

Charles Weeper was badly wounded at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, taken prisoner by the rebels, and died from the effects of wounds, starvation and cruel treatment, at Andersonville, Ga., Aug., 1864.

Michael Byers, killed in the battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, and left on the field.

Henry Haiser, killed in front of Petersburg, Va., June 30th, 1864. He was buried where he fell.

Lafayette Waterman died in rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 11th, 1864.

Privates Co. B.

Lucius A. Smith, of Canajoharie, was wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and died of starvation and exposure at Andersonville, Ga., Sept., 1864.

Alonzo Smith, of Minden, was instantly killed at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

Nicholas Rubert, of Minden, was killed at Deep Bottom, Va., August 16th, 1864, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

Reuben Walrath, of St. Johnsville, was mortally wounded in the groin by a piece of shell, at Darbytown Road, Va., Oct. 27th, 1864. He was then placed in an ambulance for conveyance to the field hospital, and not having been heard from since, it is presumed that he died and was buried by the road side.

Henry S. Baker resided at York Mills, and died at Hilton Head, S. C., of typhoid fever, April, 1863. He was buried in the soldiers' grave-yard.

David Bowies, of Canajoharie, N Y., died of typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., Aug. 14th, 1863. He was a fine soldier, had formerly been in the U. S. service from which he was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability.

B. Moyer, died in the prison hospital at Savannah, Ga., Oct., 1864.

Jacob B. Brown, of St. Johnsville, was killed near Petersburg, Va., June 24th, 1864. He and a member of the 48th N. Y were on their way to join their regiments in the front trench, and when passing the second line, a sharpshooter of the enemy fired, shooting them both through the head, killing instantly.

John Denmark, of St. Johnsville, died of the lung fever at Hilton Head, S. C., May, 1863, and was buried in the soldiers' grave-yard.

Henry Goodrich, of Canajoharie, was shot through the head and killed, by a rebel sharpshooter, on the 3d day of June, at Coal Harbor, Va. He was doing duty in the front trench, and volunteered to go to the rear to take to the front some canteens of coffee for the company. He passed safely to the rear, but when on his way back, loaded down with coffee, he received the fatal wound. He was buried at Coal Harbor.

William E. Flint, of Canajoharie, was shot in the breast and killed at Olustee, Fla., 1864, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

Daniel Gilday, of Minden, was killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

Frank Niederlander, of Minden, was instantly killed at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

John P Lintner, of Minden, N. Y., was slightly wounded in the forearm, at Petersburg, Va., on the 3d day of Aug., 1864. A month later he bled so much that it was deemed expedient to perform an amputation, which proved fatal. He was buried at Minden, N. Y

Richard Maxfield resided at Minden, N. Y He was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and exchanged in Nov., 1864. He died on the cars when near home, from the effects of starvation and cruel treatment, and was buried at Minden.

George Miller, of Fort Plain, died at Minden, N. Y., Nov., 1864.

Privates Co. C.

Emory W Hosley, of Edinburgh, Saratoga Co., N. Y., died of fever in U. S. general hospital at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 23d, 1862.

George Coloney, jr., of Galway, Saratoga Co., N. Y., died of typhoid fever in U. S. general hospital at Hilton Head, S. C., July 8th, 1863.

William F Stewart, of Edinburgh, Saratoga Co., N. Y., died of chronic diarrhœa in U. S. general hospital, David's island, N Y., Sept. 1st, 1864.

George Van Steenburgh was killed in battle at Chesterfield Heights, Va., and buried on the field.

Christopher Keenholts died from effects of wounds in right knee at the U. S. hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., June 17th, 1864. The following inscription marks his grave:

C. KEENHOLTS,
Co. C, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
June 17th, 1864.

James A. Wager had his left leg amputated, and died in the U S. hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., The following inscription marks his resting place.

JAMES WAGER,
Co. C, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
June 6th, 1864.

Ferdinand Miller, of Milton, Saratoga Co., N Y., died of disease in the regimental hospital at Beaufort, S. C., Sept. 22nd, 1863.

George W Luffman, of Milton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., died of diarrhœa in hospital near Fort Fisher, N. C., March 2nd, 1865.

Vernum Barber, of Galway, Saratoga Co., N. Y., died of measles in U. S. general hospital at Washington, D. C., Dec. 7th, 1862.

Lewis Bertrand, a resident of Ballston, Saratoga Co., received a wound in the head at Coal Harbor, Va., and was sent to a northern hospital, and soon rejoined the regiment. After taking part in several battles he was killed during the charge on Fort Gilmer, Sept. 29th, 1864.

James A. Hanna, killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

Sidney D. Lincoln, wounded in the battle of Olustee, and died in hospital.

W B. Howe was shot in the head by a musket ball and instantly killed, on the 22d day of July, 1864, while on picket in front of Petersburg. He had a presentiment of death, and felt strangely when he went on picket on the fatal morning. His body was placed in a rough box made by his comrades, and buried on a hill side close by three gallant fellows of the 76th Pa. Should kind and loving friends ever desire to find his last honored resting place, it would be an easy task, for a neat head-board marks the spot, and a little railing encloses the grave. The following tender inscription,

neatly painted on the board which serves for a tombstone, speaks for itself:

Though Lost to Sight,
To Memory Dear.
IN
Memory
OF
W B. HOWE,
Co. C, 115th Reg't N. Y. S. V.,
Killed July 22d, 1864.

George W. Coloney, jr. was wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and died in rebel prison.

George M. Evans was wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and died in rebel prison.

David W Jones was wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and died in rebel prison.

Albert Dunning was shot through the head and instantly killed on the 26th day of July, 1864, while on picket in front of Petersburg, Va. He left a widowed mother to mourn his loss, his father having been killed a year or two before, by a falling tree. He was buried at night, by the light of a blazing torch, and the inscription roughly carved on his tomb stone reads:

IN
Memory
OF
ALBERT DUNNING,
Co. C, 115th Regt. N. Y. V.,
Killed July 26th, 1864.

James H. Wickins, of Greenfield, Saratoga Co., N. Y., died of fever in U. S. general hospital at Hilton Head, S. C., June 17th, 1863.

Wesson Benson was killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

Peter Butler was killed in action at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

Phillip S. Christy was wounded in the side and arm at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, was taken prisoner and died in rebel prison.

Elam F Evans was killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and was left on the field.

Dennis Springer was killed in battle at Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864.

Maurice J. Drynan was killed in battle at Darbytown Road, Va., Oct. 27th, 1864.

Henry Chute was killed by the explosion of the magazine at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 16th, 1865.

William Backman was killed by the explosion of the magazine at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 16th, 1865.

Privates Company D.

Isaac Harrower, died of the chronic diarrhœa, in August 1864, at Fortress Monroe, Va., and was buried in the soldiers' grave-yard. The following inscription marks his resting place:

I. HARROWER,
Co. D. 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
August 7, 1864.

Charles E. Kellog, died of fever, Dec. 16th, 1862.

John H. Simpson, died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., April 1st, 1864.

Alfred C. Saltstein, died of fever, November 15th, 1862.

William Thayer, died in rebel prison, at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 21st, 1864.

Chauncey Snider, jr., died of fever, November 15th, 1862.

Asa B. Rider, died of fever, November 23d, 1862.

James McCollum was killed in battle at Deep Bottom, Va., August 16th, 1864.

Frank Crow, died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 21st, 1864.

Charles Friny died of a fever at Beaufort, S. C, August 15th, 1863, and was buried on Port Royal Island.

William B. Glover resided at Amsterdam, Montgomery Co. He was wounded severely in the head at Olustee, but soon joined the regiment again. On the 28th day of July, 1864, he was mortally wounded in the leg, while on the picket line in front of Petersburg, Va., and soon died.

Peter A. Folensbee was a resident of Hegeman's Mills, Montgomery Co. He was shot through the head at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and died instantly. His body was left on the field.

John French, died of typhoid fever May 12th, 1864.

John Turner resided at Amsterdam, was wounded severely in the arm at Olustee, and died in the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., of typhoid fever, Sept. 15th, 1864.

Thomas Heavy, died at hospital in New York city, Aug. 4th, 1865.

Sylvanus N. Dodds was killed on the rail road at Chicago, Ill., Nov. 11th, 1862.

William E. Colgrove, died in a rebel prison at Salisbury, Dec. 3d, 1863.

Andrew Clark resided at Hegeman's Mills, Montgomery Co., and died of typhoid fever on the 28th day of June, 1863, at Beaufort, and was buried on Port Royal island.

George Cassidy, died of typhoid fever, at Beaufort, S. C., on the 8th day of July, 1863. He was buried on Port Royal island.

Winslow Burton, died of chronic diarrhœa, Oct. 24th, 1864.

Myron L. Bemus was severely wounded in the assault on Fort Gilmer, Sept. 29th, 1864, and died Oct. 11th, 1864, from the effects of his wounds.

Roderick F Barlow was shot through the head and instantly killed, at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body was left on the field.

Privates Co. E.

S. A. Johnson, died of wounds received in the battle of Coal Harbor, Va., June 1st, 1864. He said to Chaplain Clemens, after reaching the field hospital, "I have fought my last battle, I have got my death

wound, but I have no regrets. I enlisted conscientiously, I thought it my duty to defend my country; I have done the best I could. Tell my friends to meet me in heaven, I only fear that it will kill my mother." The chaplain was with him in his last hours, and he says of the dead hero, "Dear boy, with many others of our pious soldiers, he has found that land where there are no rebels and no war."

Jeremiah Stenburg, of Ephratah, Fulton county, N. Y., died of fever at Fortress Monroe, Va., Aug. 26th, 1864.

P P Shuler, of Bleeker, Fulton Co., N Y., died of fever at Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 7th, 1863.

J. Bowman, of New York, was killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

H. Hollands, died in a rebel prison at Andersonville, June 26th, 1864.

Samuel Clemons, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N Y., died of wounds at Fort Johnson, Va., May 14th, 1864.

Sanford Shaw, of Mayfield, died at Tallahassee, Fla., Nov. 10th, 1864, from the effects of a wound received at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

J. Stearnocks, died in the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., of chronic diarrhœa. The following inscription marks his grave:

J. STEARNOCKS,
Co. E, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
August 25th, 1864.

Charles Rood died in the rebel Poplar Lawn hospital, at Petersburg, Va., during the summer of 1864.

James C. Tompkins, of Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever at Chicago, Ill., November 4th, 1862.

William Van Ouken, of Gloversville, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever at Yorktown, Va., Jan. 30th, 1863.

Peter Van Loon, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N. Y., died at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 17th, 1865, of injuries received at the explosion of the magazine.

Joseph Wood, of Ephratah, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., Aug. 7th, 1863.

Thomas Dooly, of Tarrytown, N Y., died of fever at Andersonville, Ga., June 1st, 1864, while a prisoner of war.

Hermon Cool, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N. Y. died of fever at Fortress Monroe, Va., Jan. 3d, 1865.

D. B. Dockstater, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N. Y., died in hospital at Beaufort, S. C., March 12th, 1864, of a wound received at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

Sanders Johnson, of Ephratah, Fulton Co., N. Y., died at Annapolis, Md., Aug. 26th, 1864, from the effects of a wound received at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

William H. Loucks, of Ephratah, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever at Beaufort, S. C., July 3d, 1863.

James H. Platt, of Northampton, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever at Beaufort, S. C., July 27th, 1863.

Abram Rathmire, of Gloversville, was killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

Andrew Seitz, of Fonda, Montgomery Co., N.Y., died of fever at Smithfield, N. C., May 8th, 1865.

Simon D. Mosher, died of typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., on the 3d day of Aug., 1863. He was buried on Port Royal island.

Theron Bowman, died of typhoid fever on the 26th day of June, 1863, at Beaufort, S. C., and was buried on Port Royal island.

George W Buel, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N.Y., was wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, and died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 15th, 1864.

J. B. Brooks, of Northampton, Fulton Co., N Y., died of injuries received at Fort Fisher, N C., Jan. 17th, 1865.

B. A. Baker, of Mayfield, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of small pox at Washington, D. C., Jan. 11th, 1863.

James Bolster, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever at Beaufort, S. C., July 26th, 1863.

William Montaney, of Oppenheim, Fulton Co., N. Y., killed at Darbytown Road, Va., Oct. 27th, 1864.

Smith Travis, of Northampton, Fulton Co., N. Y., died of fever in 10th Army Corps hospital, Nov. 21st, 1864.

John Scott, of Johnstown, Fulton Co., N, Y., died of fever at Point of Rocks, Va., Dec. 26th, 1864.

James Welch, of Tarrytown, N. Y., killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

Charles Rhodes, of Northampton, Fulton Co., N. Y., died at Petersburg, Va., June 26th, 1864.

Privates Co. F.

William E. Newton was killed at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865.

Charles R. Fryer, died on the U. S. transport Spaulding, June 5th, 1865.

Charles Taylor, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation, and 21 years of age. He was severely wounded at Olustee, taken prisoner and died in a rebel prison.

Lloyd Weston, of Saratoga Co., died in a rebel prison.

Ira Washburn, of Warren Co., was a farmer, and 30 years of age. He died of fever at Hilton Head, June 5th, 1863.

Reuben Vorney, of Saratoga Co., was a carpenter by trade, and 28 years of age. He died in Sept., 1862, while on the march between Harper's Ferry and Annapolis.

Joseph H. Showers, died in the Army Square hospital of fever, in Washington, D. C., Dec. 21st, 1862.

John S. Nobles, died Dec. 15th, 1862, of diarrhœa, at Princetown, Ill.

Peter Duel, died of fever at Beaufort, S. C., Nov. 25th, 1863.

Joshua Stead, wagoner, was severely wounded at Olustee, Fla., taken prisoner and died in a rebel prison at Andersonville, June 27th, 1864.

Norval Stewart, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation, and 20 years of age. While going to a well to procure water for his comrades, in front of Petersburg, he was instantly killed by a rebel sharpshooter. He was found lying in the road dead, with the canteens strung around his neck. A grave was dug, and his remains were placed beneath the sod. The following inscription marks his grave:

NORVILLE STEWART,
Co. F. 115th Regiment, N. Y. Vols.,
Killed
July 5th, 1864.

Reuben Sherman died of typhus fever, at Yorktown, Va., Jan. 22d, 1863.

Henry C Campbell, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation, and 20 years of age. He was severely wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and died in a hospital in New York.

Cassius M. Burrbee, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation, and 21 years of age. He died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., July 25th, 1863.

Archibald F. Brooks, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation, and 21 years of age. He died of fever at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 22d, 1862.

Charles L. Parker was severly wounded in the breast during the fighting at Cemetery Hill, Va., July 30th, 1864, and died in the U. S. hospital,

Fortress Monroe, Va. The following inscription marks his grave:

CHARLES L. PARKER,
Co. F, 115th N. Y. Volunteers,
Died
August 23d, 1864.

Fred. W Andrews, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation, and 27 years of age. He died in the U. S. general hospital, David's island, N. Y., of fever, May 2d, 1863.

Thomas H. Adcock, of Saratoga Co., was a farmer by occupation and 24 years of age. He was wounded at Olustee, Feb. 20th, 1864, and died in a hospital.

S. P Jeandrean was born in Canada, was 21 years of age, killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body was left on the field.

Hiram P Collins was born in Lewis Co., enlisted at Saratoga Springs, was a farmer by occupation, and 24 years of age. He was killed at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

Alfred J. Dean, died in U. S. hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., May, 1865.

Privates Co. G.

Michael Kelly, wounded severely in the foot, on the 24th of June, 1864, before Petersburg, while procuring water from a spring for the men. He was sent to the U. S. hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., where he died of chronic diarrhœa. The following inscription marks his grave:

M. KELLY,
Co. G, 115th N. Y. V.,
Died
August 29th, 1864.

Martin De Lacatened, killed by the explosion of a magazine at Fort Fisher, Jan. 16th, 1865.

John R. Place, died of diarrhœa in the general hospital at Beverly, N. J., Oct. 11th, 1864.

Thomas H. Haire, killed in action at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

Lorenzo Mallery, killed by the explosion of a magazine at Fort Fisher, Jan. 16th, 1865.

John H. Houghton, killed in action at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 14th, 1864.

Stephen Deecker, died in an unknown rebel prison.

James Lexmiss, killed in action at Chester Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864.

John Kober, killed in action at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

Hiram Woodcock, died March 3d, 1864, at Lake City, Fla., of wounds received in action at Olustee.

Mark R. Trumble, died of typhoid fever in the regimental hospital at Beaufort, S. C., Aug. 7th, 1863.

Sylvester Andrew, died of typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., July 23d, 1863.

Charles B. Deland, died in the general hospital at Chicago, of phthisis pulmonalis, Feb. 1st, 1863.

William H. Wiley, died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., during the summer of 1864, from the effects of wounds received in action, and cruel treatment.

William H. Blackwood, died in a rebel prison at

Andersonville, Ga., during the summer of 1864, from the effects of wounds received in action and cruel treatment.

Jarues C. Smith, died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., during the summer of 1864, from the effects of wounds received in aetion and eruel treatment.

Michael Fethers, killed in aetion at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

Privates Co. H.

William H. Everetts was a native of the city of Troy, resided in and enlisted from the town of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co. He was a farmer by occupation, and 22 years of age. He was taken siek at Bolivar Heights, Va., Sept., 1862, and lay in one of the hospitals at Harper's Ferry during the grand artillery fight between the Union army and Stonewall Jackson's Corps. The hospital then was nearly as dangerous a place as a battle field. When the 115th were paroled he was left in the hands of the rebels, but the Union army soon reeaptured Harper's Ferry, when he was sent to his home in Clifton Park where he died late in autumn. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Rose, in the M. E. Church in the village of Clifton Park, and he was buried in a little grave yard close by the church. He was the first member of Co. H that laid down his life for our eountry.

James Wilson was born in the village of Lansingburgh, Rensselaer Co., but resided in, and enlisted from the village of Cohoes, Albany Co.,

N. Y He was a knitter by trade, and 17 years of age. He was a good soldier, was never sick a day, but always on duty and was the pet of the company. At the battle of Olustee, Fla., he behaved very gallantly and fought with the coolness of a war worn veteran, but sacrificed his life nearly at its close. The brave young soldier fired away his own sixty rounds of ammunition, and then sought a fresh supply from his dead companion's cartridge box. Having loaded his gun for the sixty-first time, he turned to Sergt. Gould and in his usual pleasant way, said "Alf., which way shall I aim this time?" The words had hardly escaped his lips when a cruel shell burst in the ranks, and a piece struck him in the left thigh, shattering it in the most frightful manner. A large stream of blood spouted from the wound, and he fell to rise no more. The boys carried him a short distance from the field, but he was fast bleeding to death and must soon die; so they laid him gently down at the foot of a tree. They took his bible and a few little keepsakes from his pocket to send to his widowed mother, then kneeling down on the ground grasped his cold hands affectionately, and with tears in their eyes, said "Good bye." He looked up and sweetly smiled. It froze on his lips, and he closed his eyes in death.

James W Hicks was a native of the town of Half Moon where he always resided and from where he enlisted. He was only 17 years of age and a farmer by occupation. Sickness and suffering was his portion of soldiering, and he spent the most of

his time in various hospitals in different parts of the country. At last he was taken from South Carolina to New York city, where he died in the month of January, 1864. His father reached his bed side just in time to see him die, and then conveyed the corpse of his son home.

The funeral services were held in the old Clifton Park Baptist church, where he was buried. The Rev Mr. Winnegar on the occasion delivered a powerful and patriotic sermon.

James was an earnest lover of his country and stood strong for the Union, but he was not destined to live to see the happy day when unity, union and prosperity would again dawn upon the land.

James I. House was born in Waterford, Saratoga Co., enlisted from the same town, was a lawyer by profession and 34 years of age. During the brief time he was in the army sickness was his constant companion. He was taken sick while camped in the horse-stalls at Chicago, Ill., and suffered much. A kind and wealthy sister furnished him with all the comforts, and even with many of the luxuries of life, and sympathizing comrades, although themselves nearly helpless, did all that lay in their power to mitigate his sufferings, but he continued to grow worse, his candle of life was fast going out, when eight members of the company took him to Camp Douglas hospital. He breathed his last in the fall of 1862. His remains were enclosed in a beautiful rosewood coffin and sent to his sister in Waterford, where he was buried.

Lawrence Higgins was born in Waterford, Saratoga Co., and enlisted from the same town. He was a cooper by trade, and 18 years of age. While the regiment was encamped on the fair ground at Chicago, Ill., he was taken with the typhoid fever and lay in one of those miserable horse-stalls, until all hopes of his recovery were vain. Four of his comrades then carried him to a hospital in Camp Douglas, already so crowded that it was difficult to find room to lay down the new sufferer. He was past human aid and soon died. His body was enclosed in a neat mahogany coffin and forwarded to his parents in Waterford.

Charles H. Degraff was born in the town of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N. Y., where he always resided. He was a farmer by occupation and twenty years of age. For a long time previous to the campaign of 1864, he drove a government team, but when the regiment embarked on the Florida expedition, he joined the company, and participated in the battle of Olustee, where he was wounded severely in the leg. He managed to get several miles from the field, when he became exhausted and lay down in the woods. The rebels took him prisoner, forwarded him to the capital of the state, where he recovered from his wound, and was then hurried to that dreadful charnal house, Andersonville, Ga. Starvation, cruel treatment, exposure, deferred hope and want of care soon did their work, and Charlie died a miserable death on the 18th day of August,

1864, far away from home and loved ones. George Cole, one of his comrades, lived to reach home, and bore the dreadful tidings of his fate to his father and mother. They, of course, were bowed down with grief, but rejoiced in giving the precious life of their son to our bleeding country.

Philip Link was born at Brunswick, N. Y., but resided in, and enlisted from the village of Crescent, Saratoga Co., N. Y He was a miller by occupation, and 55 years of age. His hair was as white as the drifting snow, but his step was as firm and elastic as a man of 30 years, and he was always on duty until the day of his death.

He took great delight in hunting and fishing, and in South Carolina the most of his spare time was employed in knitting large fish nets, trapping quails, &c., &c.

He was killed at the battle of Olustee, Florida, on the 20th day of February, 1864. A musket ball struck him square in the forehead, penetrated the brain and killed him instantly. When shot the old soldier did not move a muscle, but turned black in the face and fell forward dead, the blood crimsoning his silver locks. A considerable amount of money was in his pockets, but the battle raged so furiously that none could take time to save it for his large and needy family, and his body had to be left where he fell, to be cared for by the rebels.

Hiram Richardson was born in Schenectady, N. Y., but resided for a long time, and enlisted from Mechanicsville, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

At Chicago, Ill., he was attacked with typhoid fever, but in those horse-stalls received but little care and no medical attendance, so that he came near to death's door.

Nothing but the coarse rations dealt out by the rascally contractors were furnished even the sick and dying, and they were so sour and rancid that the hearty portion of the soldiers hardly dared to eat them. Hiram lay on his scanty pallet of straw, groaning night after night, and calling for his mother to come and help him, while his faithful comrades vainly tried to make him comfortable. At last, when life had nearly fled, permission was received to carry him to Camp Douglas hospital, where he died in the month of October, 1862. His remains were enclosed in a neat coffin and forwarded to his friends at Mechanicsville, N. Y

Hiram died at the early age of 19 years, and with the vast throng of brave young men who have died for their conntry, his spirit rests in that land from whence no traveler returns.

Duane Shepard was born in the village of Fonda, Montgomery Co., N. Y., but resided for many years in the village of Waterford, Saratoga Co., where he enlisted. He was a printer by trade, and 18 yrs. of age.

Duane was as brave and as patriotic a soldier as ever shouldered a gun in defense of the flag, but his constitution was very weak and his health poor. He suffered much from sickness while in the army, and refused to accept of a discharge until death had taken a firm hold on his system.

He was honorably discharged from the service of the United States at Beaufort, S. C., in the month of July, 1863, and reached his home in Waterford just in time to die.

He was a Christian soldier, and died in the triumphs of a Christian faith.

All his comrades loved him, and they will never forget his gentle manners, his gentlemanly deportment, and many virtues. His whole heart and soul engaged in the struggle in which he enlisted to take part, and woe to the traitor that came within reach of his rifle. Being a strong Unionist, he favored freedom to all, and believed in crippling the rebels in every possible manner.

William Smith was born in Prussia, but for many years resided in the village of Mechanicsville, Saratoga Co., N. Y He was engaged as a ferryman and was 25 years of age. Although a foreigner by birth he sympathized warmly with the cause, loved dearly his adopted country, and gave his life in defense of the stars and stripes. He was very intelligent, and understood perfectly the merits of the cause in which he was engaged. He was killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864. A musket ball struck him in the forehead, when he settled down gently, and in an instant fell forward on his face—a corpse.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with his life was the fact, that he left the land of his birth to escape military duty, and then volunteered in the defense of his adopted country, thus losing his life.

James Richards was born in the village of Johnstown, Fulton Co., and enlisted from Fonda. He was a laborer by occupation, and but 17 years of age. He was tall and slender, and his constitution was very weak, so that he suffered much while enduring the hardships of a soldier's life. At Hilton Head, S. C., he was taken sick with the typhoid fever and died during the summer of 1863, in the provost hospital. His remains were buried in the soldiers' grave yard on Hilton Head island, with forty others from the regiment.

He was an orphan, and had an only sister who loved him dearly; and when the sad news of her brother's death reached her it nearly broke her heart. She gloried in his giving his precious life to the cause of liberty; yet it was a death blow to a kind and loving heart.

Richard Francis was born in England, and came to the company as a substitute from New York city in the month of October, 1863. He was an old sailor, having spent the most of his days on the ocean. He had served fifteen years in the American navy, and had visited all parts of the world while in the merchant service. He was killed at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864. A musket ball struck him in the forehead and passed clear through the head, making a frightful looking wound.

His lifeless body fell heavily to the ground. A stream of blood and brains poured out upon the earth, and a mangled corpse was soaking in it. He

had fought the dangers of old ocean, and breasted the storm of battle on board a man-of-war, but met his death in the first which he engaged in our land.

Oscar L. Ackley, of Cohoes, Albany Co., was a patriotic, brave and noble soldier. He was never heard of after the battle of Olustee, and was probably killed in that engagement.

George Alexander, of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., was a brave soldier, fought numerous battles, behaved gallantly in each, and was shot through the head at Darbytown Road, Va., and instantly killed. His comrades buried him where he fell.

Charles Berry was engaged with the company at Coal Harbor, in mining a rebel fort, when a shell cut off his head, killing him instantly. He was buried where he fell.

Aaron Dillingham was born in the town of Half Moon, Saratoga Co., where he always resided, and from whence he enlisted. He was a farmer by occupation, married, had several children living, and was 55 years of age. He left a good home and a loving family from motives of the purest patriotism; and although too old to endure the hardships of a soldier's life, cheerfully performed every duty assigned him. Many of his sick, wounded and dying comrades, have had cause to bless his name, for the fatherly care which he extended to them in the hour of suffering, and for kind words of sympathy and encouragement which were always flowing from his lips. During the most of the summer of 1864 he aided the surgeon in his duties, and kept

at his post until sickness compelled him to go to the hospital. After a continuous illness of several months, he died from the effects of chronic diarrhœa, at the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., on the 18th day of February, 1865. His son conveyed the corpse to his late home in Half Moon where the funeral services were held on the 22nd day of February. The house was filled to overflowing, and the Rev. Messrs. Duebol, Squires, and Barlow, took part in the services. The corpse was buried in the family grave yard.

Thomas Hennigan fought many battles and did good service, and died in the U. S. hospital, Fortress Monroe of typhoid fever. The following inscription is above his grave :

T. HENNIGAN,
Co. H, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
September 4th, 1864.

Charles Near, died of typhoid fever in the U. S. hospital at Fortress Monroe, Va. The following inscription marks his grave:

CHARLES NEAR,
Co. H, 115th N. Y. Vols.,
Died
June 28th, 1864.

Peter Rinehart, was wounded severely in the ancle at Olustee, and was killed during the assault on Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865.

Andrew Stewart, of the town of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., was a good, trusty, and a devoted soldier. He was wounded in the body at Olustee,

Fla., taken prisoner by the enemy, and died in a rebel hospital at Tallahassee, April 5th, 1864.

George Coloney, died of typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., on the 8th day of July, 1863, and was buried on Port Royal island.

William Taylor, of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., was wounded in the leg at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, taken prisoner, and died on the cars between Savannah and Charleston.

Privates Co. I.

Henry Billington enlisted from Canajoharie, was severely wounded in the battle of Deep Bottom, Aug. 16th, 1864, and died in Beverly hospital, N. J.

Balremon C. Cristansen died in the rebel Poplar Lawn hospital at Petersburg, Va.

Ezra Coleman, of Glen, died of wounds in the U. S. general hospital, at Fortress Monroe, Nov. 11th, 1864.

James H. Core, of Charlton, Saratoga Co., killed by a shell in front of Petersburg, Va., July 14th, 1864.

R. Crandall, died in a rebel prison at Andersonville, July 6th, 1864.

William Disbrow, of Fulton Co., died of disease at Portsmouth, Va.

Morgan M. Flint, of Fulton Co., killed at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., Jan. 14th, 1864, and buried there.

James Jermain, of Ballston, Saratoga Co., died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.

Alexander Kershuskey, died of disease at New York city.

Rensselaer Knight, of Ballston, Spa., died at Wilmington, N. C., in March, 1865, and buried there.

Peter Lasher, of Providence, Saratoga Co., died of disease at City Point, and buried there.

Barnard McGuire, of Canajoharie, Montgomery Co., died of disease at Annapolis, Md.

Sylvanus Moyer, of St. Johnsville, killed at Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, and was buried on the field.

Edward Olmstead, of Malta, Saratoga Co., died of disease at New York city.

Daniel Peeler, of Glen, died in a rebel prison at Andersonville, June 22d, 1864.

Francis Rice, of Hadley, Saratoga Co., died of disease at Chicago, in 1862.

Horatio Smith, of Root, Montgomery Co., died of disease at Chicago, Ill., in 1862.

Alfred G. Snyder was a resident of the village of Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., N. Y. His age was about 16 years, and he joined the regiment at Bermuda Hundreds, Va., on the 8th day of May, 1864. On the 29th day of July the author was detailed with a detachment of thirty men of the regiment, for the purpose of erecting a mortar battery on the picket line in front of Petersburg. While engaged in the work young Snyder, who was one of the detailed, received his death wound, and it was the most affecting and heart-rending

scene that could well occur, and one that few would care to see enacted the second time. We reached the ground where the work was to be performed at noon, and found ourselves fully exposed to the fire of the rebel sharpshooters and mortar batteries, distant a few hundred yards. The earth was strewn with pieces of shells and cannon balls, and all the surrounding trees were riddled by bullets, so it was plain to be seen that the rebels had been accustomed to rain their missiles of death in that particular spot. At first all in front of us was as quiet as the grave, and each man began to feel quite secure, while the whole force proceeded to fell trees and throw up dirt with a hearty good will. One of the men soon threw up a shovel full of human brains clotted with blood and pieces of flesh, which by appearances had but recently been buried. It was a sickening sight at best, and all hands made haste to cover it from view. An officer informed us that it was the remains of a poor fellow who had his head blown from his shoulders the day previous. While the most of the party were gathered around the spot, the rebels caught sight of the detail, and immediately began to pick us off. The Union pickets halloed to us to "keep shady," as we were on dangerous ground, and declared that they would not show their heads above the works, except to fire on the rebels. Several bullets went singing over our heads and splintered the trees behind us. Suddenly I heard a shout which chilled my blood, and caused me to start with horror. "Good bye,

boys, good bye'" were the words that rang in my ears in fearful tones, which seemed burdened with the agonies of the dying man. I turned around as quickly as possible and soon saw that young Snyder was wounded in the side, and believing himself mortally hurt, hastened to bid his comrades a last farewell. The bullet penetrated toward the heart, making a frightful wound from which the blood poured in a great crimson stream. Just as he was about to fall, several of us sprang forward, encircled him with our arms, and laid him gently on the ground. The blood gushed and spouted out of his side faster and faster, until he lay soaking in his own gore. His comrades were either kneeling or standing sorrowfully around him, and tears were trickling down their bronzed and war-worn cheeks. Two of us turned the little hero over on his left side to prevent if possible the flow of blood, and began to pour cold water on his head from a canteen. He fixed his mild blue eyes upon us as we bent over him, and with a sweet smile playing on his lips, gave us such a look of thankfulness as never shall be forgotten. His face was soon as pale and as white as the tomb, his eyes were glassy and nearly set, and the death sweat stood in large drops upon his brow. At last his lips began to move, and with a beseeching and imploring look, and in a tone that melted our hearts said: "Bury me good, boys. bury me good;" and in a little while he added, with his soul true to the last, "I enlisted for my country and I can die for it."

Those were noble words, and the last that the young hero ever uttered on earth. The stretcher having arrived, he was placed on it and conveyed to the battle field hospital. His father was sick in the hospital, where we dispatched a messenger to tell him to come quickly if he wished to see his son alive. He came quickly, but alas! his fond boy was dead. The old man burst into tears and sobbed as though his heart would break; and as he looked upon the loved remains, covered with blood and cold in death, he said: "It's hard, but I have given all of my boys to my country and the cause of freedom, and I am willing to follow them." With sad hearts we continued our work, and many regrets were expressed that one so young and so noble, should fall a victim to the most wicked rebellion that ever cursed the world; and one and all declared that they never again desired to behold such a painful scene. Reader, cannot you shed one tear over the memory of one so brave, true and noble?

Clark Southwick, of Root, Montgomery Co., died in hospital at Beaufort, S. C., of wounds received at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

John G. Steinbarrer, of Ballston, Saratoga Co., died in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.

Patrick Sullivan, killed in front of Petersburg, July 30th, 1864.

Nicholas Vanevera, of Canajoharie, Montgomery Co., died of fever at Norfolk, Va., July, 1864.

Wilbur Wager, of Ballston, wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, Fla., and died in the cars between Charleston and Savannah.

Isaac Warne, of Ballston, died of disease at Yorktown, Va., and was buried there.

Privates Co. K.

Jacob M. Amstead, of New York, was killed in action at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and left on the field.

Abram Backnyre, of Palatine, Montgomery Co., died of chronic diarrhœa, March 14th, 1865, and was buried at Fortress Monroe.

Peter Bradt, of Coroga, Fulton Co., died after being discharged.

Francis Cole, of Johnstown, Fulton Co., died of inflamation of the bowels at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 31st, 1862, and buried at the same place.

Adam Hardell, of New York, died of fever at Raleigh, N C., June 16th, 1865. He was buried at Raleigh.

William Hille, of Coroga, Fulton Co., died of chronic diarrhœa at David's island, N. Y., June, 1865, and buried at Coroga.

Francis Kirsh, of Palatine, died of fever at Hilton Head, June 21st, 1863. He was buried at Hilton Head.

Charles Lamb, of Coroga, Fulton Co., died Jan. 21st, 1865, of wounds received at the explosion of the magazine at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 16th, 1865. He was buried at Fort Fisher.

Henry Luloy, of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., June 19th, 1863, and was buried at Hilton Head.

Norman W Lyford, of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., was severely wounded at Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, and died before reaching Fortress Monroe hospital.

Melvin Miller, of Ephratah, Fulton Co., died of fever at Johnstown, N Y., March 5th, 1865, and buried at Johnstown. He was on furlough at the time.

Michael Miller, of Glen, Montgomery Co., died of chronic diarrhœa at Beaufort, S. C., Jan. 15th, 1864. He was buried on Port Royal island.

Charles Moak, of Coroga, Fulton Co., died of measles at Washington, D. C., Jan. 2d, 1863. He was buried at Washington.

Alexander Monroe, of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., died of chronic diarrhœa at Hilton Head, S. C., Oct. 10th, 1863. He was buried at Hilton Head.

Azuriah Paul, of Wells, Hamilton Co., died of fever at Hilton Head, S. C., June 21st, 1863. He was buried at Hilton Head.

Levy Pettit, of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., was killed in action at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and left on the field.

Obediah Sprung, of Johnstown, Fulton Co., died May 11th, 1865, in a rebel hospital at Petersburg, Va., of wounds received in action at the battle of Chesterfield Heights.

Joseph Vanderpool, of Coroga, Fulton Co., was

severely wounded at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and died in a rebel hospital at Tallahassee, Fla., March 16th, 1864.

Joseph Wistar, of New York City, was promoted to be 1st Lieutenant in 1st Florida Cavalry, was soon afterward severely wounded at Chesterfield Heights Va., and died on Staten Island, N. Y., in 1865.

Omissions.

Corp. Elisha A. Steere, Co. F, was born in Rhode Island, enlisted in Saratoga Springs, was a broom maker by trade, and 24 years of age. He was loved and respected by the company to which he belonged. He was instantly killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and his body was left on the field.

Private John Van Brocklin, Co. A, of Johnstown, Fulton Co., struck in the side by a shell at Harper's Ferry, Va., Sept. 15th, 1862, and soon died. He was orderly for Col. Sammons.

CHAPTER IX.

THOSE WHO LOST A LIMB AND LIVED.

Capt. Solomon P Smith, Co. H, had his left arm shot off at the elbow in the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

First Lieut. Charles Kline, Co. D, had his right arm amputated at the elbow caused by a wound received in the assault on Fort Gilmer, Sept. 29th, 1864.

Sergt. Selden C. Clobridge, Co. G, had his right arm shot off at the elbow at Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864.

Corp. Silas Horning, Co. A, had his right arm amputated from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

Corp. John Hubbard, Co. A, had his leg amputated from the effects of wounds received by the hand of a guerrilla at Harper's Ferry, Va., Sept. 18th, 1862.

John Anderson, of Co. H, had his right hand amputated from the effects of a wound received at Fort Gilmer, Sep. 29th, 1864.

David R. Brewer, of Co. D, had his right arm shot off at the shoulder at the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

James P Caldwell, of Co. A, had his left leg

amputated from the effects of a wound received at the charge of Cemetery Hill, Va., July 30th, 1864.

Mark Cockran, of Co. C, had his arm amputated from the effects of a wound by a shell at Coal Harbor, Va.

Thomas Connolly, of Co. H, had his leg amputated by the rebels at Tallahassee, Fla.

Philander Doxtater of Co. E, lost his right arm at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug., 16th, 1864.

James English, of Co. D, lost his right arm Sept. 7th, 1862, enlisted again in June, 1863, in the 5th U. S. Regulars, and was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness and on the Weldon railroad.

Andrew J. Freeman, of Co. C, had his left leg amputated from the effects of wounds received at Chesterfield Heights, Va.

Ambrose W Kirkham, of Co. A, had his left leg amputated from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

E. C. Slocum, of Co. I, lost his arm at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864.

John A. Smith of Co. E, lost a leg in battle at Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864. The name of this soldier was published in the papers as having died in the Poplar Lawn hospital at Petersburg, Va. Later information shows that he still lives.

William Smith, of Co. C, lost an arm during the assault on Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865.

Thomas Snook, of Co. G, had his right arm ampu-

tated from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864.

John Traver, of Co. K, lost his right arm in front of Petersburg, Va., July 30th, 1864.

George Vandercook, of Co. H, had his right hand amputated from the effects of a wound received at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864.

Waldo Young, of Co. C, had his leg amputated from effects of injuries received by explosion of the magazine at Fort Fisher, N. C.

THE HEROES WHO BORE OUR FLAGS.

Charles B. Fellows, Co. H, was born in the town of Malta, Saratoga Co., N. Y., on the 14th day of April, 1838. At an early age he moved to the village of Mechanicsville, where he was engaged in the mercantile business with his father, when he enlisted in defense of that flag he loved so well. When the company organised at Fonda, they elected him corporal by a large majority; and in November, 1863, he was promoted to sergeant for soldierly conduct. For a long time he acted as commissary sergeant for the company, and in the spring of '64 was honored by being appointed to the responsible position of color sergeant. He carried his flag in every battle from Olustee to Fort Gilmer and won lasting glory and renown. He bore his flag gloriously at the battle of Chesterfield Heights where his brother color sergeant was wounded, four of his color guard shot, and the flag pierced by many bullets. He bore the flag through all the

battles around Drury's Bluff and Proctor's Creek, when the army of the James were thundering at the gates of Richmond. At the battle of Coal Harbor he kept way in advance of the regiment, planted his colors on the enemy's works, regardless of the rebels swarming around, and kept them there until the 115th swept up with the Union cheer, and captured 250 prisoners. Each day during the siege of the Chickahominy he planted the stars and stripes on our breastworks, that the rebels might behold the glorious folds of freedom. During the long and bloody siege of Petersburg, with his own hands, he unfurled the battle-stained flag to the breeze each day. One night we received orders to charge a powerful rebel fort, and we all knew that if the order was carried out it would be almost certain death to the regiment. As many thought so, they wrote their last farewell notes to their loved ones at home, and smoked their last earthly pipe. Charley was as calm and cool as though nothing extraordinary was about to transpire, and stood up in majestic dignity. "Lieutenant, if I am shot, look out for the flag," he said, as he began to unfurl his sacred trust. Beautiful words! Noble fellow! He thought not of his own life; his only anxieties were for his country's flag. At the charge of Cemetery Hill he was the first man in the color company on the top of our works. With flashing eyes he turned towards the regiment and shouted, "The order is 'Forward,' tell the boys to come on," and he waved the colors, dashed to-

ward the rebel works through a fearful storm of grape and cannister, and planted his standard upon the crest of Cemetery Hill. But the rebels could not let it remain there long, without surrendering the city of Petersburg; so they countercharged to drive us back. In a few moments, the whole Union army, with the exception of a portion of the 115th, were swept back like a breath of air, in the greatest confusion. Sergeant Fellows kept his flag upon his works, and brave hearts defended it until the rebels swarmed around, and all hopes of successful resistance had fled. To escape capture, which all considered as worse than death, the little party started to return; and the rebels exasperated at seeing their supposed prisoners rushing from their bloody grasp, poured volley after volley of bullets after the flag, its bearer, and defenders. All but two of the party reached the Union lines in safety; but the staff was twice cut off in Charlie's hands, and eight musket balls and a grape shot tore through the bleeding flag. At Bermuda Hundreds Captain Smith asked him if he would take the right of the company, which was equivalent to promotion. He instantly replied, "No sir, I can't give up the old flag." The storming of Fort Gilmer was his last battle with the enemies of his country. The regiment had driven the rebels nearly four miles, and were preparing to charge a heavy fort, which promised to be a desperate undertaking. One of the boys remarked that it was not of any use to try to capture that fort, for it couldn't

be done; then Charlie again exhibited his fearless nature. Said he, "If we were all like you, we would never accomplish anything. The charge commenced, and while leading the regiment, he was about the first one to fall. A bullet passed through his right leg, when two of his faithful comrades, Corporal George T. Hoag and Peter Butler undertook to bear him from the field, but fate was against them. He was such a heavy man, and the tide of battle was against the Union army, so he had to be left on the field to the mercies of the rebels. He lay there suffering in the greatest agony for twenty-four hours, besides being obliged to endure the taunts of his heartless enemies. A cruel, unfeeling rebel came along, and instead of trying to help him to some hospital, as the dictates of humanity should have prompted him, said, "You've got it now, aint you, Yank?" Another of the chivalry took his cap and threw down his own dirty grey in return. To another he gave his watch to carry him to some place of comfort. The rebel remained absent for five long hours, leaving him to suffer the pangs of hunger, to shiver beneath the piercing blast of a cool September night, and to suffer the untold horrors of burning and choking thirst. At last he was conveyed to a hospital; and there, far away from any friend, and surrounded by fiends in human form, they performed a wretched amputation upon his leg, but did not wring from him a single groan. They starved the brave man nearly to death, then granted a parole,

and he reached Annapolis, Md., where his wife and father saw him die. He was buried with military honors in the cemetery at Mechanicsville. Although a heavy snow storm was raging on the day of the funeral, the church was crowded to overflowing with sympathizing friends. All the stores, factories and places of business were closed in respect to his memory, and the entire town was wrapt in mourning. A beautiful inscription placed above the pulpit in the church, read:

> He gave up his life, his country to save,
> And claimed for the sacrifice only a grave.

Peter J. Keck, Co. E, was one of the brave men who bore our flag through many battles, and yet lives to receive the thanks of his countrymen. He was born at Ephratah, Fulton Co., N. Y., on the 12th day of September, 1838, and was a farmer by occupation. At the terrible battle of Olustee he stood twenty paces in advance of the regiment for over three hours, and was one of the last men in the Union army to leave the field. His flag was pierced, his color guard of ten corporals nearly annihilated, and his person a bold mark for the enemy; yet in the midst of death he escaped with his life. When death came the thickest, and when a heart of iron might well quail, he waved the glorious old flag and thus inspired the hearts of his comrades anew. He won the unbounded respect and admiration of all, and his general complimented him on the spot. He was wounded in no less than four different battles, and now carries

the scars of honor upon his person. Every inch a hero, yes, a perfect giant in battle, he is among the most modest and unassuming of men; and what is better than all, he is a thorough going Christian. At Olustee he was wounded in the thumb, but refused to leave the field. At Chesterfield Heights he was wounded in the left thigh, the flag staff in his hand was cut off, and he fell saying; "Hang on to the flag, boys, hang on to the flag." At Deep Bottom he was wounded severely in the knee while striving to plant his flag in the enemy's works. During the fierce charge of Fort Fisher, he was wounded for the fourth and last time in the right breast. This noble man returned to his native county with laurels on his brow and with a fire of patriotism burning in his breast. His fellow citizens will be glad to do him homage, for he shines among the galaxy of heroes of Fulton county. The old Empire state is glad to claim him as her son, and all the people call him blessed.

Abbott C. Musgrove, Co. H, was born in the town of Bristol, New Hampshire, but took up his abode in Cohoes, N. Y., when quite young. He was a knitter by trade, and 19 years of age. An older brother is 1st Lieut. in the 1st U. S. Regiment of repentant rebels, now serving against the Indians in the western wilds. Abbott was a good, brave, patriotic, Christian soldier, and his mind was stored with a world of knowledge for one of his years. He was promoted to corporal for good conduct, and did honor to the position. For a long time he held

the position of hospital steward in one of the large hospitals at Beaufort, S. C., and at different times acted as guard to the colors of the regiment. He was a strong, conscientious, devoted Christian, and amid all the wickedness abounding in camp, preserved his Christian integrity, and lived a pure and holy life. He was temperate in drink, food, and language. No matter how warm or how cold the day, or how fierce the battle raged, not a drop of strong drink polluted his lips. When offered his ration of whiskey, his reply was, "I do not drink." Although young in years, he possessed a wonderful knowledge of the merits of the great issue before the country, and was a warm and uncompromising Unionist. His hatred against the institution of slavery was of the most intense nature, and every pulsation of his kind and generous heart beat loud for liberty and freedom to all men, and true to the Union. His love of country bordered on the sublime, and next to his God he loved the land of his birth. Many times he expressed himself as willing to die in defense of the starry flag, and when the occasion offered, he did not falter, but bore it aloft, and fell, bathing its folds in his own best blood. Though small in stature, and as fair as a girl in complexion, and seemingly as timid, he was sick scarcely a day from the time he entered the service until the day of his death, and was always found at the post of duty, of danger, and of honor. He kept a complete journal of all the passing events of his life, and the

rich pages were the productions of no ordinary mind. He passed through many battles, and endured many hardships and trials, which only served to increase his devotion to the sacred cause of freedom, and to add new glories to the beautiful temple of liberty. At the battle of Deep Bottom, after two of his comrades had fallen while bearing the regimental battle flag, and when it was sure death to any man who dared to hold it in his hands, Abbott sprang forward unhesitatingly and grasped it, and then unfurled its starry folds to the breeze of heaven, when a bullet crashed through his brain, and he fell with a mortal wound. His fellow soldiers, at the risk of their own lives, carried him nearly a mile from the field, where he breathed his last in their arms. The last words uttered on earth by this young Christian soldier were, "I die happy." He died as he had lived, happy in the Lord, and his country lost a true patriot and a noble son. His body was placed beneath the sod in the great graveyard of Virginia, and the beautiful flowers and green grass growing around his tomb were watered by the best blood of the north. The grave may never again be found, for no kind head-board marks the place, and no gentle mound rises over the dead hero's bones. The soldiers dug a scant hole in the ground, and wrapped in a suit of blue, they laid him gently down, took the last look at their dead comrade, brushed a few tears from their bronzed cheeks, and then covered his lifeless form with earth.

James K. P. Himes, Co. H, was born at Rocky Hill, Mass., and resided in the village of Cohoes, Albany Co., where he enlisted. He was a blacksmith by trade, and 18 years of age. An older brother served with distinction in the 177th N. Y. Vols. James was promoted to corporal early in 1864, and soon afterward received the star of color corporal. Kind, courteous and respectful to all, he had many warm friends. Gallant and brave to a fault, he was admired by every true soldier. Patriotic, truthful, and a powerful advocate of freedom, he stood in the front ranks of liberty. He was in thirteen engagements, was wounded in the cheek at Olustee, but remained with the company. During the battle of Deep Bottom the color sergeant was shot, when James sprang forward and said to Charlie Fellows, who had picked it up, "Give me that flag;" he waved it quickly, and then shouted "Come on boys, don't stop for that!" and then led the regiment. A bullet soon struck him in the breast, passed through his right lung and lodged in his knapsack, inflicting a mortal wound. He fell forward, and with his dying breath whispered, "Good bye, Charlie; I die for my country!" These were his last words on earth, and the young patriot breathed his last on the battle field, amid the roar and smoke of battle, with his eyes resting upon the stars and stripes. After the work of slaughter was finished for the day, a party from the company searched among the piles of dead for his body, but it could not be found, and was doubtless buried in

a trench with a number of others. He died the death of a hero, and his remains lie uncoffined in the soil of Virginia.

Lieut. Col. N. J. Johnson took the flag at Fort Gilmer, after two color bearers had been shot, and in the most gallant manner led the regiment, receiving a painful wound in the shoulder which injured the bone.

Corp. Peter Butler, Co. H, took the flag from the wounded color sergeant at Fort Gilmer, and led the regiment until painfully wounded in the leg. He was a model soldier and engaged in nearly every battle in the regiment.

Sergt. James D. Thompson, Co. C, and another brave sergeant of the same gallant company, bore the flags with honor at Maryland Heights, and Bolivar Heights, in 1862.

THE FLAGS.

One of the three flags presented to the regiment in August, 1862, was torn to pieces at Fort Fisher, N C., and the pieces were divided among some of the officers. The others were deposited at the bureau of military statistics, at the capital of the state; and those desiring to see two war-worn banners can find them there, numbered 127 and 128.

Before returning home, the government presented the regiment with two beautiful silk flags, and upon the stars and stripes are inscribed the following principal battles, viz:

Maryland Heights, Sept. 13th, 1862. Bolivar Heights, Sept. 15th, 1862. Olustee, Feb. 20th, 1864. Chesterfield Heights, May 7th, 1864. Weir Bottom Church, May 12th, 1864. Drury's Bluff, May 14th, 1864. Proctor's Creek, May 16th, 1864. Coal Harbor, June 1st, 1864. Petersburg, July 30th, 1864. Deep Bottom, Aug. 16th, 1864. Fort Gilmer, Sept. 29th, 1864. Darbytown Road, Oct. 27th, 1864. Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865. Wilmington, Feb. 22d, 1865.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

The following is a complete list of the battles and skirmishes fought by the regiment:

1. Maryland Heights, Md., Sept. 13th, 1862. 2. Bolivar Heights, Sept. 15th, 1862. 3. West Point, Va., Jan. 8th, 1863. 4. Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 7th, 1864. 5. Camp Finnegan, Fla., Feb. 8th, 1864. 6. Baldwin, Fla., Feb. 9th, 1864. 7 Sanderson, Fla., Feb. 11th, 1864. 8. Callahan Station, Fla., Feb. 14th, 15th and 16th, 1864. 9. Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864. 10. Pilatka, Fla., March 10th, 1864. 11. Bermuda Hundreds, Va., May 5th, 1864. 12. Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864. 13. Old Church, Va., May 9th, 1864. 14. Weir Bottom Church, May 12th, 1864. 15. Drury's Bluff, May 14th, 1864. 16. Proctor's Creek, Va., May 16th, 1864. 17 Coal Harbor, Va., June 1st, 1864. 18. Siege and battle of the Chickahominy. 19. Siege and battles of Petersburg, June 23d to July 30th, 1864. 20. Battle and

charge of Cemetery Hill, Va., July 30th, 1864. 21. Port Walthall Junction, Va., May 16th, 1864. 22. Battles of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 17th, and 18th, 1864. 23. Fort Gilmer, Sept. 29th, 1864. 24. Darbytown Road, Va., Oct. 27th, 1864. 25. 1st Expedition to Fort Fisher, N. C., Dec., 1864. 26. Assault and capture of Fort Fisher, Jan. 15th, 1865. 27. Explosion of the Magazine, Fort Fisher, Jan. 16th, 1865. 28. Fort Anderson, N. C., Feb. 19th, 1865. 29. Advance on Sugar Loaf batteries, N. C., Feb. 20th, 1865. 30. Wilmington, N. C., Feb. 22d, 1865.

OFFICERS OF THE 115TH,

Col. Simeon Sammons, resided near the village of Fonda, Montgomery Co., N. Y., when he entered the service. Previous to the war he had been colonel of the militia, and had held many positions of trust in his native town and county. When it was proposed to raise the 115th Regiment, the war committee immediately selected him for its colonel, and he did all in his power to recruit the regiment and to have it thoroughly organized. He was commissioned colonel by Governor Morgan in August, 1862, and followed the fortunes of the regiment for more than two years. He took a deep interest in the regiment, and always took care that it had its rights. The colonel was brave and gallant on the battle field, and never turned his back to the foe. At Olustee he fought with his regiment splendidly, and his voice could be heard encouraging on the

men amid the rattle of musketry and booming of cannon. He rode along the line continually, and was always in the thickest of the fight. He was wounded slightly in the hand, and received a musket ball through his foot, shattering it badly. Although bleeding profusely from his wound he kept on his horse for half an hour. For a long time his life was despaired of and amputation deemed almost necessary to save life, but under kind care and skilfull treatment his foot was saved. He recovered and took command of the regiment the day before the explosion of Burnside's mine. During the charge of Cemetery Hill the color company were nearly surrounded and in great danger of being cut to pieces. The colonel came to aid in protecting the flag, when a rebel a few yards from him raised his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired, the ball passing through the fleshy part of his legs, inflicting a severe wound. His military life is without a single blot, and he bears the reputation among all his officers and men of being a gallant soldier. During the fall of 1864 he was elected to the assembly from Montgomery Co., when he resigned his commission and was honorably discharged from the service.

Col. N. J. Johnson first entered the army as a captain in the 93d N. Y He was commissioned lieutenant colonel, and took command of the 115th Regiment in May, 1864. At Bermuda Hundreds, Va., he had a horse shot dead from under him. During the battle of Deep Bottom he had command

of the brigade and was wounded in the hand. At Fort Gilmer he was severely wounded in the shoulder while carrying the regimental battle flag. At Fort Fisher he has the credit of being the first brigade commander who entered the fort. He was slightly wounded during the assault. He was a brave officer, and fought well in every battle in which he engaged. He commanded the regiment when it arrived home, and was recommended for promotion to colonel. He resided at Ballston, Saratoga Co., was a lawyer by profession, and was formerly judge of Fulton county.

Lieut. Col. George S. Batcheller was born in Saratoga county, N. Y. He studied law when quite young, and soon took a high position as a lawyer of ability. He was married to the daughter of the Hon. James M. Cook, state senator and ex-state treasurer. When the war began he was engaged in his profession at Ballston Spa, and took strong grounds in favor of the government. When it was proposed to raise the 115th Regiment he entered upon the work of filling up the ranks with great zeal, and was eminently successful. He was appointed and commissioned Lt. Col. of the regiment, and accompanied it to the seat of war, where he took part in all the operations in the Shenandoah valley, including the battles of Maryland and Bolivar Heights, and the seige of Harper's Ferry. He endured the fatigues and sufferings of the long march made after the Harper's Ferry surrender, and served the country faithfully while in the army.

At Hilton Head, S. C., he was assistant provost marshal general of the department of the south for a considerable period, and discharged the arduous duties connected with his office in the most creditable manner. He was on detached service in Elmira, N. Y., and late in 1863 he resigned his commission and resumed the practice of law. Gov. Fenton selected him to serve on his staff as inspector general of the state, with the rank of brigadier general.

Lieut. Col. E. L. Walrath was born in Lenox, Madison Co., N Y., on the 2d day of May, 1827 He came to the city of Syracuse in 1847, and has since made that town his home. He is a manufacturer of jewelry and gold pens by occupation. He served for many years in various military organizations in the state, and in 1861 entered the field against the south. He was elected captain of the Syracuse Citizens Corps, August, 1853, Lt. Col. of the 51st N. Y. S. M. in Dec., 1853, Col. of the same regiment in 1859, and was appointed Col. of the 12th N Y Vols., May 7th, 1861. He served under Mc Clellan and Mc Dowell nearly a year, was taken sick, resigned and again entered the service as captain of Co. I, 115th N Y. Vols., Aug. 26th, 1862. He was appointed major of the 115th, Nov. 24th, 1863, served with it, and had command of it in a large number of battles. He was appointed Lt. Col., April 29th, 1865. He had the honor of commanding the gallant 3d brigade in the battle of Deep Bottom, Aug. 16th, 1864, and was wounded

in the side by a fragment of shell. He had command of the brave 1st brigade at the eapture of Fort Fisher after Gen. Curtis was wounded. At Olustee his shoulder straps were shot away. At Chesterfield Heights his horse was shot from under him, and he had a second killed in another battle. He was provost marshal in Beaufort, S. C., in 1863, and in Magnolia, N C., in 1865. He fought in about thirty battles, and was mustered out with the regiment.

Major Patrick H. Cowen resided in Saratoga Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y., at the time the regiment was organized. He was a son of the late lamented Judge Cowen, and a lawyer by profession. He recruited a large portion of Co. G, was commissioned as major of the regiment, and served with it until June, 1863, when he resigned his eommission and resumed the practiee of law. He had a eonsiderable number of warm friends in the regiment, who regretted to part with so able an officer.

Surgeon Carrington McFarland entered the service early in the war in the 81st N Y Vols. He was promoted to assistant surgeon in that regiment and served for a long time with distinction in Virginia. In 1863 he was commissioned surgeon of the 115th Regiment, and immediately joined it at Hilton Head, S. C. He served with it through all its bloody battles and dreary marches from that time. At Olustee he established his quarters so elose to the battle field that he was obliged to move several times, and regardless of his own personal

safety worked with the wounded until night. In Virginia he remained frequently under the heaviest fire, so as to be able to assist the wounded the moment they were hurt. He gave entire satisfaction to the great mass of the regiment, and many of his old associates will ever think of him with feelings of gratitude.

Surgeon Richard E. Sutton was a practising physician of distinguished reputation in St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y., when the war broke out. At the organization of the 115th he was commissioned as its surgeon, and labored hard with it for a long time. He was eminently successful as a surgeon in the army, and obtained a great reputation. He was prostrated with a fever at Hilton Head, S. C., in 1863, and was compelled to leave the service.

Assistant Surgeon Samuel Peters has resided in the village of Crescent, Saratoga county, N. Y., for a number of years. At the organization of the 115th, he left a large practice and a beautiful home, to accept the position of assistant surgeon in the regiment. At Harper's Ferry he acted nobly and cared for the sick and wounded like a brother. At Chicago, Ill., he labored among the sick and dying night and day, until nature could no longer stand the strain, and he was prostrated with a withering fever. At last his health became so impaired that he was reluctantly compelled to resign, and he returned to his home, followed by the blessings of his comrades. In the army he bore the reputation

of being a careful, skillful, and a kind and humane physician.

Assistant Surgeon H. H. Ingerson was a homeopathic physician in the village of Fonda, Montgomery, Co., N Y., when the rebellion began. He was commissioned assistant surgeon of the 115th, at the date of its organization, and accompanied it to the field. He was overcome by the poisonous air in South Carolina, and in October, 1863, was honorably discharged from the service on account of physical disability.

Assistant Surgeon John P Perry, Jr., was appointed to the regiment in 1863. He joined it in South Carolina and was very quickly taken with the terrible southern fever, and by reason of severe sickness was obliged to resign.

Assistant Surgeon John D. Watson entered the 115th Regiment in 1864, and served with it through some hard campaigns, and was mustered out March 22d, 1865, to accept commission in 17th N. Y. Vols.

Rev. S. W Clemens was born in the town of Hyde Park, Lamoille county, Vt., in 1818. For twenty-two years he has been connected with the Troy conference of the M. E. church, as a traveling preacher. He was commissioned chaplain, and went out with the 115th Regiment in Aug., 1862, remaining until the 15th of September, 1864, being the only chaplain the regiment ever had. He labored hard with the regiment, and during the bloody campaign of '64 in Virginia,

probably worked harder than any chaplain in the army. He rode day after day many miles through the hot sun, to procure delicacies for the sick, and early and late was engaged in boiling tea and coffee for the men. He did not hesitate to go where the bullets flew if his work called him there. At Drury's Bluff he went out on the skirmish line under a heavy fire, to aid in rescuing the wounded, and being much worn out lay down to sleep while the balls were flying past. In a letter to the author he says:

"As chaplain of a regiment in the army, I found I had much to learn; and that do the best I could, it was impossible to give universal satisfaction. I am satisfied, however, that the 115th contained as noble a class of men, both officers and privates, as could be found in the service. The regiment was enlisted at a time when large bounties did not tempt the cupidity of men, and most of our men enlisted out of pure patriotism. A history of the peculiar sacrifices and sufferings of the regiment I need not write, as your proposed book will contain them, written by an abler hand.

The moral and religious condition of the regiment during most of the time I was in the service, I am convinced was as good as most regiments in the service. Many of the men were from the different churches, and many more during our stay at Hilton Head, S. C., became truly pious. About one hundred and fifty professed faith in Christ, and I had the pleasure on one Sabbath of conse-

crating forty-eight of our noble men to God in baptism.

"The old regiment is about to be mustered out of service, having accomplished that for which the men enlisted, the putting down of the great rebellion, and sustaining the government and constitution. But alas! many of those noble men who went out so full of life, courage, and patriotism, will never return. They sleep in a southern soil. Sleep in a soldier's grave, where soldiers' hands have laid them. To do justice to the dead, and many of the living of the regiment, would require an abler pen than mine. Few if any regiments in the service, were better officered than ours. Col. Sammons, although he found it, as did the writer of this article, impossible to give universal satisfaction, was a good officer, and has left the service with honorable scars which he will carry to his grave.

"From his kindness to me, as well as the readiness he ever manifested to aid me in my work, and the great respect with which he ever treated religious service and effort in the regiment, has greatly endeared him to me, and I shall ever respect and love him."

Lieut. Olney, who fell at Fort Fisher, was as brave as a lion, and in every respect a noble young man; and the record of those officers was the record of many of the privates that fell in the ranks. But time would fail me to enumerate, and distinctions would be invidious.

Adjutant Thomas R. Horton was born in the town of Charleston, Montgomery Co., N. Y., on the 18th day of April, 1823. At an early age he entered a printing office, where he not only learned the printer's trade, but by diligent study and self culture, acquired a liberal business education. In 1841, with the means which he had saved by his industry, and upon a credit which his good name gave him, he purchased the Montgomery *Whig* establishment at Fultonville. The paper is now known as the *Republican*, and he has ever since, except while he was in the army, continued to be its editor and proprietor. He was successful in business, and soon obtained an influential position among the leading men of the state. He has held various positions of honor and trust, and has never failed of an election when a candidate before the people. In 1854 he was the Whig candidate for congress in the 18th district, comprising the counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Fulton, and Schoharie, and was elected by a large majority. In the 34th congress he was noted for his faithful attention to the duties of his office, and for the fidelity with which he represented the sentiments of the masses of the people of his district upon the great questions of public policy which then agitated the country. In 1860 he was one of the delegates from New York to the national convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he entered earnestly into the work of securing volunteers for the

Union armies, and was among the foremost in his section in contributing means for volunteer bounties, and aid to the families of soldiers. In 1862 he was appointed by Governor Morgan chairman of the 18th district military committee.

At the first meeting of the committee, measures were taken for raising the 115th Regiment. He consented to accept the office of adjutant, though he had previously declined to accept positions of superior rank from distrust of his own ability to creditably discharge their duties, having had no previous military experience. On the 28th of July, 1862, he enlisted at Albany, and was mustered in as adjutant. In less than thirty days he had mustered in the entire regiment, which comprised as fine a body of men as was ever organized in the state. During the same period he prepared his regimental books and muster rolls, made his daily reports, attended a school of officers to perfect himself in military tactics, and gave the necessary attention to organizing and disciplining the men. He accompanied the regiment to the seat of war in the Shenandoah valley, Va., shared its fatiguing marches, its dangers and privations at Charleston, Maryland Heights, Bolivar Heights and Harper's Ferry. He was ever content to share the often coarse and scanty rations of the private soldiers, and to lay down with them at night upon the bare ground without shelter. The hardships of this campaign brought on disease, yet he continued to discharge his duties until utterly prostrated, when under the

advice of physicians he was compelled to resign. His resignation was accepted, and he was honorably discharged on the 28th of February, 1863. He merited and enjoyed the respect and confidence of his brother officers and of the entire regiment. He is one of the thousands of true men, who, in this great war for the preservation of the Union, have shown their devotion to the cause of their country to be paramount to all other considerations.

Captain Hugh S. Sanford was born in Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., N. Y., and was engaged in the mercantile business in the village of Amsterdam, when the war broke out. He entered the regiment in August, 1862, as 2d Lieut. of Co. D, and was promoted to 1st Lieut. and adjutant, April 15th, 1863. He possessed the finest voice of any officer in the regiment, and his word of command sounded as clear as a trumpet. He served in the army for nearly three years and was engaged in a large number of battles and skirmishes. At Hilton Head, S. C., the officers presented him with a fine horse. He served for a long time on the staff of the 3rd Brig. 2d Div. 10th Corps, and accompanied the remains of the lamented Col. Bell to his home in New Hampshire. He was slightly wounded in the hand at the battle of Coal Harbor, Va., June 1st, 1864, and received a furlough in consequence.

Quartermaster Martin McMartin resided at Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y., was a lawyer by

profession, and left a fine practice to accept the position of quartermaster in the 115th Regiment. He entered the regiment in August, 1862, and served faithfully with it for nearly three years, being the only quartermaster it ever had.

Captain Garret Van Deveer resided in the village of Fultonville, Montgomery Co., was a coal merchant by occupation, and like many others, left a young wife, a large circle of warm friends and the many endearments of home to take up the sword in defense of our country. He entered the service as Capt. of Co. A, which rank he held to the day of his death. At Olustee, Fla., while gallantly cheering on his men he was badly wounded through the thigh, and although weak and pale from the loss of blood, refused to leave the field; and steadying himself with his sword continued to fight. When the conflict was raging the most furiously, and when the red tide of blood drenched the soil like rain he was shot through the right lung and fell to the ground under a mortal wound. His faithful comrades bore him through the swamps a distance of nineteen miles, when he rode all day and the most of the next night in an open car, never as much as sighing, though suffering extreme pain. At Jacksonville he was placed on a hospital boat and conveyed to Beaufort, S. C. When he breathed, the blood filled his mouth, and as he lay it soaked the sheets and bedding; still the brave man never complained. Upon reaching Beaufort, Chaplain Harris came up to the captain and said;

"Are you wounded badly?" He replied, "Some think I'm not, but I think I am." He had barely reached Beaufort when death came to his relief, and he died on the 24th day of February, 1864, and was buried beneath the soil where treason first breathed hostility to the Union. The funeral was largely attended, and the military and the order of Free Masons, of which he was a member, accompanied his honored remains to the grave. Col. Sammons desired to take the remains of the captain home; so the corpse was taken up and sent to Hilton Head, and inclosed in a metallic coffin. It was not permitted to go on the steamer at that time, and several sick and wounded soldiers from the regiment buried him in the soldiers' grave-yard at Hilton Head, S. C. General Seymour caused a redoubt in the fortifications at Jacksonville to be named Van Deveer, in honor of his memory, and noticed the captain's gallantry in general orders. Had he lived, a Lieut. Col's commission would have been his. A brother served as an officer in the Union army.

Captain Sol. P Smith was born in Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N. Y., Aug. 13th, 1830. He began to recruit the first company for the 115th Regiment in July, 1862. He was and is yet, "loyal to the back bone," and made some stirring addresses before the people, urging them to sacrifice everything and protect the honor and life of the nation. Like a true man and a brave soldier, he accompanied his command to the field, and fought with it

in every battle until he was disabled, and thus compelled to leave the service.

If ever there was a brave officer in the Union army, the subject of this sketch was one. At Olustee he commanded his company with the greatest skill and gallantry, and when the battle closed he marched it off in perfect order. When the Union line was broken at all points, and it was said the rebels were marching to attack, he deployed his company across the road and in the woods, stopped every Union soldier who approached, and soon had a new line of battle formed of several hundred men. He was struck by a spent bullet. He was provost marshal at Pilatka, Fla., and with his company made some daring raids into the interior of the state, capturing numbers of the enemy, and keeping the different rebel camps in constant commotion. For the great success attending one of these raids, the captain and his men were noticed in general orders, and officially complimented by General Hatch. General Gilmore also expressed his thanks to the captain for the zeal and ability displayed by him on that occasion. He had nearly sixty Union men in the different rebel camps in Florida, who gave him early information of any movement about to take place among the enemy.

At Petersburg and Coal Harbor he built most of the advance line of works in front of the 3d Brigade, and at the last named place engaged in mining a rebel fort. With his company he aided

in covering the evacuation of Coal Harbor, when Gen. Grant changed his base to the James.

He was the first man to enter the powerful line of works at Drury's Bluff, and commanded an immense skirmish line in that battle. He there had the power to take one company of each regiment in the division, and storm a rebel fort, but on examining the position closely, he found it would cost a great many men to take it; so he modestly and humanely decided not to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers.

At the charge of Cemetery Hill he fought until the last and was struck in the breast by a spent ball. At Deep Bottom his left arm was shattered at the elbow, and bullets pierced his foot, leg, and cheek. His arm was amputated and he reached the hospital at Fortress Monroe, where for a long time faint hopes were entertained of his recovery; but he finally gained strength and went home, and being unable to perform active service in the field, was honorably discharged from the service on the 14th day of June, 1865.

He was provost marshal at Hilton Head, S. C., and at Sanderson and Baldwin, Fla., and was acting quartermaster at Elmira, N. Y., for several months. He was in twenty-two battles and skirmishes, and always fought with the most determined bravery, gaining the admiration of all. On the election of Gov. Fenton he was appointed assistant inspector general of the state of New York, with the rank of Lieut. Col.

The people of Florida were accustomed to say of him, that he did more work than any general ever in command there; and although he was very strict, yet both Union men and rebels honored, loved, and feared him.

Captain W W French was born in Proctorsville, Vt., Sept. 2d, 1835, brought up a farmer boy, graduated at the New York Normal School, Albany, in Feb. 1859, and taught school until elected school commissioner of the 2d assembly district, Saratoga Co., which office he held when he entered the service as captain of Co. F, in July, 1862. While bravely fighting the enemy he was badly wounded in the right ancle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and was discharged for physical disability, June 11th, 1864. He resides in the town of Wilton, Saratoga Co., and intends to devote the remainder of his life to farming. While in the service he took good care of his company, was always on duty, paid strict attention to military discipline, and ranked among the first in the regiment. At Olustee he went into the fight with fifty-nine men, and forty beside himself were either killed, wounded, or missing. A brother commanded the 77th N. Y Vols, and served through the war with distinction.

Major Edgar B. Savage, of Saratoga Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y., first entered the service in Aug. 1862, as Capt. of Co. G, 115th Regiment, being with one exception the youngest officer in it. He was taken sick at Yorktown, Va., with a fever, and for a long time but little hope was entertained

for his recovery. Upon reaching home he received the best care and the most skillful treatment, and was permitted to join his regiment in the department of the south. He bravely commanded his company in 26 battles and skirmishes. At Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864, a twelve pound shell from the enemy knocked him senseless, cut the back of his coat, severed his suspenders, and bruised his back badly. Just before the explosion at Fort Fisher, in company with several other officers, he visited a distant part of the fort to examine the work, and thus escaped the effects of that terrible affair. After serving faithfully in the 115th for nearly three years, he was transferred to the 47th N. Y., at Raleigh, N. C., June 17th, 1865. He was recommended for promotion to major.

Captain Isaac E. Smith, born in Minden, Montgomery Co., N Y., and by occupation a farmer, entered the regiment as 2d sergeant of Co. B, promoted to 2d Lt., June 10th, 1863, to 1st Lt. in Co. C, Nov. 1st, 1864, and soon received a commission as captain. He was wounded severely in the shoulder at Olustee, and received a furlough in consequence. He served faithfully on the staff of the 2d Brig., 2d Div., 10th Corps, during the hard campaigns in Virginia and North Carolina, and on the 17th day of June, 1865, was transferred to the 47th N Y V

Capt. Willett Ferguson was born at Fort Plain, Montgomery Co., N. Y., Jan. 5th, 1832, resided in the village of Fonda, and was a merchant by occu-

pation. He entered the service as 1st Lieut. of Co. A, and was promoted to Capt., Feb. 24th, 1864. He was a very brave officer, and fought in fifteen battles besides numerous skirmishes. At Maryland Heights he seized a gun, mounted the breastworks, and fully exposed to the rebels, fired many rounds of ammunition, while a rebel sharpshooter shot at him no less than seven times, and afterward informed the captain that he was the first man his rifle ever missed with such a mark. When Gen. Miles surrendered Harper's Ferry, he broke his sword in pieces rather than let the rebels have it, and his friends at home presented him with a new one as a token of their esteem for him as a brave officer. At Maryland Heights he handled his company with great skill, and punished the rebels badly. He engaged in more than one battle when he ought to have been in the hospital, and was finally compelled to leave the army, being honorably discharged, Jan. 1st, 1864, on account of chronic disease of the liver, contracted in the department of the south. He commanded three different companies in the regiment, and gave universal satisfaction. One brother served in the army as captain in the cavalry, and another served in the navy.

Captain William Smith was born in the town of Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., N. Y., August 28th, 1824, was married to Miss Jane Lyan, Sept. 17th, 1851, and was a carriage maker by trade. He entered the service in July, 1862, as Capt. of Co. K, and had rank until the regiment was mustered out.

He had the honor of being the first officer in the regiment wounded. He was hurt severely in the leg at Maryland Heights, Sept. 13th, 1862, had to be left in the hands of the enemy, was paroled and exchanged, and joined the regiment at Yorktown, Va., in Jan., 1863, although still suffering from the effects of his wound. At Olustee the clothes he wore and a blanket were pierced with several bullets, and his body considerably bruised, yet he escaped without serious injury. He engaged in a large number of battles and skirmishes, and was mustered out with the regiment at Albany, N. Y., July 3d, 1865.

Captain John P. Kneeskern was born in Minden, Montgomery Co., N. Y., resided at St. Johnsville, and was by occupation a carpenter. He was commissioned and mustered as captain of Co. B, and held that position during the entire term of service of the regiment. His company was made up of a splendid class of young men, and many of them belonged to the best families in the western part of Montgomery county. There were privates in the company who were worth large fortunes. The subject of this sketch had the reputation of taking the best care of his company, and ever protected all his men in their rights, though he suffered in consequence himself. When a member of his company was sick he visited his bedside, and on more than one such occasion the tears of sympathy were observed streaming down his cheeks. He engaged in a great many battles and skirmishes, and had

numerous narrow escapes. At Olustee the rim of his hat was shot off, and at Fort Fisher he was injured by the explosion of the magazine, but remained at the post of duty. He was strict when on duty himself, and respected the man who performed his duty properly. He was discharged with the regiment at Albany, N. Y., July 3d, 1865.

Captain William H. McKittrick, resided in the village of Ballston, Saratoga Co., N Y When the great rebellion began to assume such gigantic proportions, he deemed it his duty to sacrifice every thing dear to his heart at home, to aid in upholding the government. He enlisted in the 115th Regiment, and was commissioned and mustered in as captain of Co. C, which rank he held until the day of his death. He served through the Mexican war as orderly sergeant, and had become a thorough soldier. It is believed that he commanded his company in every battle in which it was engaged to the day of his death; and although not blessed with a strong constitution, shared all the hardships with his men. He was most honorable in all his dealings with his fellow officers, and never willingly wronged any man. At one time he was in a position to receive promotion, but refused to accept it on the ground that others were more entitled to it. He possessed many virtues, and was loved and respected by the company he had the honor to command. He was fearless, gallant, brave, honorable and kind, and when he fell at the post of duty the regiment lost one of its best officers.

During the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Captain S. P Smith had his arm badly shattered at the elbow and was fast bleeding to death, when the subject of this sketch rushed up to him and tied a white handkerchief around the captain's arm, in the heat of battle, thus saving his life. At the assault on Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864, he was shot through the breast and fell into the hands of the enemy. He is supposed to have been killed, as he threw up his arm when struck and was not observed by his comrades to move afterwards.

Captain Fred. S. Moshier resided at Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y He was commissioned 1st Lt. of Co. C, and accompanied the regiment to the seat of war in August, 1862. He was promoted to captain in May, 1864, and mustered in as captain of Co. F He engaged in nearly all the battles with the regiment, and was a brave officer. He received final discharge at Albany, N Y., July 3d, 1865.

Captain David Kettle, of Canajoharie, Montgomery Co., N. Y., entered the 115th Regiment as 1st Lieut. of Co. I, and was afterward promoted to captain of the same company. At Olustee he fought gallantly, and while the bullets were flying thick and fast, the colonel rode up to him and requested him to be sure and keep the company in line. He replied, "Of course I will colonel, but the d—d scoundrels have reduced me to the ranks." "Reduced you to the ranks! What do you mean sir?" thundered the colonel in astonishment. "Why," continued the Lieut. (for he was a Lieut.

then), pointing first toward the rebels and then toward his shoulders, "they have shot away my shoulder straps." His superior officer saw the joke, and rode away with a broad smile upon his face. At Chesterfield Heights, Va., a shell from the enemy detached a limb from a tree which fell, and buried the captain considerably. After that he was taken severely ill and was honorably discharged from the service.

Captain Sidney D. Lingenfelter of Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., first entered the regiment as Capt. of Co. D, Aug. 26th, 1862. He held rank until Oct. 8th, 1864, when he was honorably discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Captain William H. Shaw, of Mayfield, Fulton Co., first entered the army as a captain in the famous Northern Black Horse Cavalry, and was mustered out with that regiment. He was commissioned and mustered in as captain of Co. E, 115th Regiment, Aug. 26th, 1862, and held the same rank until mustered out. He engaged in most of the battles with his company, and was wounded at two different times. At Olustee the point of his sword blade was shot off, and it is believed that he fired sixty rounds of ammunition at the enemy during the battle. At Coal Harbor he was wounded slightly in the leg but remained with his command. At Fort Fisher, N. C., he was much injured by the explosion of the magazine. He was mustered out with the regiment.

Captain Frank D. Barnum, of Charlton, Saratoga

Co., N. Y., entered the regiment Aug. 26th, 1862, as 2d Lieut. of Co. I. He was soon promoted to 1st Lieut., and in Feb. 1865, to captain of the same company. He served with distinction on the staff of the 2d Brig., 2d Div., 10th Corps, for a long period, and was transferred to the 47th N. Y., in June, 1865.

Captain Cyrus N Ballou, of Fonda, Montgomery Co., N. Y., enlisted as a private in Co. A, was appointed orderly sergeant Aug. 20th, 1862, received promotion to 2d Lieut. in 1864, and in 1865 to captain in the same company. He engaged in a large number of battles and did good fighting.

At Olustee he was slightly wounded. At Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 18th, 1864, he commanded a detachment of the regiment on the picket line. The rebels swept down in superior numbers, and the captain refusing to retreat, was taken prisoner by the enemy, fighting to the last. He was placed in numerous southern prisons and suffered as prisoners generally do at the south. He was exchanged in 1865, and as usual, started promptly for the front, and served with the regiment until it was mustered out, and received final discharge.

First Lieut. Thomas Wayne, of Florida, Montgomery Co., entered the regiment on the 26th day of August, 1862, as 1st Lieut. of Co. D. He served with his company through the Maryland and Virginia campaign, through the campaign of Florida in 1864, and did service in Virginia until after the regiment moved to Petersburg. He commanded

his company at Olustee with skill. At Chesterfield Heights, Va., a bullet broke the hilt of his sword, and two others passed through his coat, yet strange to say, he escaped injury. He enjoyed poor health while in the army, and was bowed down with sorrow when the news reached him of the death of his two children. He was honorably discharged from the service on surgeon's certificate of disability, Feb. 22d, 1865.

Captain A. C. Slocum resided in Fulton Co., N. Y., and entered the regiment Aug. 26th, 1862, as 2d Lieut. of Co. E. He was afterward promoted to 1st Lieut., and in 1865 commanded companies A and H. He engaged in nearly all the battles with the regiment and escaped remarkably well. He was post treasurer at Beaufort, S. C., and went home to recruit men for the regiment, after Olustee. His time not expiring prior to Oct. 1st, 1865, he was transferred to the 47th N. Y Vols.

First Lieut. Jacob Haines, of Fulton Co., N. Y., first entered the army in the Northern Black Horse Cavalry, and was mustered out with that regiment. He entered the 115th, Aug. 26th, 1862, and was appointed orderly sergeant of Co. E. He was commissioned 1st Lieut. in 1863, and held that rank until discharged. He engaged in the operations at Harper's Ferry, Maryland, and Bolivar Heights, in Sept., 1862, and took part in the battle of Olustee, after which he sent in his resignation, and was honorably discharged from the service.

First Lieut. Frank Abbott, of Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y., entered the regiment Aug. 26th, 1862, as 1st Lieut. of Co. E. He was with the regiment during the campaign of 1862, and resigned Oct. 15th, 1862, at Chicago, Ill.

First Lieut. Henry Diefendorf, of Canajoharie, Montgomery Co., N. Y., entered the regiment Aug. 26th, 1862, as 1st Lieut. of Co. B, served with his company until after it reached the department of the south, when he resigned his commission and was discharged from the service.

First Lieut. James M. Hill was born in the town of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., N Y., July 3d, 1836, and was a shoemaker by trade. He enlisted in Co. K as a private, was appointed sergeant at the muster in of the company, promoted to 1st sergeant Oct. 30th, 1862, and commissioned 2d Lieut. Nov. 25th, 1863, in place of Francis H. Francisco, promoted. He was transferred to the 47th N. Y. V., at Raleigh, N. C., June 17th, 1865, and is slill in the service. He engaged in several battles, and for a time was acting quartermaster of the regiment.

First Lieut. Augustus Collier was born in St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y., and was a blacksmith by trade. He entered the regiment at its organization as 1st corporal, promoted to 3d sergeant Oct. 1862, 1st sergeant May, 1863, 2d Lt. Nov., 1864, and commissioned as 1st Lieut. in June, 1865. He served through all the campaigns with the regiment, and engaged in many battles and

skirmishes, and was slightly wounded on one or two occasions. He was mustered out with the regiment.

Second Lieut. Wm. Tompkins entered the regiment from Saratoga Co., N. Y., as 2d Lieut. of Co. C., Aug. 26th, 1862. He took part in the Maryland and Virginia campaigns of 1862, and fought at Olustee in 1864. Co. C. presented him with a beautiful sword, sash and belt at Hilton Head as a token of their love for him. At Olustee he acted nobly his part in that great conflict, until a rebel bullet pierced his brain and he fell to the ground a lifeless corpse. His body had to be left where it fell, and Capt. McKittrick took the blade of his sword and carried it to his old father in Saratoga county. Upon his person was left a fine gold watch and considerable money, which some rebel, no doubt, took possession of. General Seymour mentioned his bravery in general orders, and caused a redoubt in the defenses of Jacksonville, Fla., to be named Tompkins in honor of his memory.

First Lieut. Charles L. Clark, of Gloversville, Fulton Co., N. Y., enlisted in Co. E, Aug., 1862, as a private. He was afterward made sergeant, and in 1865 was commissioned and mustered in as 2d Lieut. of Co. E. He engaged in all the campaigns with the regiment, and was discharged with the same, July 3d, 1865.

Second Lieut. Levi Sheffer entered the 115th as a private in Co. G, from Saratoga Co., N. Y. Early in the war he became a member of Fremont's Body Guard, and served with that officer through his

various movements and battles in Missouri. In August, 1862, he was appointed sergeant of Co. G, soon afterward orderly sergeant, and in Jan. 1864, was commissioned 2d Lieut. of the same company. At Beaufort, S. C., Co. G. presented him with a sword, sash and belt, as a token of their esteem for him. At Olustee he was shot through the heart, and died almost instantly. His body fell into the hands of the enemy.

Second Lieut. John W Filkins was born in Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N. Y., was 44 years of age, a carpenter by trade, married, and had seven children. He enlisted in Co. H as a private, was appointed sergeant Aug. 21st, 1862, 1st sergeant in Nov. 1863, and was commissioned 2d Lieut. of the same company in May, 1864. He engaged in fifteen battles and skirmishes, shot a rebel at Drury's Bluff, fought well in every engagement, and was wounded severely in the foot in front of Petersburg, Va., July 29th, 1864. He was discharged Dec., 1864, in the U. S. general hospital, Fortress Monroe, on account of wounds. He had a brother in the 115th.

Second Lieut. George O. Smith was born in Canajoharie, Montgomery Co., N Y., and was a son of George Smith, a distinguished lawyer in that town. The subject of this sketch entered the regiment as a private Aug. 26th, 1862, was appointed 1st sergeant May 1st, 1863, and Jan. 27th, 1864, was commissioned and mustered in as 2d Lieut. of Co. I. He served with his company until the middle of August, 1864, when he was taken to the

Chesapeake hospital sick, and was discharged from the service, Nov. 4th 1864.

First Lieut. Wallace McIntosh, of Ballston, Saratoga Co., enlisted as a private in Co. I, was promoted to sergeant July 1st, 1863, and Jan. 1st, 1865, received a commission as 2d Lieut. He served with his company through all its hardships and battles, and was discharged at Albany, N. Y., July 3d, 1865.

First Lieut. George Curren was a resident of Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y He enlisted as a private in Co. C, and at the formation of the company was appointed orderly sergeant. In June, 1864, he was commissioned and mustered in as 1st Lieut. of the same company He engaged in a number of battles, was wounded slightly at Olustee, and was discharged from the service on account of sickness.

First Lieut. John Van Desande, born in Minden, Montgomery Co., N Y., resided at Fort Plain, and at the period of entering the army was engaged in reading law. He joined the regiment as 2d Lieut. of Co. B, in August, 1862, and in 1864 was appointed 1st Lieut. of the same Co. He was on detached service at Elmira, N Y., for several months, and joined the regiment in time to take part in the Florida battles. He was engaged in ten battles, and escaped without a scratch until Aug. 16th, 1864. When at Deep Bottom, Va., a musket ball struck him above the eye and temple. The wound seemed slight at first, but on reaching

the hospital at Fortress Monroe, an abcess began to grow on, and soon terminated fatally. He expired on the 3d day of Oct., 1864, and his remains were placed in the officers' burying ground. His father and brother stood by the bed as he was dying, but he knew them not.

First Lieut. John W Davis, of Palatine, Montgomery Co., N Y., entered the regiment in August, 1862, as 2d Lieut. of Co. A, and was promoted to 1st Lieut. while a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. He was a carpenter by trade, and was married. He served with the regiment until after the battle of Olustee. In that battle he was badly wounded through the body and the surgeon pronounced him mortally hurt. His captain received a mortal wound at the same time, and the members of the company desired to carry them both to Barber's, a distance of nineteen miles, but could only take one. The lieutenant was lying on a stretcher in a piece of woods, and insisted that the captain should be taken and himself left. He said, "Take Van, for I will soon be dead." The captain was taken, and the lieutenant left in the woods, as his comrades supposed, to die. The rebels came along the next day and carried him to a house, where his wound was dressed. He soon became able to travel and was sent to a rebel prison. He was under fire at Charleston, and served in various rebel prisons, suffering much, and was exchanged in January, 1865.

First Lieut. F N. Barlow was born in the town of Kent, Litchfield Co., Conn., March 13th, 1822. He was the third in a family of five sons, and with the exception of the youngest, all became ministers of the gospel of peace; two of whom have passed to their reward in the better land. Their mother died when the subject of this sketch was only four years of age, when the health and pecuniary condition of the father being such as not to enable him to provide a comfortable home for his children, they were all scattered in different directions, and have never at any one time been together since. The lieutenant then lived in two families near the place of his birth for nine years, and was treated by them in the most shameful manner. His child life was fearfully crushed under the frigid indifference and drudging toil, to which for those nine terrible years he was subjected. At the age of 13 he went to reside with a family at Danbury, Conn., where he remained for three years and was kindly treated. Here he was permitted to attend the village school for three months in a year, but of course he had made but little progress at sixteen. At sixteen, without a home, without friends to render any assistance, and with fifty cents in his pocket, he started out alone on life's great mission. For two or three years he was entirely in doubt as to the part in this mission he should act. At 18 he spent about four months in a private school with decided advantage. An opportunity then offering, he read law for some months in the office of one of the

ablest lawyers in Western New York. Being dissuaded by his friends from making law his profession, he entered the classical school in Castile, N. Y After remaining there a year he went to Pennsylvania and taught in that state with great success for five years. His health failing he relinquished the profession and in June, 1850, was ordained and settled as pastor of the 1st Baptist church in Newtown, Conn., and up to the breaking out of the great rebellion, gave his attention exclusively to ecclesiastical matters with much success. When the war broke out he felt it his duty to raise his voice against those great national sins which he judged were the cause of our calamities, and on proper occasions did not hesitate to press upon the attention of his people their duty to the government. When the war began to grow in magnitude, and demanded men and means to carry it to a successful issue, he enlisted on the 11th of July, 1862. His name was the first on the enrollment list of Capt. S. P Smith. He aided in recruiting the regiment, and went out as 1st Lieut. of Co. H. He was with the regiment at the disgraceful surrender of Harper's Ferry, commanded the Co. at Summit Point, Va., and during the terrible march after the surrender, received injuries from which he will probably never recover. He went with his Company to Chicago, and from there to Washington, where he received a leave of absence on account of his disease. His surgeon informing him that he was totally unfit for active service, he re-

luctantly sent in his resignation, and was honorably discharged, Feb. 6th, 1863.

First Lieut. Delos J Parker, was born in the state of Mass., was a book keeper by occupation, and resided in the city of Troy when he entered the service as a Lieut. in Co. F. For a long time he was A. D. C. to Brig. Gen. George D'Utassy, 1st Provisional Brigade, Carey's Division. He took part in the Maryland and Virginia campaign of '62, and was discharged from the service in '63 on account of physical disability.

First Lieutenant Stephen S. Olney was a native of Saratoga Co., and resided at Saratoga Springs when he entered the service as 2d Lieut. of Co. F He entered the regular army when he was eighteen, and served two years as sergeant in the cavalry. He was promoted to First Lieut. of Co. F, in 1863, and commanded the company in a large number of battles with great ability. He was one of the best and bravest officers in the regiment, and was loved and esteemed by officers and men. At Drury's Bluff, while in the heat of action, a rebel officer commanding a superior force ordered him to surrender his command. He replied "Never!" and rallying his men fought desperately until the rebels were driven from the field in confusion. While leading his company during the fierce charge on Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1865, he was struck by a musket ball and instantly killed. He was a lawyer by profession, and leaves a little daughter about four years old, an orphan.

First Lieut. Ralph Sexton resided at Caroga, Fulton Co., was a farmer by occupation, married, and entered Co. K. as 1st Lieut. at date of organization. His health was poor while in the army and he was honorably discharged from the service at Hilton Head, S. C., May 25th, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

First Lieut. Francis H. Francisco was born in the town of Wells, Hamilton Co., resided in the same town when he entered the service, and was a lawyer by profession. He entered Co. K as 2d Lieut., and was promoted to 1st Lieut., Nov. 25th, 1863, in place of Ralph Sexton, resigned. He acted as brigade quartermaster during the Florida campaign, went home to recruit for the regiment after it was so reduced at Olustee, and was the first man of the 115th to mount the works during the charge of Cemetery Hill. He fought bravely in numerous battles, and finally at Deep Bottom, Va., August 16th, 1864, while leading his own company, was shot through the head and instantly killed. He was buried under a flag of truce.

First Lieut. Charles Kline was born in the town of Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., N. Y., and resided in the village of Tribes Hill at the date of his enlistment. He was a farmer by occupation, received a common school education, and was unmarried. He entered the army July 23d, 1862, as sergeant in Co. D, was promoted to 1st sergeant, June 12th, 1863, to 2d Lieut., Nov. 19th, 1864, and to 1st Lieut., May 17th, 1865, holding the last rank at

the expiration of service. He engaged in fourteen battles and several skirmishes, always fighting with gallantry. At Deep Bottom a bullet struck him in the breast, causing the blood to flow quite freely. During the assault on Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864, his right arm was shattered, and was amputated at the elbow. From the effects of the wound he was confined in the U. S. hospital at Fortress Monroe, from Sept. 30th, 1864, to Jan. 26th, 1865, and with wonderful perseverance and courage joined the regiment at Raleigh, N. C., May 15th, 1865. He was on detached service at Elmira, N. Y., from Aug. 15th, 1863, to April 5th, 1864, and was mustered out of the U. S. service at Raleigh, N. C., June 17th, 1864.

First Lieut. Nicholas De Graff was born in the town of Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., N. Y., June 9th, 1842. His father's name was Emanuel De Graff, and his mother's maiden name Maria Mynderse. Both were Americans by birth, and their ancestors were natives of Holland. The lieutenant's father died March 25th, 1865, and his mother is yet living. He entered the service July 23d, 1862, as a private in Co. D, was promoted to 1st sergeant, Aug. 21st, 1862, to 2d Lieut., June 12th, 1863, and to 1st Lieut., Feb 8th, 1865. He enjoyed good health while in the service, engaged in nineteen battles and skirmishes with the regiment, and for a long time was acting adjutant. He was a brave young officer, and escaped remarkably well considering the large number of battles in which

he engaged. At Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7th, 1864, he was slightly wounded in the hand, and on other occasions had narrow escapes. He was mustered out of the U. S. service at Raleigh, N. C., July 17th, 1864, and received final discharge at Albany, N. Y., July 31st.

First Lieut. James H. Clark was born in Fonda, Montgomery Co., N. Y., Nov. 22d, 1842, was a farmer by occupation, and resided at the date of enlistment at Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N Y. He entered the service as a private in Co. H, was elected 1st sergeant, Aug. 25th, 1862, promoted to 2nd Lieut., Feb. 6th, 1863, and to 1st Lieut. in May 1864. He engaged in seventeen battles and skirmishes, was wounded in the right side at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and was discharged from the service Dec. 29th, 1864, by order of the secretary of war on account of physical disability.

First Lieut. Alfred G. Noxon resided in the village of Crescent, Saratoga Co., N Y., and was commissioned 2nd Lieut. of Co. H, 115th Regiment, when but 18 years of age. He labored hard to recruit for the regiment to which he belonged, and his efforts were crowned with success. He accompanied his regiment and company to the seat of war, and won the esteem of all for his kindness. He was promoted to 1st Lieut., Feb. 6th, 1863, and was mustered in at Hilton Head, S. C. During the summer of 1863 he was taken sick with a fever, and in Oct. of the same year was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability. He entered the

army again in 1865 as a captain in the 192d Regiment, N. Y. Vols., and served in the Shenandoah Valley and Western Virginia. A brother, who was an officer in the army, served with distinction in the west.

Capt. David H. Graves, of Saratoga Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y., enlisted in Co. G, 115th Regiment, as a private. At the organization of his company he was appointed orderly sergeant; at Chicago he was commissioned 2d Lieut., and at Beaufort, S. C., 1st Lieut. of the same company. He was slightly wounded in the thigh at Olustee, but did not go to a hospital. He was also wounded severely in the head at Petersburg. In 1865 he joined the regiment in North Carolina, and when it was mustered out of the U S. service he was transferred to the 47th N Y Vols. His father is a minister of the gospel in Saratoga Co.

First Lieut. George Farrar, of Saratoga Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y., entered the 115th Regiment as 1st Lieut. of Co. G, and served with it in the Shenandoah Valley, at Maryland Heights and Bolivar Heights, and accompanied it to Yorktown, Va., where he was taken very sick with a fever. He received a leave of absence and went home, and upon being partially restored to health, joined the regiment again at Hilton Head, S. C. There his health grew worse, and he was honorably discharged from the service on surgeon's certificate of disability.

ENLISTED MEN COMMISSIONED AND NOT MUSTERED.

John J Ashman enlisted in Co. I, and resides at Maltaville, Saratoga Co., N. Y He was appointed 4th sergeant at the organization of the company, and 1st sergeant afterward. He was commissioned 1st Lieut., Jan. 7th, 1865, in place of J. W Davis, discharged.

John Brand was promoted from 1st sergeant to 2d Lieut., Feb. 1st, 1865, in place of J. M. Hill, promoted.

Lewis Bailey enlisted in Co. F, in 1862, and was appointed corporal. He received promotions to sergeant and 1st sergeant, and was commissioned 2d Lieut., Feb. 1st, 1865, in place of C. Kline, promoted. He was wounded at Olustee, where a roll book saved his life.

Seldon Colbridge enlisted in Co. G as a private, was appointed corporal, then sergeant, and finally 1st sergeant of the same company. He was wounded at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, '64, and lost his right arm at Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864. He was commissioned 1st Lieut., April 29th, 1865, in place of J. E. Smith, promoted.

Fred. S. Goodrich was born at Poultney, Vt., resides at Mechanicsville, Saratoga Co., N. Y., is a watchmaker by trade, and 29 years of age. He enlisted in Co. H as a private, and recruited a considerable number of men for the company. He was promoted to 2d Lieut. in the 33d U. S. C. T., in 1864, and commissioned 1st Lieut. in the 115th, June 7th, 1865.

George T. Hoag was born in Rensselaer Co., N Y., but for a number of years has resided at Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N. Y., is a farmer by occupation, and 23 years of age. He enlisted in Co. H, in July, 1862, as a private, was elected corporal Aug. 20th, 1862, appointed 1st sergeant, Dec., 1864, and commissioned 2d Lieut., June, 1865. He engaged in every battle with the regiment with one exception, and always behaved with gallantry. He commanded Co. H for a considerable time, and was severely bruised at the explosion of the magazine at Fort Fisher, N. C.

Henry W. Heaton resided at Charlton, Saratoga Co., N. Y. He enlisted as a private in 1862, was appointed corporal at the organization of Co. I, promoted to sergeant, July 1st, 1863, and to sergeant-major, Sept. 1, 1864. He was wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C., and was commissioned 2d Lieut., Feb. 1st, 1865, in place of J. W. Filkins, discharged.

Peter J. Keck enlisted in Co. E, in 1862, and resides at Lassellsville, Fulton Co., N. Y. He was promoted to sergeant and soon became color sergeant of the regiment. He carried his flag in many battles with great gallantry, and was wounded in four different engagements. He was commissioned 1st Lieut., April 29th, 1865, in place of J. A. Herne, not mustered.

Luther M. Loper enlisted in Co. G at its organization, was afterward appointed sergeant, and finally 1st sergeant of the same company. He fought in a large number of battles, was badly wounded in

the breast at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, and again received a severe wound at Fort Gilmer, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864. He was commissioned 1st Lieut., Feb. 1st, 1865, in place of F H. Francisco, killed.

Charles Marselis was promoted from 1st sergeant to 2d Lieut., Feb. 23d, 1865, in place of W M. McIntosh, promoted.

Beekman R. Near enlisted in Co. I as a private, was promoted to corporal, Feb., 1863, and to sergeant, Nov. 1st, 1864. He was wounded at Fort Fisher, N C., and commissioned 2d Lieut., April 21st, 1865, in place of L. Sheffer, killed in action.

John Rearden was born at Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y., and is by occupation a carpenter, residing in Glen, Montgomery Co., N. Y He entered the regiment as 3d corporal of Co. B, was promoted to 3d sergeant in 1863, to 1st sergeant, Nov. 7th, 1864, and received a commission as 2d Lieut., June, 1865. He served with honor for three years, and was always noted as a faithful and well drilled soldier. He fought in a large number of battles.

James W Van Arnam was born in Lewis Co., N. Y resides at Fonda, N. Y., is a laborer by occupation, and twenty-three years of age. He enlisted in Co. A, July 29th, 1862, was appointed sergeant, Aug. 26th, 1862, taken prisoner at Deep Bottom Aug. 18th, 1864, paroled Nov., 1864, promoted to 1st sergeant, May 1st, 1865, and commissioned as 2d Lieut. in June, 1865.

George H. Weeks was promoted from 1st sergeant

to 1st Lieut., June 8th, 1865, in place of F S. Goodrich, declined.

Joseph Wester resided in New York city, and joined Co. K as a recruit in 1864. He was commissioned 1st Lieut in the 1st Florida cavalry, but shortly afterward taking part in the battle of Chesterfield Heights, he was mortally wounded and soon died in New York.

Sergeant-major E. S. Haywood was born in Waterford, Saratoga Co., N. Y., in 1838, lived in Troy from 1840 to 1854, when his father removed to Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., purchasing the *Recorder* printing office. Here he acquired a practical knowledge of the printing business. At the time of the uprising of the people which followed the first call to arms, he was teaching vocal music at the seminary at Fort Plain. At that time he caught the spirit of the conflict, but not being of an impulsive nature, saw the great rush to arms with a determination to enter the struggle himself when the slackened ardor of the others demanded. In 1862 the first call for '300,000 more' met with a hearty response, and with authority from the state, he commenced recruiting the first one in Montgomery Co. He was then in the printing business at Amsterdam, and securing a person to attend to his business, entered heart and soul into the work. The local committee of his town selected him for captain, but before the ranks were filled so many other recruiting offices sprang up, that a consolidation became necessary, and through

some means he was thrown out, having frequently expressed himself willing to serve in any capacity. Unwilling to urge others to do what he would shrink from himself, he entered the service (on account of non-acceptance by the surgeon) as a free volunteer, performing the arduous duties of sergeant-major without hope of fee or reward. His friends in Amsterdam in appreciation of his conduct, presented him with a handsome sword. Throughout the short campaign which culminated in the surrender of Harper's Ferry, and during the transportation to Illinois, he fulfilled the duties of his post, never shrinking from active duty in aetion or when danger was imminent, although he well knew if disabled he could have no claim for pension or services. After remaining at Chicago with the regiment for two months, and seeing no prospect of immediate exchange he returned home, but not soon enough to escape the western fever (resulting from exposure) which carried so many of our comrades to their late resting place. Though receiving no pecuniary compensation for services, or even seeking for any, he had the noble satisfaction of winning the respect of all who knew him, as evinced by acts of kindness and attention from the rank and file, and from high testimonials bestowed upon him by the field, staff and line, together with the oft expressed regrets at his departure. He is now residing at Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., as co-publisher of the *Recorder*.

CHAPTER X.

PROMOTIONS.

The following is a complete list of all the promotions made in the regiment during the year 1865.

	Rank.	Date of commission.	
Lt. Col. Nathan J. Johnson	Colonel	Apr. 29	June 17
Major Ezra L. Walrath	Lt. Col.	"	"
Capt. Egbert B. Savage	Major	"	"
1st Lieut. Francis D. Barnum	Captain	Feb. 1	May 17
2d Lieut. Cyrus N. Ballou	"	Jan. 21	April 6
1st Lieut. David H. Graves	"	April 29	May 17
1st Lieut. Aaron C. Slocum	"	Feb. 23	"
Adjt. Hugh S. Sanford	"	"	"
1st Lieut. Isaac E. Smith	"	April 29	"
1st Sergt. John J. Ashman	1st Lieut.	Jan. 7	"
2d Lieut. Charles L. Clark	"	April 29	"
1st Sergt. Seldon C. Colbridge	"	"	"
2d Lieut. John A. Collier	"	Feb. 23	"
2d Lieut. Fred. S. Goodrich	"	June 7	June 7
2d Lieut. James M. Hill	"	Feb. 1	May 17
2d Lieut. Wallace McIntosh	"	Feb. 23	"
2d Lieut. Charles Kline	"	Feb. 1	"
Color Sergt. Peter G. Keck	"	April 26	June 17
1st Sergt. Luther M. Loper	"	Feb. 1	May 17
1st Sergt. George H. Weeks	"	June 8	June 27
1st Sergt. John Brand	2d Lieut.	Feb 1	May 17
1st Sergt. Lewis S. Bailey	"	"	"
Sergt.-major Henry W. Heaton	"	"	"
1st Sergt. George T. Hoag	"	April 29	June 27
1st Sergt. Charles Marselis	"	Feb. 23	May 17
1st Sergt. Beekman R. Near	"	April 21	"
1st Sergt. John Rearden	"	Feb. 23	"
1st Sergt. James W. Van Arnam	"	June 21	"

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROLL OF HONOR — CASUALTIES IN THE 115TH.

[NOTE.— The killed and wounded of the regiment number about 800.—Complete lists of casualties could not be obtained from all the companies.]

Field and Staff.

Col. Simeon Sammons, wounded at Olustee and at Petersburg.

Col. N J. Johnson, wounded at Deep Bottom, Fort Gilmer and at Fort Fisher.

Lt. Col. E. L. Walrath, hit at Olustee, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Adjt. H. S. Sanford, wounded at Coal Harbor.

Company A.

Capt. C. N. Ballou, wounded at Olustee, and wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

Capt. Garret Van Deveer, wounded severely in the leg, and mortally in breast at Olustee.

Second Lieut. John W Davis, severely wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee.

First Sergt. J. W Van Arnam, captured at Deep Bottom.

Sergt. James S. Arrmock, wounded at Olustee, and killed at Deep Bottom.

Sergt. Charles Gross, mortally wounded at Coal Harbor.

Sergt. Oliver Lighthall, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. Stephen Morris, jr., wounded at Maryland Heights, and mortally wounded through both knees at Olustee.

Corp. Charles Clapson, mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun at Hilton Head.

Corp. John Dutcher, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. Charles Eignbroadt, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Corp. Silas W Horning, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Corp. John A. Hubbard, wounded at Harper's Ferry.

Corp. Alfred J. Kesler, wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

Corp. John H. Peeler, mortally wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Corp. William H. Pratt, wounded at Olustee, and killed at Chesterfield Heights.

Corp. Nicholas Shults, wounded at Petersburg.

Corp. George Smith, wounded at Olustee, and at Deep Bottom.

Corp. Adolphus H. Tipple, accidentally wounded at Chicago, and wounded and captured at Olustee.

Musician Alvagene Ackett, killed at Fort Fisher.

Robert Baker, captured at Deep Bottom.

George H. Bellows, mortally wounded at Olustee.

George W Blowers, wounded at Olustee.

Michael Byers, killed at Chesterfield Heights.

David Caier, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

James P Caldwell, wounded at Petersburg.

Elisha Canson, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Cheston C. Cole, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Frederick Cromwell, killed at Olustee.

Charles Dennegar, wounded at Deep Bottom, and killed at Fort Fisher.

Charles De Van, killed at Deep Bottom.

Nathan Farrell, wounded at Petersburg.

John Faus, wounded and captured at Olustee.

James Gardner, mortally wounded at Olustee.

Henry Haiser, mortally wounded at Petersburg.

George Hart, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Thomas J. Henry, wounded at Olustee, and captured at Deep Bottom.

John Hogan, wounded at Olustee, and killed at Petersburg.

Patrick Joyce, wounded at Petersburg.

John Kaiser, killed at Fort Gilmer.

Ambrose W Kirkham, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Joseph Lancaster, wounded at Olustee, and at Deep Bottom.

John Lasher, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Whitney A. Lee, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Alexander Lenegar, wounded at Petersburg.

John A. Lenegar, killed at Olustee.

Peter Lenagar, killed at Fort Fisher.

Solomon Lenegar, wounded at Bermuda Hundreds.

Samuel H. Lusk, wounded at Olustee.

John McDowel, killed at Olustee.

John Morsuce, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Henry O'Niel, wounded at Olustee, and at Drury's Bluff.

Batty Quilty, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Niles Reynolds, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

William Reynolds, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

John Robinson, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Frederick Seller, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Joseph Shannon, wounded at Maryland Heights.

John Sherlock, captured at Deep Bottom.

Conrad Smith, mortally wounded at Fort Fisher.

Martin Timmins, wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

William Van Allstyne, wounded at Olustee.

John J. Van Brocklin, mortally wounded at Harper's Ferry.

Lafayette Waterman, wounded at Olustee, and captured at Deep Bottom.

David Worry, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Company B.

Capt. John P Kneeskern, hit at Olustee, and wounded at Fort Fisher.

Capt. Isaac C. Smith, wounded at Olustee.

First Lt. John Van Desande, mortally wounded at Deep Bottom.

First Sergt. John Rearden, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. Orin H. Brown, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. Daniel K. Peacock, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. William Alger, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. Seeley Conover, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Corp. James Green, severely wounded and reported dead.

Corp. Lucas W Mount, wounded and captured at Chesterfield Heights.

Corp. James Sneck, wounded at Deep Bottom, and at Olustee.

Act. Hosp. Steward Jadua Countryman, killed at Fort Fisher.

William Alpaugh, wounded at Olustee.

John Becker, wounded at Petersburgh.

James Bellis, wounded at Olustee.

Jacob B. Brown, wounded at Olustee.

Jacob B. Brown, killed at Petersburgh.

James Brown, wounded at Fort Fisher.

N. Cook, wounded at Olustee.

John Daley, wounded at Olustee.

Livingston Derrick, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Abram Failing, wounded at Deep Bottom, and at Olustee.

William E. Flint, killed at Olustee.

W H. Flint, wounded at Darbytown Road.

Daniel Gilday, killed at Olustee.

Henry Goodrich, killed at Coal Harbor.

L. A. Goodrich, wounded at Deep Bottom.

George Hickey, wounded at Coal Harbor.

William Hompkey, wounded at Deep Bottom, and at Fort Fisher.

Henry Hose, wounded at Olustee.

George Hoyt, wounded at Olustee.

W Hubbs, wounded at Olustee.

A. Kohler, wounded at Darbytown Road.

William Lake, wounded at Olustee.

Charles G. Lappie, wounded at Deep Bottom.

John P Lintner, mortally wounded at Petersburg.

Richard Maxfield, wounded at Olustee.

August Meyers, wounded and captured at Olustee.

John Miller, wounded at Deep Bottom.

John F Moyer, wounded at Olustee.

Frank Niederlander, killed at Olustee.

N. Rabis, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Nicholas Rupert, killed at Deep Bottom.

Alonzo Smith, killed at Olustee.

George Smith, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Lucius A. Smith, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Orian Snell, captured at Deep Bottom, and wounded at Olustee.

Daniel Starring, wounded at Olustee.

D. C. Tompkins, reported killed at Olustee.

Fisher F Van Epps, captured at Deep Bottom.

Reuben Walrath, mortally wounded at Darbytown Road.

James Weast, wounded at Olustee and Darbytown Road.

George Weaver, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.
William Welch, wounded at Olustee.
Daniel Whitney, wounded at Drury's Bluff.
John Williams, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.
Nathan Zeigel, wounded at Olustee.

Company C.

Capt. William H. McKittrick, killed at Fort Gilmer.

First Lieut. George H. Curren, wounded at Olustee.

Second Lieut. William Tompkins, killed at Olustee.

First Sergt. Charles S. Fisher, killed at Fort Gilmer.

Sergt. William I. Jennings, wounded at Darbytown Road.

Corp. Alonzo Allen, wounded at Olustee.
Corp. J. W Clark, jr., wounded at Deep Bottom.
Corp. Sidney T. Cornell, killed at Olustee.
Corp. Robert Fox, killed at Olustee.
Corp. J. M. Herrick, wounded at Deep Bottom.
Corp. —— Mason, wounded at Olustee.

Philip Alback, captured at Olustee, attempted to escape from rebel prisons three times, was twice captured by dogs, and wounded, but the third time succeeded in reaching our lines.

William Backman, killed at Fort Fisher.
Charles N. Baker, wounded at Olustee.
Wesson Benson, killed at Olustee.

Lewis Bertrand, wounded at Coal Harbor, and killed at Fort Gilmer.

John H. Briggs, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Milo E. Burbee, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Peter Butler, killed at Olustee.

Philip S. Christy, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Henry Chute, killed at Fort Fisher.

Mark Cochran, wounded at Olustee, and at Coal Harbor.

George W Coloney, Jr., captured at Deep Bottom.

Jeremiah Coy, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Charles D. Cozzens, wounded at Olustee, and captured at Drury's Bluff.

Almonts D. Crater, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Maurice I. Drynan, killed at Darbytown Road.

John Duckett, wounded at Olustee.

Albert Dunning, killed at Petersburg.

Elam F Evans, killed at Olustee.

George M. Evans, missing at Deep Bottom.

Andrew J. Freeman, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

James A. Hanna, killed at Olustee.

Smith Harlow, wounded at Petersburg.

Wendall B. Howe, wounded at Olustee, and killed at Petersburg.

Charles W. Jenkins, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

David W. Jones, missing at Deep Bottom.

Henry F Jones, wounded at Olustee.

Lewis Jones, wounded at Olustee.

Christopher F Keenholts, mortally wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Sidney D. Lincoln, mortally wounded at Olustee.

Levi Myers, wounded at Olustee.

Edwin Rhodes, wounded at Deep Bottom.

William Smith, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Charles Spiegal, wounded at Olustee.

Dennis Springer, killed at Fort Gilmer.

George Van Steenbergh, killed at Chesterfield Heights.

George Sullivan, missing at Deep Bottom.

James A. Wager, mortally wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Waldo Young, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Company D.

First Lieut. N. De Graff, slightly wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

First Lieut. Charles Kline, wounded at Fort Gilmer, and hit at Deep Bottom.

First Lieut. Thomas Wayne, hit at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. Frank M. Conover, killed at Deep Bottom.

Sergt. Schuyler Gordon, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Sergt. Levi Lingenfelter, killed at Olustee.

Corp. A. J. Casler, missing at Deep Bottom.

Corp. Nicholas H. Eaton, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. James Fredendall, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Corp. Daniel Grant, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Corp. William H. Kelly, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. George Kline, wounded at Olustee, and at Deep Bottom.

Musician James A. Tripp, missing at Deep Bottom.

N. Bance, wounded at Olustee.

Roderick F Barlow, killed at Olustee.

Myron L. Bemis, mortally wounded at Fort Gilmer.

David H. Brewer, wounded and missing at Deep Bottom.

N. Clark, wounded at Olustee.

William Colgrove, captured at Deep Bottom.

James McCollum, killed at Deep Bottom.

J. S. Countryman, wounded at Olustee.

Frank Crow, captured at Drury's Bluff.

James English, wounded at Charleston, the Wilderness, and at the Weldon Railroad.

Peter A. Folmsbee, killed at Olustee.

J. Gillins, wounded and captured at Olustee.

William E. Glover, wounded at Olustee, and mortally wounded at Petersburg.

W Harvey, wounded at Olustee.

Theodore Kehner, missing at Deep Bottom.

Thomas Lepper, wounded at Olustee.

J. McNally, wounded at Olustee.

Frank Mallery, missing at Deep Bottom.

Frank Moulter, missing at Deep Bottom.

N. Newman, wounded at Olustee.

William H. Nutt, wounded at Deep Bottom.

C. Ormnd, wounded and captured at Olustee.

B. Owens, wounded at Olustee.

Martin Simmons, missing at Deep Bottom.

John H. Simpson, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Edward Smith, reported killed at Olustee.

William Thayer, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Daniel Tullock, wounded at Olustee.

John Turner, wounded at Olustee.

James W Templer, wounded at Coal Harber.

Robert Welch, wounded at Olustee.

N. Wood, wounded at Olustee.

Company E.

Capt. William H. Shaw, wounded at Coal Harbor, and at Fort Fisher.

First Sergt. Geo. M. Van Rensselaer, wounded at Olustee, and at Deep bottom.

Color Sergt. Peter J Keck, wounded at Olustee, at Chesterfield Heights, at Deep Bottom, and at Fort Fisher.

Sergt. W Shaver, wounded at Olustee, and at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. M. Van Steenburgh, killed at Olustee.

Corp. C. Dibble, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. C. V Hall, wounded at Olustee, and at Fort Fisher.

Corp. G. B. Harrison, captured at Fort Fisher.

Corp. Eli D. M. Lee, wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

Corp. Stewart Putman, wounded at Olustee, and at Petersburg.

Corp. W H. Scorsby, wounded at Olustee, and at Deep Bottom.

Musician J H. Getman, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Musician James Hale, captured at Deep Bottom

Wagoner Wing A. White, wounded at Olustee.

Alfred Allen, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

J. Argersinger, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

F H. Barker, wounded at Olustee.

H. G. I. Billington, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

J. Bowman, killed at Olustee.

Eli Brooks, wounded at Fort Fisher.

George W Buel, wounded and missing at Olustee.

G. Burns, wounded and missing at Olustee.

A. C. Canfield, wounded at Drury's Bluff, and at Olustee.

Samuel Clemons, mortally wounded at Drury's Bluff.

J. Covel, wounded at Fort Fisher.

S. Craig, wounded at Olustee.

J. Dooley, wounded at Olustee.

D. B. Doxtater, mortally wounded at Olustee.

Philander Doxtater, wounded at Deep Bottom.

C. Dyre, wounded at Olustee.

Harris Slasburg, wounded at Fort Fisher.

J. Getman, wounded at Darbytown Road.

A. Hanner, wounded at Petersburg.

P Herman, wounded at Olustee.

H. Hollands, wounded and missing at Olustee.

James R. Jacobey, wounded at Deep Bottom, at Fort Fisher, and at Harper's Ferry.

Aaron Johnson, wounded at Olustee.

S. A. Johnson, mortally wounded at Coal Harbor.

Saunders Johnson, wounded and missing at Deep Bottom.

Andrew Keek, wounded at Harper's Ferry.

George Kinnicutt, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Phillip Kinnieutt, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

Joshua Lake, wounded at Fort Fisher.

A. McLaughlan, wounded at Olustee.

Simon P Little, wounded at Olustee, and at Darbytown Road.

Moses Loueks, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

Cornelius MeAlister, wounded at Deep Bottom, and at Olustee.

S. Miller, wounded at Olustee.

J Montiney, wounded at Olustee.

William Montiney, killed at Darbytown Road.

L. Phillips, wounded at Olustee, and at Fort Gilmer.

A. Rathmyer, killed at Olustee.

Charles Rhodes, wounded and prisoner.

Charles Sauer, wounded twiee at Deep Bottom.

Sanford Shaw, wounded and captured at Olustee.

John A. Smith, wounded and missing at Olustee.

J. N. Taylor, wounded at Olustee.

J. Van Auken, wounded at Olustee.

J. T. W Ward, wounded at Olustee.

John W Ward, wounded at Petersburg.

James Welch, killed at Olustee.

J. G. Young, wounded at Olustee.

Company F.

Capt. W W French, wounded at Olustee.

First Lieut. Stephen S. Olney, killed at Fort Fisher.

First Sergt. Lewis L. Bailey, wounded at Olustee.

Sergt. H. F Adams, wounded at Olustee, and at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. Nathan M. Ide, killed at Darbytown Road.

Corp. W D. Barnes, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. E. A. Steere, killed at Olustee.

Corp. Demis Welch, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Corp. George H. Wildey, wounded at Petersburg.

Thomas H. Adcock, wounded and niissing at Olustee.

Henry Baner, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Hugh Bennett, wounded at Olustee.

George Brougham, wounded at Olustee.

George C. Brown, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Lewis A. Burdick, wounded at Olustee.

John Burnham, wounded at Olustee.

Henry C. Campbell, wounded at Coal Harbor, and mortally wounded at Deep Bottom.

Noah B. Clark, wounded at Olustee.

William H. Clark, wounded at Olustee.

H. E. Collins, killed at Olustee.

John H. Crook, wounded at Deep Bottom, and at Olustee.

John Donahoe, wounded at Olustee.

Daniel Frasier, wounded and missing at Olustee

Elijah Garner, wounded at Olustee.

John Gracey, wounded at Olustee.

James Grey, wounded at Olustee.

Edgar Hane, wounded and missing at Chesterfield Heights.

John Hardy, wounded at Olustee.

John Hurley, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

Peter D. Jeandrean, killed at Olustee.

Hugh Kennedy, wounded at Olustee.

Fred Kirm, wounded and missing at Olustee.

William Lee, wounded at Olustee.

James Lingham, wounded at Olustee.

H. J. Loof, wounded and missing at Chesterfield Heights.

Andy McGuire, wounded at Olustee.

Levi Manning, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

William Mayhar, wounded at Olustee.

Henry W Mallery, missing at Deep Bottom.

John Merrit, wounded at Olustee.

Handford Myers, wounded at Olustee, and at Petersburg.

William E. Newton, killed at Fort Fisher.

A. H. Osborn, wounded at Darbytown Road.

John S. Osborn, wounded at Olustee.

J. S. Osborn, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Charles L. Parker, mortally wounded at Petersburg.

Isaac Richardson, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

J. Simpson, wounded at Olustee.

Michael Smee, wounded at Olustee.

Joshua Stead, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Norval Stewart, wounded at Olustee, and killed at Petersburg.

Charles Taylor, wounded and missing at Olustee.

John R. Valantine, wounded at Olustee.

Lloyd Weston, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Myron H. Wilcox, wounded at Olustee.

Bruce Winney, wounded at Petersburg.

John C. Winney, wounded at Olustee.

Jesse Wood, missing at Deep Bottom.

M. B. Wood, wounded at Olustee.

Company G.

Capt. S. B. Savage, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

First Lieut. David H. Graves, wounded at Olustee, and at Petersburg.

Second Lieut. Levi Sheffer, killed at Olustee.

First Sergt. Selden C. Clobridge, wounded at Olustee, and at Fort Gilmer.

First Sergt. L. M. Loper, wounded at Olustee, and at Fort Gilmer.

Sergt. Charles Brice, killed at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt. Patrick Collopy, killed at Olustee.

Sergt. George B. Lyon, wounded at Olustee.

Sergt. W T. Saulsbery, wounded at Fort Fisher, and at Fort Gilmer.

Corp. Amasa Bartlet, killed at Olustee.

Corp. S. T. Densmore, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Corp. John W Dubois, killed at Petersburg.

Corp. Morgan L. Purdy, wounded at Olustee.

Charles Bemis, wounded at Olustee.

William H. Blackwood, wounded and missing at Olustee.

N. B. Bryant, wounded at Olustee.

J. Caffery, wounded at Olustee.

M. Castillo, wounded and missing at Olustee.

L. C. Church, wounded at Olustee.

J. Curver, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Stephen Decker, captured.

Martin De Lacatend, killed at Fort Fisher.

Michael Fethers, killed at Olustee.

Thomas H. Hare, killed at Deep Bottom.

John H. Houghton, killed at Proctor's Creek.

Jeptha Johnson, wounded at Olustee.

John Korber, killed at Olustee.

A. O. Lee, wounded at Olustee.

James Levmiss, killed at Chesterfield Heights.

G. Losch, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Lorenzo Mallery, killed at Fort Fisher.

M. Malomly, wounded at Olustee.

A. N. Price, wounded at Olustee.

H. Ragaden, wounded and missing at Olustee.

J. Reece, wounded at Olustee.

S. Scott, wounded at Olustee.

John Shaft, wounded at Olustee.

J. C. Smith, wounded and missing at Olustee.

John H. Snook, wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

J Turner, wounded.

William H. Wiley, wounded and missing.

Hiram Woodcock, wounded and missing.

Company H.

Capt. S. P. Smith, hit at Olustee, at Petersburg, and wounded in arm, foot, leg and cheek at Deep Bottom.

1st Lieut. James H. Clark, wounded at Olustee.

2d Lieut. John W Filkins, wounded at Petersburg.

Sergt.-major E. R. Fonda, mortally wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

1st Sergt. George T. Hoag, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Color Sergt. Charles B. Fellows, wounded and captured at Fort Gilmer.

Sergt. Wesley Hayner, wounded at Olustee.

Sergt. George T. Van Husen, wounded at Olustee, and at Petersburg.

Sergt. John R. Watt, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Corp. Peter Butler, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

Corp. James H. Gettings, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Corp. James K. P. Himes, wounded at Olustee, killed at Deep Bottom.

Corp. Charles H. Mulliken, killed at Olustee.

Corp. Abbott C. Musgrove, killed at Deep Bottom.

Corp. Orlando Swartwout, wounded at Olustee, and at Deep Bottom.

Oscar L. Ackley, killed at Olustee.

George Alexander, killed at Darbytown Road.

John Anderson, wounded at Petersburg, and in hand and leg at Fort Gilmer.

Charles Berry, killed at Coal Harbor.

Sidney Bordell, wounded at Petersburg.

John McBride, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

William Brunswick, wounded at Olustee, and at Drury's Bluff.

Francis Campbell, wounded at Olustee.

George Carr, wounded at Olustee.

George D. Cole, wounded through the body, both legs and thighs, and captured at Olustee.

Thomas Connelly, wounded and captured at Olustee.

John Cudney, wounded at Olustee.

Charles H. De Graff, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Henry B. Dummer, wounded at Olustee.

Ambrose Fowler, wounded in shoulder and leg at Deep Bottom.

Losee Filkins, wounded at Olustee.

Richard Francis, killed at Olustee.

Henry Hessel, wounded at Deep Bottom.

George A. Houghtaling, wounded at Olustee, and captured at Deep Bottom.

Isaac V Irish, lost an eye.

Philip Link, killed at Olustee.

Alfred Phenix, hit five times at Olustee.

Thomas Phillips, wounded at Olustee.

Peter Rinehart, wounded at Olustee, and killed at Fort Fisher.

Henry Sampson, wounded at Olustee.

Daniel Secore, wounded at Olustee.

William Smith, killed at Olustee.

William H. Shonts, wounded at Olustee, and at Drury's Bluff.

Andrew Stewart, mortally wounded and captured at Olustee.

Almon E. Stone, wounded at Petersburg, and at Fort Fisher.

Ezra T. Stone, wounded at Olustee.

Charles Streil, wounded at Petersburg, and at Deep Bottom.

William Taylor, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Benjamin Thackarah, wounded at Petersburg, and 27 pieces of bone came out of his leg.

Joseph N. Tuper, wounded at Drury's Bluff.

George Vandercook, wounded at Deep Bottom.

James Wilson, killed at Olustee.

Horace Wing, wounded at Olustee.

Company I.

Captain David Kettle, hit at Olustee, and wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

Sergt.-major H. W Heaton, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Acting Sergt.-major William H. Kane, mortally wounded at Deep Bottom.

First Sergt. Beekman R. Near, wounded at Fort Fisher.

Sergt. Joel S. Alexander, killed at Olustee.

Sergt. A. Price, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Corp. O. Alexander, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. N. Currer, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. John W Dake, wounded through both hands at Olustee.

Corp. John L. Fort, killed at Fort Gilmer.

Corp. Andrew J. Peckham, mortally wounded at Coal Harbor.

Corp. Fred W Putser, wounded at Olustee, and captured at Deep Bottom.

Corp. Thomas Stairs, wounded at Deep Bottom.

William H. Alexander, wounded at Fort Gilmer.

Henry Billington, mortally wounded at Deep Bottom.

R. Crandell, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Ezra Coleman, mortally wounded at Darbytown Road.

James H. Core, killed at Petersburg.

N. Disbrow, wounded at Olustee.

Simeon Faulkner, wounded at Chapin's Farm.

Morgan M. Flint, killed at Drury's Bluff.

H. Johnson, wounded and captured at Olustee.

R. B. Kelly, wounded at Olustee.

Samuel King, wounded at Olustee.

Barney McGuire, missing at Deep Bottom.

B. McGuire, wounded at Olustee.

Sylvanus Moyer, killed at Chesterfield Heights.

George Maxon, wounded and captured at Chesterfield Heights.

Daniel Peeler, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Hiram Perkins, wounded and captured at Olustee.

A. Price, wounded at Olustee.

J. Reese, wounded and missing at Olustee.

Peter N. Rightmeyer, wounded and captured at Fort Gilmer.

Richard Shannon, wounded at Olustee.

C. W Sharff, wounded at Olustee.

E. C. Slocum, wounded at Olustee.

N. Smith, wounded at Olustee.

Alfred G. Snyder, killed at Petersburg.

Clark Southwick, mortally wounded in leg at Olustee.

John G. Steenburrer, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Patrick Sullivan, killed at Petersburg.

Isaac Thorpe, wounded at Fort Fisher.

J. Wager, wounded and captured at Olustee.

Wilbur Wager, captured.

Theodore Whitford, wounded at Olustee.

Frank Willmaster, wounded at Deep Bottom.

Company K.

[This company had between 50 and 60 men killed and wounded.]

Capt. William Smith, wounded at Maryland Heights, and hit at Olustee.

First Lieut. Francis H. Francisco, killed at Deep Bottom.

First Sergt. Charles H. Bradt, killed at Olustee.

Sergt. E. Conlen, wounded at Olustee.

Sergt. John R. Clark, wounded and captured at Chesterfield Heights.

Edward Cowles, killed at Coal Harbor.

Corp. Lorenzo E. Bradt, wounded at Olustee.

Corp. James O. Fox, wounded and captured at Chesterfield Heights.

Corp. Alexander Ronald, mortally wounded at Petersburg.

George H. Ackley, captured at Pilatka, Fla.

Jacob M. Arnstead, killed at Deep Bottom.

W Bailey, wounded at Olustee.

A. B. Barrett, wounded at Deep Bottom.

J. Cole, wounded at Olustee.

D. Faling, wounded at Olustee.

Duello Groff, wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

J. Hunter, wounded at Olustee.

C. M. Johnson, wounded at Olustee.

S. J. Juper, wounded at Olustee.

P E. Kenbrock, wounded at Olustee.

Charles Lamb, mortally wounded at Fort Fisher.

Frank Lamb, wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

Norman W Lyford, mortally wounded.

W H. Peck, wounded at Olustee.

N. Pedrick, wounded at Olustee.

Levi Petit, killed at Olustee.

R. A. Sharp, wounded at Olustee.

A. J. Spencer, wounded at Olustee.

Obediah Sprung, mortally wounded at Chesterfield Heights.

George Sullivan, wounded and captured at Deep Bottom.

Joseph Van Derpool, wounded and captured at Olustee.

John Wadsworth, wounded at Olustee.

J. H. Williams, wounded at Olustee.

Joseph Wister, mortally wounded.

M. A. Xorn, wounded at Olustee.
W. S. Young, wounded at Olustee.

Additional Casualties in the Regiment as reported by the Press.

WOUNDED AT FORT GILMER.

R. S. Bell, I. Cross, G. A. Gardneer, J. Hallyson, C. Humpford, J. Lynn, P. O'Leary, G. Row, C. Sapiegle, H. C. Wheeler.

WOUNDED AT FORT FISHER.

Sergt. C. L. Clark, Sergt. P I. Rich, Sergt. W Shaw, Sergt. J. A. Swain, Corp. W H. Conby, Corp. G. B. Harrison, Corp. T. L. Stone, W. Bichman, J. B. Brooks, L. Buckley, J. Cook, N. Cook, J. Gardineer, J. Gillman, J. Gracie, A. Hillibrandt, W Humphrey, R. Knight, C. Lamb, O. Laroun, F. Lines, W Little, J. McHarg, C. B. Morrison, Hiram Rhodes, B. Saldfire (*missing*), J. Savoy, A. Smith, C. Smith, W. Smith, C. K. Such, P Van Loon, S. A. Williams, A. S. Wood, J. R. Wood, W Young.

THE COMPANIES.

Company A was formed at Fonda, Montgomery Co., and was recruited principally from the towns of Mohawk, Glen, and Palatine. It had four officers during its term of service.

Company B was recruited principally from the towns of Minden, St. Johnsville and Canajoharie, in Montgomery Co., and contained less than half a dozen married men.

Company C was recruited in Ballston and the surrounding towns in Saratoga Co. It was the first color company of the regiment. It had two officers and many men killed.

Company D was raised principally in the towns of Amsterdam, Florida and Charleston, Montgomery Co. Total number of men died, discharged, and deserted, 56. Mustered out with company, 34.

Company E was a county organization, being raised in Fulton Co. Many of its men together with its captain had served in the Northern Black Horse Cavalry.

Company F was formed at Saratoga Springs, and was mainly recruited from the northern part of Saratoga Co., although some of its members hailed from Warren county.

Company G was formed at Saratoga Springs, and was recruited from Saratoga Springs and the surrounding towns.

Company H was recruited from the towns of Half Moon, Clifton Park, Stillwater and Waterford, Saratoga Co., and the village of Cohoes, Albany Co.

It had 160 men on its rolls during its term of service.

Company I was formed at Fonda, of men from all parts of the 18th congressional district. It had five officers during the three years.

Company K was a county organization, being recruited from Fulton county chiefly, although some of its members were from Hamilton. Total number of men, 152. Died, discharged, and deserted,

60. Mustered out, 44. Transferred and enlisted in navy, 48. Number of wounded, nearly 60.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF, &C.

E. S. Haywood, 1st Sergeant major; E. R. Fonda, 2d Sergeant major; H. W Heaton, 3d Sergeant major; Washington Vosburg, Quartermaster sergeant; Robert Stewart, Ordnance sergeant; John H. Wendell, Hospital steward; Reuben Parkhurst, Hospital steward; Joab Harlow, Commissary sergeant.

115TH BRASS BAND.

J W Ripley, Leader; B. R. Near, F S. Martin, C. W Trumble, J. R. Watt. Marius Powell, John Staples, W H. Gorham, E. W Drake, A. Helderbrant, C. Olmstead, Fred. Myer, Henry Clark, Jesse Wood, J L. Moshier.

DRUM CORPS.

M. W Cole, Drum Major; J. W Ripley, Fife Major; A. Ackett, R. Blowers, J. M. Dean, Jr., D. R. Hicks, M. Powell, J L. Moshier, George Trumble, D. H. Chittenden, John Hutchinson, C. Snyder, F Snyder, J A. Tripp, John Hale, B. Benson, James Getman, J. C. Winne, Jesse Wood, D. Paul, Charles Trumble, G. E. Brockway, Henry Clark, S. Butler, Philip Shaffer, T. W. Loveland, S. Hurd.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVAL OF THE 115TH IN NEW YORK.

[*From the N. Y Times.*]

The returning Veterans — Arrival and Departure of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York — Interesting History.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, numbering 180 men and 14 officers, and under the command of Lieut. Col. N. J. Johnson, arrived yesterday from City Point, per government transport North Point, landing at pier No. 12, North river. Marching up Broadway to the New York State Agency, through the pouring rain, the regiment was received with some little applause, the dampness, however, lessening the enthusiasm somewhat. Col. Colyer and his assistants provided dinner for the command, at the Eighth Regiment arsenal, over Centre market.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth was serving, at the time of its leaving Raleigh, Ga., for home, in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Tenth Army Corps, but has been identified with the Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Corps. During its term of service, 8 officers were killed and 14 wounded. The regiment was raised in the counties of Fulton, Saratoga, Hamilton and Montgomery, rendezvousing at Fonda, Aug. 26th, 1862. During their three years' service the One Hundred and Fifteenth have

had 1,493 names upon their rolls, and left behind them at Raleigh, 301 recruits. The following comprises the officers' names accompanying the regiment home:

Field and Staff—Lieut. Col. N. J. Johnson, Maj. E. L. Walrath, Surgeon C. McFarland, Acting Adjt. N. DeGrath, Quartermaster Martin McMartin.

Line Officers—Co. A, Capt. C. Ballou; Co. B, Capt. J. P Kneeskern, First Lieut. A. Collier; Co. C, Capt. F S. Mosher; Co. D, Second Lieut. Chas. Kline; Co. E, Capt. W H. Shaw, First Lieut. A. C. Slocum, Second Lieut. C. L. Clark; Co. I, Second Lieut. W McIntosh; Co. K, Capt. William Smith.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth New York have participated in the following battles: Maryland Heights, Sept. 13, 1862; Bolivar Heights, Va., Sept. 15, 1862; Chesterfield Heights, Va., May 7, 1864; Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20, 1864; Weir Bottom Church, Va., May 12, 1864; Drury's Bluff, Va., May 14, 1864; Proctor's Farm, Va., May 16, 1864; Coal Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864; Siege of Petersburg; Cemetery Hill ("the Crater"), July 30, 1864; Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16, 1864; Fort Gilmer, Sept. 29, 1864; Darbytown Road, Va., Oct. 27, 1864; Fort Fisher (Wilmington N. C.,) Jan. 15, 1865; Wilmington Advance, Feb. 22, 1865; Advance on Sugar Loaf Batteries, Feb. 20, 1865; attack upon Fort Anderson, Feb. 19, 1865; forced march to Northeast river, and capture of pontoon bridge.

Col. Bell, commanding the brigade, was killed in the fierce attack upon Fort Fisher (under Gen. Terry), and Lieut. Col. Johnson assumed the command, entering the fort and thus gaining the distinguished honor of being the first brigade commander to enter that fort. The regiment marched up the Neuse river to join Sherman, making the connection from the 14th to the 20th April, 1865. They departed by special steamer yesterday afternoon for Albany.

ARRIVAL OF THE 115TH IN ALBANY.

[*From the Albany Evening Journal*].

The One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment, N. Y S. V., arrived here about five o'clock this morning on board the Thomas Way, and was received with the usual salute, and properly cared for by the citizens' committee, at the various hotels. The boys look remarkably well, their uniforms are in the best condition, and everything betokens that the best care has been taken to present a fine soldierly appearance. The regiment was mustered in at Fonda, August 26, 1862, 1,000 strong, and returns with 280. There has been added to it about 500 recruits, and 301 have been left in the field.

The veterans have done gallant service at Maryland Heights, Md., Bolivar Heights, Va., Olustee, Fla., Chester Heights, Va., Drury's Bluff, Proctor's Creek, Weir Bottom Church, Coal Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, Cemetery Hill, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plain, Chapin's Farm, Fort Gilmer, Darby-

town Road, Fort Fisher, both expeditions (it lost heavily at the explosion), and Wilmington. It bears on its flag the names of most of these engagements, in which it has especially distinguished itself, and on the fields of which it has left many a gallant hero.

The following officers returned with the regiment:

Lieutenant-Colonel—N J. Johnson; was transferred from the Ninety-Third.

Major—E. L. Walrath; went out as captain.

Surgeon—C. McFarland; transferred from Eighty-first.

Quartermaster—Martin McMartin; went out in same capacity.

Acting Adjutant—First Lieutenant N. DeGraff; went out as orderly sergeant.

Company A—Captain C. N. Ballou; went out as orderly sergeant.

Company B—Captain J. B. Kneeskern; went out as captain. Lieutenant J. A. Collier; went out as first corporal.

Company C—Captain Fred. S. Mosher; went out as first lieutenant.

Company D—Lieutenant Charles Kline; went out as third sergeant.

Company E—Captain William H. Shaw; went out as captain. First Lieutenant A. C. Slocum; went out as second lieutenant. Second Lieutenant C. L. Clark; went out as sergeant.

Companies F, *G* and *H* have no officers.

Company I—Lieutenant W. McIntosh; went out as private.

Company K— Captain William Smith; went out as captain.

The regiment will remain at the barracks on the Troy road until paid off.

[*From the Schenectady Daily Evening Star.*]

The 115th (Montgomery) Regiment is expected to reach Albany to-day. It left Fonda a little more than three years ago, being a full regiment, and comes back with only four hundred and thirty men. Of that number, we venture to say, there are not one hundred of the original members. Their first experience was at Harper's Ferry, which place they reached (four days after leaving home) just in time to take part in the fight which resulted in the loss of the place, they among others, being taken prisoners. From there they were sent to Chicago, under rebel parole, where they remained some months awaiting the proper exchange. While there, with other regiments, a portion of the barracks were burned, and this regiment was wrongfully charged with the deed. They were immediately sent, under sealed orders, to Hilton Head, where they remained several months as prisoners. The representations of their colonel, Simeon Sammons, obtained their release, and they immediately entered again upon active service, since which time they have made their mark as among the bravest of our brave soldiers. We have not a record of the battles they have been in; they have been in many, however, and prominent among them was the very

bloody and disastrous one of Olustee, in Florida. They should have a warm, whole-souled reception on their return home. There were a number of Saratoga men in the same regiment.

RETURN OF THE 115TH N. Y. REGIMENT.

[*From the Waterford Sentinel.*]

The remnant of this brave regiment was mustered out of service on the 17th ult., at Raleigh, N C., and the Waterford boys who survive, returned to their homes on Tuesday of last week. Their names are John R. Watt, Henry B. Dummer, Ezra T. Stone, John Halpin, and Ambrose Fowler. Few regiments from this state can present a more honorable record than the 115th, and few have suffered more severely in the great contest for the Union. The blood of its heroes has been freely shed on many a well contested field, and the memory of their devotion to the old flag will long continue fragrant in the hearts of those who live to enjoy the fruits of their patriotism and valor.

As this regiment is partially a local organization, perhaps a glance at its history may not be uninteresting. As is well known, it was recruited under the second call of the president for 300,000 three years men, in the 18th senatorial district, comprised of Saratoga, Montgomery and Fulton counties. It was mustered into service at Fonda, N. Y., on the 26th of August, 1862, and on the 28th left the state for the seat of war. The first duty perfqrmed by it was at Summit Point in the Shenandoah Valley,

about fifteen miles from Harper's Ferry: but upon Stonewall Jackson's approach in the direction of Winchester on the 1st of September, the regiment fell back to the Ferry, and a few days after took part in the defense of that place against the attack of Jackson and Longstreet; but treason on the part of Col. Miles, the commander of the post, turned them over to the enemy on the 15th of September as prisoners of war, with little or no bloodshed. After being paroled, the regiment was sent to Chicago, where it remained until November 20th, when being exchanged, they returned to Virginia at Arlington Heights, and subsequently encamped at Alexandria and Yorktown, Va., and Hilton Head and Beaufort, S. C. They remained on garrison and guard duty, in the southern department, until January 1864, when they joined Seymour's expedition into Florida, and took a very prominent part in the battle of Olustee, on the 20th of February, where more than half of the regiment were lost in killed and wounded, the colonel being among the latter. After this sad affair, the regiment was stationed at Pilatka, Florida, until the latter part of March, when they received orders to embark for Virginia to join Butler in his James river enterprise. They arrived at Gloucester Point, Va., in April, and early in May ascended the James river with Butler and participated in the capture of Bermuda Hundreds, and also in the battle of Chesterfield Heights on May 7th; Drury's Bluff on the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of May.

In the latter part of May, the division to which they were attached was ordered to join the 18th Corps and proceed to Coal Harbor, which they did, arriving at White House Landing on the Pamunky river on the 31st of May, and on the first day of June having formed a junction with the army of the Potomac took part in the assault for the capture of the defenses around Coal Harbor. The portion of the enemy's line in front of the 18th Corps was carried, and the 115th had the honor of capturing 280 prisoners behind their own works while the regiment itself at this time did not number 250 men. The regiment remained at this place during the terrible twelve days succeeding the 1st of June. When the army here commenced its great flank movement toward Petersburg, the 115th returned to Bermuda Hundreds, and soon after again joined the 18th Corps in front of Petersburg, and took an active part in the siege of that place and also in the battle of July 30, 1864, when the rebel fort was blown up, and such terrible slaughter ensued. Here its colonel was again wounded. After the battle, the regiment returned to the 10th Corps just in time to take part in the battle of Deep Bottom on the 16th and 18th of August. This movement was intended only as a feint to cover the movements of the 5th Corps on the Weldon rail road, but by some blunder a disastrous battle was brought on, and the 115th was again reduced by over 100 men. After this they again made a short visit to the lines around Petersburg, and about the 28th of September re-

turned to the north side of the James river and were engaged in the battles of Chapin's Farm on the 29th of September and the 7th of October, and Darbytown Road on the 27th of October.

The regiment then went into camp about six miles from Richmond, where it remained until the famous Butler expedition to Fort Fisher was started, which it accompanied, and also the subsequent one under Gen. Terry, and took part in the capture of that stronghold, and suffered terribly by the explosion of the magazine after the battle. After this it marched to Wilmington, and finally to Raleigh, where it arrived just previous to the surrender of Johnston, and where it remained until mustered out of service.

The regiment has always conducted itself nobly in every battle in which it has been engaged, and its history reflects honor upon the counties which it represented.

We gladly welcome home these and other returning heroes who have periled life and health, and have borne the hardships consequent upon the life of a soldier, for the sake of their country, and may they live long to enjoy the benefit of their labor, and see a united, prosperous, peaceful and happy country as the fruits of their sacrifices.

The following is a list of the members of Co. H, that went from the town of Waterford and the village of Cohoes upon its organization.

COHOES :—

Alfred Gould,	Returned with regiment.
Augustus W Bayard,	" " "
Marvin Steenbergh,	" " "
John Vandercook,	" " "
George E. Brockway,	" " "
George Vandercook,	Discharged, lost an arm.
James Wilson,	Killed at Olustee, Fla.
Abbott C. Musgrove,	" Deep Bottom, Va.
Jas. K. P. Himes,	" " " "
E. Raymond Fonda,	Died from effects of wound.
Oscar L. Ackley,	Missing since Feb. 20, 1864.

WATERFORD :—

Ambrose Fowler,	Returned with regiment.
Ezra T. Stone,	" " "
Henry B. Dummer,	" " "
John R. Watt,	" " "
John Halpin,	Returned July 4th, from hospital.
Wm. T. Powell,	Discharged for disability.
Baker Honsinger,	" " "
Duane Shepard,	" died at home.
Almon E. Stone,	" for wound.
John Dugan,	Died at Beaufort, S. C.
James I. House,	" Chicago, Ill.
Lawrence Higgins,	" " "
James Getting,	Died in rebel prison.
John Hogan,	Deserted at Chicago.
John Vanorden,	" " "

SWORD PRESENTATION IN CLIFTON PARK.

[*From the Waterford Sentinel.*]

The following communication was furnished for publication early last week, but by one of those accidents which printers best understand, we were compelled to delay its appearance:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On the return of Lieut. James H. Clark, a member of Co. H, 115th Regiment N Y Volunteers, who is now at his father's, in this village, on a furlough, the citizens of the village and vicinity resolved on presenting him with a sword as a small token of their esteem for him. Suitable arrangements being made, they assembled at the village on Saturday, the 30th, in the afternoon. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Gilbert Clement, president, assisted by Shubael Taylor, O. Vandevoort, and M. Craver, vice-presidents, and Thomas Noxon, Esq., secretary. The organization being completed, Rev R. Fox, accompanied by the Rev. S. W Clements, chaplain of the 115th regiment, came to the stand. On the appearance of the chaplain, three cheers were called for, and responded to by the audience in full tone, upon which the chaplain arose and replied briefly.

The meeting was then opened by prayer by the Rev R. Fox, after which the president arose and addressed the audience, stating the object of the meeting, and the high estimation in which this vicinity held Lieut. Clark, not only richly earned since he went out in defense of his country, but for

a long period previous thereto—all of which was suitable and appropriate for the occasion. The duty of presenting the sword to Lieut. Clark was assigned to Rev. Mr. Fox, who, in discharge of the same, evinced the spirit of patriotism and fidelity to the government. Lieut. Clark, on receiving the same, made a brief and appropriate reply. Hon. J. S. Enos was then called to the stand, who in his usual pleasant manner addressed the audience. He dwelt at length on the situation of our country at the present era, and avoiding the diversity of opinion as to the cause, clearly, logically and impressively urged the audience to more vigorous efforts to sustain the government, its laws and constitution. His remarks were spirited, high-minded and patriotic, and were listened to with marked attention, and applauded by the audience. Chaplain Clements, although very feeble as to health, was again called out. His remarks were generally relating to the 115th. He spoke in high terms of respect of the colonel of the regiment, of Capt. S. P Smith of Co. H, his officers and privates, made a strong and personal allusion to Lieut. Clark, and closed by saying that there was no regiment in service that would excel the 115th in point of morals or discipline as a volunteer regiment.

S. W. H.

Clifton Park, June 2, 1863.

BATTLE OF PROCTOR'S CREEK.

A New York *Herald* correspondent gave the following interesting account of the battle of Proctor's Creek.

"A dense fog enveloped the country at the time, and both forces were wrapped in a misty veil.

"This was the condition of affairs, when the rebels, massing their troops, struck our right under General Heckman, enveloped its flank and took it in reverse. The first blow was dealt with terrific force. Gen. Heckman's brigade of the Eighteenth Corps, holding the right, was doubled up and forced back on the next brigade, which was also thrown into some confusion. Our men did not observe the rebels until they had succeeded in passing a column between Heckman's right and the river, and then taking him in front and rear, crowded him between the columns, and for a time created the greatest confusion. Gen. Heckman made a gallant fight as long as he could, but the enemy came upon him so suddenly and with such overwhelming numbers, that successful resistance was quite impossible in the darkness and confusion. Some of the brigade was captured. After this opposition—having forced back the right,—a heavy attack was made on the entire line of the Eighteenth Corps, with feints along the Tenth Corps line, and the entire right was forced back some distance, after several hours of most severe and sanguinary struggles.

"The battle raged with unexampled fury until nearly 12 o'clock. The rebels threw heavy masses

upon our lines, and finally forced it back nearly a quarter of a mile. Our men fought stubbornly with few exceptions, and resisted every step, and repeatedly checked the rebel advance with terrible slaughter, but not without some loss to our side. The enemy numbered not less than 15,000, and pushed into the murderous fire with a recklessness and steadiness that are rarely seen.

"In the attack on our right we lost a gun or two, and it is said, some light pieces — how many it is difficult to ascertain. Probably four will cover the loss in light pieces. Finally, after forcing the Eighteenth Corps back from its position and regaining a portion of the first line of intrenchments, they moved their forces on the Tenth Corps to drive it back. They first hurled their columns upon Turner's division (ours), which held the right of the corps line joining the Eighteenth Corps. They formed in a careful manner and moved steadily on Burton's brigade (ours), on the right of Turner's division, advancing as if on parade, not firing a single shot, and waited until they had reached a good distance for effective range. The brigade poured into their line such a terrific fire that they melted away, and the thinned and broken line after vainly endeavoring to advance against the storm of bullets, fled with terrible loss to the woods in the rear. Their volleys were as continuous and heavy as the musketry of a brigade could well be, and such as no living beings could stand against. The rebels were scattered like chaff, and

broke for the woods in disorganized masses. Under their friendly cover, after great exertion, the line of attack was again formed, and again a brigade advanced in splendid style against our line. Again did they receive the terrible fire and pushed steadily on until a fourth of them laid killed and wounded on the field, when they broke and rushed quickly to the cover of the woods. Our boys gave three hearty cheers and sent a volley of bullets after the rebels which told upon them severely. Being once bloodily repulsed at this point, they moved further to our left, and hurled a column on Gen. Hawley's brigade, of Gen. Terry's division. They came up in the same steady and confident manner, but were received with a more rapid and equally as deadly a fire as that which they were treated to by Turner. The Spencer repeating rifles in the hands of the Connecticut boys, and the Springfield rifles in the hands of the rest of the brigade, delivered a fire so hot and withering that the rebels could not stand it, but broke and ran for the woods, accelerated in their flight by the music of the Spencer bullets around them. They were, however, determined to break our line and force it from its position, cost what it might. They again formed and again charged, but after ten minutes hot work, were disastrously repulsed and driven back at all points. That ended any serious effort on their part to force our position, and they left their dead and wounded to the number of two thousand on the field before

our line. They again massed on Gen. Smith's front and attacked his left. Gen. Gilmore immediately ordered Gen. Turner to attack the enemy on their flank, and ordered Gen. Terry to support him.

"Turner's attack had hardly commenced before Gen. Gilmore was ordered by Gen. Butler to retire and strengthen Gen. Smith's corps by forming in his rear. Our troops fell back slowly and in order, repulsing every effort of the rebels to quicken their movements, and making a stand at every favorable position, until the enemy ceased to follow up, and fell back to their last line of intrenchments. Gen. Gilmore then drew off his corps and formed to support Gen Smith."

CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

"Again our flag is at the mast!
As proudly as of old;
It leaps upon the joyous blast,
As if within its folds
A thousand hearts alive and true,
Were throbbing on its field of blue."

Official Dispatches.

FROM SECRETARY STANTON:

FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 17—10 P. M.

To the President: The rebel flag of Fort Fisher was delivered to me on board the steamer Spalding, off that place, yesterday morning, Jan. 16, by Major-General Terry.

An acknowledgment and thanks for their gallant achievement was given in your name to Admiral Foster and Gen. Terry, from whom the following particulars were obtained: The troops arrived off Fort Fisher Thursday night. Friday they were all landed under cover of a heavy fire from the squadron. A reconnoisance was made by Gen. Terry on Saturday. A strong defensive line against any of the enemy's forces coming from Wilmington was established on Saturday, and held by 4,000 men, chiefly colored troops, and an assault was determined on. The assault was made on Sunday afternoon, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. The sea-front of the fort had been greatly damaged and broken by a continuous and terrible fire of the fleet for three days, and the front was assaulted at the hour mentioned by a column of seamen and marines, 1,800 strong, under command of Capt. Breese. They reached the parapet, but after a short conflict this column was checked, driven back in disorder, and was afterward placed on the defensive line, taking the place of a brigade that was brought up to reinforce the assaulting column of troops. Although the assault on the sea-front failed, it performed a useful part in diverting the attention of the enemy, and weakening their resistance to the attack by the troops on the other side. The assault on the other and most difficult side of the fort was made by a column of 3,000 troops of the old Tenth Corps, led by Col. Curtis, under the immediate supervision of Gen. Terry. The enemy's force in the fort was over

2,200. The conflict lasted for seven hours. The works were so constructed that every traverse afforded the enemy a new defensive position from whence they had to be driven. They were seven in number, aud the fight was carried on from traverse to traverse, for seven hours, by a skillfully directed fire thrown into the traverses. One after another they were occupied by the enemy. Admiral Porter contributed to the success of the assaulting column by signals between himself and Gen. Terry at brief intervals. This fire was so well managed as to damage the enemy without injury to our own troops.

About 10 o'clock at night the enemy were entirely driven from the fort, forced down toward Federal Point, followed by a brigade of our troops; and about 12 o'clock at night Gen. Whiting surrendered himself and his command to Gen. Terry unconditionally as prisoners of war, numbering over 1,800, the remainder of his force being killed and wounded.

Our loss was not accurately ascertained on Monday afternoon, but was estimated at between seven and eight hundred in killed and wounded, beside the naval loss, which was slight, not exceeding one hundred killed and wounded. Not a ship or a transport was lost.

Col. Curtis was severely but not mortally wounded. Col. Bell died of his wounds Monday morning. Col. J. W Moore and Lieut. Col. Lyman were killed. Col. Pennypacker was badly wounded, also Lieut.

Col. Coan. A complete list of the killed and wounded will be forwarded as soon as it can be prepared.

Gen. Leroy reported to Surgeon General Barnes that he had ample provision of surgeons, nurses and hospital supplies for the wounded. They will be sent north to their respective states as fast as they can be placed on transports, of which there was ample supply.

On Monday morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock, the magazine of Fort Fisher exploded, killing and wounding two or three hundred persons.

After the capture of the fort all the troops were withdrawn, except one brigade left in charge of the works.

How the explosion occurred was not known, but Gen. Terry believed it was occasioned by accident or neglect.

Gen. Hoke's division, reported at five thousand, was at Wilmington. A portion of it was thrown into the fort not long before the assault, and while that was going on a demonstration was made by General Hoke against our defensive, but it was found too strong for anything more than a skirmishing attack.

About 11 o'clock on Monday morning, a heavy cloud of smoke was observed over Fort Smith, on the south side of New Inlet. The naval officer commanding that station reported that the enemy had fired their barracks, and evacuated that fort.

You will be pleased to know that perfect harmony and concert of action existed between the land and naval forces; and their respective commanders, Admiral Porter and General Terry, vied in their commendation each of the other. Each seemed more anxious to do justice to the other than to claim anything for himself, and they united in the highest commendation of the naval and military officers, and the forces engaged. To this harmony of feeling, and the confident spirit inspired, may, perhaps be attributed, in some degree, the success of our attack, with nearly equal numbers, against a resolute enemy, in a work unsurpassed, if ever equaled, in strength, and which General Beauregard, a few days before, pronounced impregnable. The armament of the fort was 72 guns, some of large calibre and rifled, and one Armstrong gun. The troops in the fort had rations for sixteen days. Their loss in killed and wounded was between 400 and 500. Gen. Whiting had three wounds in the thigh. Col. Lamb also who had gone into the fort with reinforcements, and to relieve General Whiting on Sunday, was wounded. On Monday everything was quiet as a Sabbath day. The dead were being buried, and the wounded collected and placed in transports and field hospitals.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

REPORT OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP MALVERN,
OFF FORT FISHER, Jan. 15, 1865.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that we have possession of Fort Fisher, and that the fall of the surrounding works will soon follow.

As I informed you in my last, we had commenced operations with the iron vessels, which bombarded while we landed the troops. On the 14th I ordered all the vessels carrying 11 inch guns to bombard with the Ironsides, the Brooklyn taking the lead. By sunset the fort was reduced to a pulp. Every gun was silenced by being injured or covered up with earth, so that they would not work.

On the 19th Gen. Terry and myself arranged for the assault, and I ordered 1,400 sailors and marines to participate. At daylight the iron vessels, the Brooklyn and the 11 inch gun-boats commenced battering the work, while the troops made a lodgment within 150 yards of the fort. At 10 o'clock all the vessels steamed in and took their stations, opening a heavy fire, which was kept up until 3 P. M., when the signal was made to assault, the soldiers taking the land side, the sailors the sea face, and the ships changing, but not stopping, their fire to other works.

The rebels met us with a courage worthy of a better cause, and fought desperately. About thirty of the sailors and officers succeeded in getting to the top of the parapet, amid a murderous fire of grape, canister and musketry. They had planted

the flag there, but were swept away in a moment. Others tried to get up the steep pancopee. The marines could have cleared the parapet by keeping up a steady fire, but they failed to do so, and the sailors were repulsed. Many a gallant fellow fell, trying to emulate their brothers-in-arms who were fighting to obtain an entrance on the north-east angle, as it appears on our charts. The enemy mistook the seamen's attack for that of the main body of troops, and opposed a most vigorous resistance there. But I witnessed it all, and I think the marines could have made the assault successful.

In the meantime our gallant soldiers had gained a foothold on the north-east corner of the fort, fighting like lions, and contesting every inch of the ground. The Ironsides and monitors kept storming their shells into the traverses not occupied by our men, but still held by the rebels. In this way our troops fought from traverse to traverse from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 at night, when the joyful tidings were signaled to the fleet. We stopped our fire, and gave them three of the heartiest cheers I ever heard.

It has been the most terrific struggle I ever saw, and there was very much hard labor. The troops have covered themselves with glory, and Gen. Terry is my "beau ideal" of a soldier and a general; and his coöperation has been most harmonious, and I think the general will do the navy the justice to say that this time, at least, "we substantially injured the fort as a defensive work." Gen. Terry had only

a few more troops than we had on the last occasion, when the enemy had only 100 men in the works. This time the works were fully manned, and contained about 800 men at the time of the assault.

It is a matter of great regret to me to see my gallant officers and men so cut up, but I was unwilling to let the troops undertake the capture of the works without the navy sharing with them the peril all were anxious to undergo, and we should have had the honor of meeting our brothers-in-arms on the works, had the sailors been properly supported.

We have lost about 200 in killed and wounded, among them some gallant officers. I regret to announce the death of Lt. S. W Preston and Lt. B. H. Porter. They were both captured together in the attack on Fort Sumter, and died together in endeavoring to pull down the flag that has so long flaunted in our faces. Lieut. R. H. Lamson was severely wounded. He was lately associated with Lieut. Preston in his perilous adventure on the powder-boat. Lieut. George M. Bache and a number of others were wounded, the former not dangerously.

The assault only took place a few hours ago, and I am unable to inform you of our casualties. They were quite severe from the assault but we had no casualties from the enemy's cannon.

Knowing the impatience of the department to receive news from Fort Fisher, I have written these few hurried lines. No one can conceive what the

army and navy have gone through to achieve this victory, which should have been ours on Christmas day without the loss of a dozen men. This has been a day of terrific struggle, and is not surpassed by any event of the war. We are all worn out nearly, and you must excuse this brief and unsatisfactory account. I will write fully by the Santiago de Cuba which goes north to-morrow to carry the wounded.

Besides the men in Fort Fisher there were about 500 in the upper forts, and a relief of about 1,500 men was brought down by steamers this morning. So far, I believe, we have only captured the garrison of Fort Fisher. I don't suppose there ever was a work subjected to such a terrific bombardment, or where the approach of a fort was more altered. There is not a spot of earth about the fort that has not been torn up by our shells.

I do not yet know the number of killed and wounded by our fire; but one 15 inch shell alone pierced a bomb-proof, killing 16 and severely wounding 25.

I presume we are in possession of all the forts, as Fort Fisher commands them all. It is so late now that I can learn nothing more until morning.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DAVID D. PORTER, Rear-Admiral.

Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

COMPLIMENTS TO WORTHY OFFICERS.

[*From the Palmetto Herald.*]

Lieut. M. McMartin, Quartermaster, and Lieut. H. S. Sanford, Adjutant of the 115th N Y Volunteers, were handsomely used by their regiment today. To each was given a fine horse, with equipments. The gifts were presented by Major Walrath, who, in an eloquent manner, recited the merits of the officers and of the regiment whose efficieney they had contributed greatly to sustain. Appropriate responses were made, and a "sociable" this evening is to wind up the affair.

A SKIRMISH AT PILATKA, FLORIDA.

[*Correspondenee of the Palmetto Herald.*]

We had a skirmish with the rebels here on Monday, the 21st, in which the enemy, who made an attack in force upon our pickets, was repulsed and driven in full retreat. Between a hundred and fifty and two hundred of the rebels made a dash upon our mounted pickets on the right, comprising a portion of the 115th New York, driving them in a little way. A portion of the same foree then passed our centre and went to our left, where our outposts were also attacked. The enemy fought dastardly, firing from behind the trees; but notwithstanding this advantage, our own men being in the open spaee, the rebels were driven back in eonfusion, and taking to their horses made the best escape they could. In the fight, which was of very brief duration, not one of our own men was hit.

One of our officers, however, asserts that a rebel officer, mounted on a magnificent grey horse, was seen to fall after one of our volleys.

The Ottawa, Lieutenant-Commander Breese, fired over the town during the engagement, and one or two of her shells burst prematurely, the fragments falling among our lines, happily doing no injury.

THE FEARLESS SHARPSHOOTER.

The 13th Indiana Regiment in our brigade (the 3d), probably fought more battles than any regiment in the 10th Army Corps, and were celebrated all through the army for their bravery and splendid fighting qualities. Being reduced to a battalion, they were armed with seven shooters and organized as sharpshooters.

Frequently they acted as skirmishers during a battle, and while in front of Petersburg they took positions behind stumps, trees, and breastworks, doing great execution.

At one point in front of Petersburg, where a squad of the Indiana boys were watching the movements of the enemy, one after another of their number were rapidly shot dead, and the survivors could form no idea where the fatal bullets came from.

Finally, one of the regiment far more daring and shrewd than the rest, declared that he would take his position in the fatal spot, and find out the author of the bloody work, if it cost him his life. So with a select party of his comrades, he repaired to the

place, and began eagerly watching the rebel lines. For three or four hours all was quiet, but at last a negro was observed walking leisurely along the works of the enemy He carried in his arms a long fence rail which he carelessly threw across the sand bags in front of him, and then suddenly disappeared from view. In a moment the crack of a rifle was heard, and one of the Indiana boys fell over dead, being shot through the forehead. Our hero now concluded that the negro was a black rebel, that he was the man who had played such dreadful havoc among his comrades, and that the harmless looking fence rail contained a murderous gun.

He kept a sharp look-out and presently saw the negro aiming the fence rail at him. So he drew up his trusty rifle, aimed quickly, pulled the trigger, and two rifles cracked at the same time. The champion of the fence rail fell over dead, and the Indiana boy received a slight wound in the scalp. No more of our men were picked off in that way, and the rebel scould not play the same game on them again. The day following the occurrence noted above, the Indiana soldier took his position in a tree top, and picked off four rebels with ease.

One evening he came up where the 115th lay, and gave them an exhibition of his skill as a workman. The regimental flag was strapped to a post, on the breastworks, and all day the rebel sharpshooters and skirmishers had been trying to cut it down, and towards evening they opened an embrasure in a fort opposite, and began throwing cannon

balls. The Indiana sharpshooter stepped up and said: "Boys, they are trying to cut down your flag, are they? just let me get up to the works, and I'll shut up their music for a while." The rebel embrasure was one mile distant, but "Indiana" took aim, fired, and to the surprise of all, the ball entered the hole, causing several rebel heads to disappear in an amazingly short space of time. He fired five times in succession, and put four of the five shots in the embrasure, and the Johnnies not liking such sharp practice, ceased firing, and nothing more was heard of that cannon for several days.

The next evening "Indiana," accompanied by a friend from his regiment, proceeded to walk boldly in front of the rebel line of works, keeping in Indian file. Of course the rebels began to shoot at them, and pretty soon a spiteful bullet came screaming through the air, wounding each through the leg badly. "Indiana's" comrade was naturally disposed to limp but was soon led to change his mind. "If you limp I'll knock your brains out with the butt of my gun," thundered Indiana in a tone of deep earnestness. "Forward, March! Don't let the sneaking traitors know you are wounded," he continued. Both marched boldly to our works, and on reaching there safely, sank down exhausted from the loss of blood. They both laughed, and joked, and shook hands over the furlough they expected to get, and declared they would never enter the door of a hospital. Indiana was warlike still, and asked to be helped up to the works that he

might give the Johnnies his pointed respects. After he had done that, he showed us his many wounds. He had a bullet wound in the right leg, a sabre cut across the right shoulder, a deep bayonet thrust in the left side, and a sore wound in the head beside the one received in the leg at the time. He fought in the Mexican war, and took part in forty battles in this one. When the stretcher arrived to convey him to the hospital he refused to get on it, and the last that was seen of him he was limping to the rear, supported by a stick.

A PLUCKY SOLDIER BOY.

Private Frank E. Ritche, Co. I, and orderly for Col. Sammons, met with the following adventure in the state of Florida:

One day he took a notion to ride out of camp a couple of miles for the purpose of viewing the country; so arming himself with a rusty rebel sabre and mounting a horse, rode away into the swamp alone. Suddenly he found himself confronted by three mounted rebels who were armed with shot guns. Frank resolved not to be captured, and putting on a bold front he drew out his rusty old sabre, and swinging it over his head with the air of a brigadier, turned partly around on his horse and yelled out at the top of his voice, "Come on boys, here they are! here they are!" thus giving the rebels to understand that his command was close by. He then commanded the rebels to sur

render, at the same time raising his "toad sticker" in a threatening manner. Two of the chivalry instantly wheeled their horses and dashed off into the swamp at a break-neck pace. The third was disarmed by Frank before he had a chance to run, and together with his horse, gun and equipments, was soon safe in the camp of the 115th.

The Union soldier was about 16 years of age.

RATHER COOL.

A soldier of the 115th had the following attention paid him by the rebels at Olustee:

They shot away his gun and he picked up another. Hardly had he resumed firing when a second bullet penetrated his canteen sending it to the ground. In a little while a ball paralyzed his right shoulder. He then went to the rear and on examination found his wound not very severe, so he went back to the company and began firing at the enemy again. In a moment a ball grazed both legs just enough to start the blood, and another passed through the centre of one of his great toes making a very painful wound. He began to think it about time for him to go to the rear for good, and started off, but unfortunately got among a party of rebels who demanded his surrender. He made motions to signify that he was wounded, and pretended to comply with their demands. But observing a good opportunity he started on a run, and although the rebels sent a volley of bullets after him, he managed to escape. Upon reaching

the rear, he looked at his bleeding toe and damaged shoes, and then cooly remarked that he "did not care anything about the hole in his toe, but it was darn mean for the rebels to spoil his shoes."

STATEMENTS OF PRISONERS.

I was born in Waterford, Saratoga Co., N Y., Jan. 24th, 1842, and enlisted in Co., H, 115th Regiment, Aug. 9th, 1862, as a private. At the battle of Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20th, 1864, I was wounded through both thighs, the left leg, and the body; and being unable to leave the field was taken prisoner by the enemy. I lay there from Saturday the 20th until the following Wednesday night, before the rebels took me off. They then put me with six others in a rough wagon, and took us to Lake City, a distance of thirteen miles. From there, eighty of us all wounded, were taken one hundred and fifty miles to Tallahassee in a single cattle car. At Tallahassee we were placed in a church, had our wounds dressed for the first time, and received good treatment.

On the 11th of April I was furnished with one day's rations and sent to Andersonville, Ga., being five days on the route, and only the single day's rations to eat. A rebel officer of the 4th Ga. cavalry, rode up to us as I lay wounded on the battle field, and observing one of my boots lying by my side, asked where the mate to that boot was. I replied that it was under my head. He then said "When I come back I want them." As soon as he rode off

I took my jack knife and cut both boots in pieces so he could not have them. After a short time he came back and asked for the boots. I said "there they lay," pointing to the pieces. He declared he had a good mind to run me through with his sword. Rebel soldiers came up to me as I lay suffering, and stripped me of my overcoat, blanket, haversack and canteen, and left without saying a word. A private of the 4th Ga. cavalry came up, and observing a gold ring on my finger, asked me to let him see it. I dared not refuse, so I handed it to him, when he walked off with it. Thinking much of the ring I called to him to bring it back and I would give him a nice watch and chain. He promised to return it, so I handed over the watch, when he cooly walked off with both articles. For seven months I lay in that "hell upon earth" Andersonville, withou tshelter, exposed to the weather, with no clothing except a pair of pants. I have frequently gone three days without receiving a mouthful of food, and my comrade Charles H. DeGraff, being too weak to walk up to the wagons, was refused his rations, and he soon starved to death, suffering like a dog. I was exchanged in Oct., 1864.

G. D. COLE.

G. D. H—— was taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., August 16th, 1864, and immediately placed under charge of a rebel guard. Soon after being captured he became very thirsty, and his guard conducted him to a spring where he filled his canteen

with water. As he was passing along he saw large piles of arms and legs which the rebel surgeons had amputated from their wounded. He was soon sent to Belle island, from there to Danville, N C., and finally to Saulsbury. The last named place he says pen or speech cannot describe, as it contained so many loathsome and sickening horrors. The dreadful scenes enacted daily were of the most appalling and heart-rending character. Of 10,000 prisoners confined there, only 3,000 lived to come away, and the greater portion of those were in a dying condition, or were terribly emaciated by starvation, exposure and disease. The rebels stole his shoes, coat and blanket, and left him with only a pair of pants and a shirt. The rations were only a loaf of corn bread per day, barely enough to keep life in the body. The prisoners became so ravenous that they were more like wild beasts than human beings, and would snatch the bread out of each others mouths. He often awoke and found a dead man lying beside him. The difference between a man who owned a blanket and one who did not, was as great as between a rich man and a poor man here. The guards were old men and boys. The old men were generally kind to the prisoners, and in many cases Union men. The boys were bloodthirsty and brutal, and would shoot a Yankee as soon as a dog. He was engaged in the attempt to escape from the horrors of the prison, but it was unsuccessful, and 80 of their number were swept down with grape and cannister. Three men lying

quietly in their tents were killed. The fence was so high, and the men so weak, that the enclosure could not be forced. The rebels told all the catholics to step out and they would give them good rations and a better camp five miles away. After reaching there they were coaxed and urged to enlist in the rebel army, but nearly all refused.

While on his way to Wilmington he paid $50 for a ham weighing three or four pounds, and $25 for some corn bread which did not make a meal for two. The rebel guards paid freely $60 in rebel currency for $1 in greenbacks, and brass buttons sold readily for $5 each. Although never sick a day, yet he was reduced to a mere skeleton, and on being paroled could scarcely walk. He weighed 180 pounds at the time he was captured and only 80 pounds when he was released from the rebel prison.

Sergt. Van Arnam, of Co. A, taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16th, 1864, and paroled in November, 1864, made the following statement on his return home:

"I would say to the friends of these unfortunate prisoners that Belle island contains about five acres, and is enclosed by rifle pits, well guarded by home guards composed of old men and boys.

"There are about 6,000 prisoners in this camp, four thousand of whom have a shelter from the sun, but affording little protection from rain. All receive rations twice a day; at 10 A. M., one quarter of a loaf of wheat bread, which is sour, and a piece of bacon

or fresh beef as large as your three fingers. Supper at 4 P. M.; same amount and kind of bread, with one half-pint black bean soup, and occasionally in its place, for a variety, rice soup. The prisoners have no blankets, and sleep on the bare ground.

A list of prisoners in the hands of the rebels from the 115th Regiment, N Y S. Vols., on Belle island, Va.

Lieut. C. N. Ballou, Co. A.

Corp. Fred. Putser, Co. I.

Musicians—I. A. Tripp, James Hale, Jesse Wood.

Privates—Thomas J. Henry, John Sherlock, Robert Baker, Lafayette Waterman, Frank Molter, Co. A; F. Van Epps, Orrin Snell, Co. B; William Colgrove, Frank Mallery, Co. D; Wm. S. Young, Frank Lamb, Co. K.

Those who were paroled with me were Theodore Reckner, Co. A; David Brower, Co. D; Barney McGuire, Co. I."

J. W VAN ARNAM,
Sergt., Co. A, 115th N. Y S. V

CHESAPEAKE U. S. HOSPITAL.

Sept. 29, 1864.—Battle of Fort Gilmer.

Sept. 30.—Wounded begin to arrive from the army of the James. A hospital boat blew up in the river.

Oct. 2.—The surgeons are engaged in amputating limbs. Hospital boats are continually arriving

with wounded, and ambulances are rolling along night and day The dead march is constantly sounding in our ears.

Oct. 3.— Thirty-five officers and men buried from this hospital during twenty-four hours. A rebel captain died.

Oct. 4.— Several officers died from the effects of wounds. Their remains were placed in board coffins painted red. The coffins are covered with stars and stripes, then hauled to the grave-yard in the dead cart and buried by a squad of soldiers.

Oct. 5.— Several loads of dead soldiers put under the sod to day Seven coffins are taken as a load.

Oct. 6.—More officers and a large number of soldiers died. Hundreds of recruits going to the front.

Oct. 7.— A constant stream of men going to Grant.

Oct. 13.— More wounded arrived.

Oct. 14.— Large numbers of wounded came in. Six hundred recruits went to the fort.

Oct. 30 — Fifty officers furloughed to make room for wounded. All enlisted men able to travel are allowed to go home. For seven months ending Nov. 1st, more than seventeen hundred (1,700) soldiers from the army of the James were buried from the U S general hospital, Fortress Monroe.

Nov 1.— Nearly all patients in the hospital able to travel left for home so as to take part in the presidential election.